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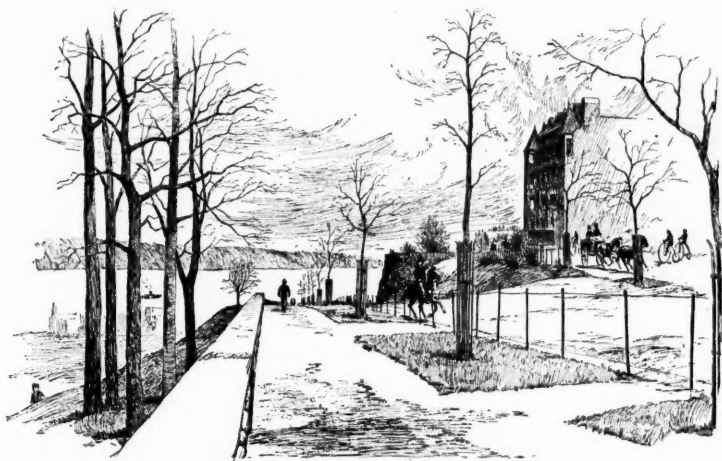
THE RIVERSIDE PARK.

By William S. Bridgman.

NEW YORK'S management of her own affairs, long the subject of unfavorable criticism from many quarters, has during the last few months evoked denunciations unwontedly loud and bitter. A noted Presbyterian divine has been crying aloud, with the fervor of a Savonarola, that no accusation against the municipal rulers of the metropolis can be too severe. Albert Shaw, who has some reputation as a writer on civic questions, postulates it as a recognized fact that "the government of the city of New York is a stench and a sink of pollution, a hissing and a byword, a world-wide synonym for

all that is iniquitous and abominable."

A tour of observation through certain portions of Manhattan Island might surely suggest to the authors of these philippics that there must be gleams of energy and intelligence in the city's government, even though that government may be imperfect and illogical in form and marred by serious taints of corruption. A retrospective glance at the history of the last forty years would probably compel an acknowledgment that at least one municipal department—the Park Board—has shown itself able to conceive and carry out, on a high

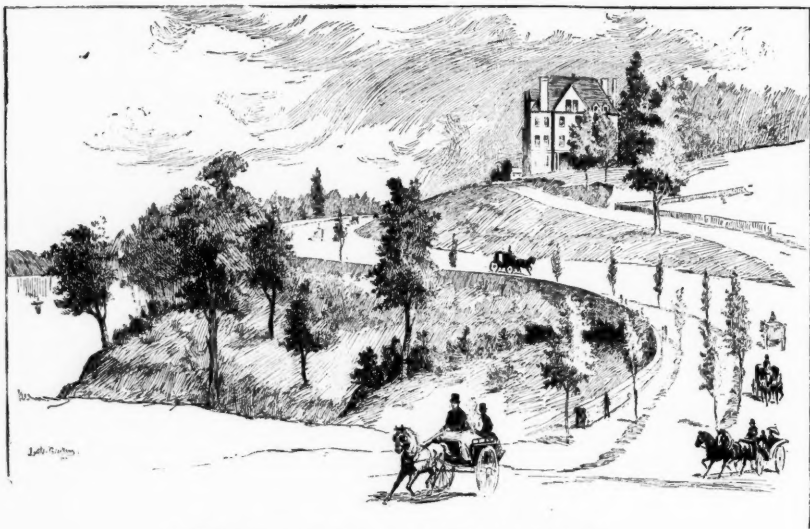


THE RIVERSIDE PARK AT SEVENTY FOURTH STREET.

plane of public spirited capability, and in spite of unusual natural obstacles, great improvements of incalculable benefit to the metropolis.

Forty years ago New York was practically a parkless city. Today it possesses a total of almost five thousand acres of park land, and a series of breathing spaces which, in quantity and quality, hardly any city in the world can equal. Money and genius have made, in Central Park, a waste of rock and swamp into a

seldom agrees with him. Mr. Green is one of the few latter day metropolitans who have found a worthy ideal in the promotion of New York's well being. His long career has been identified with every movement for the city's benefit—beginning with the development of public education thirty five years ago, and including the revolt against the historic misrule of Tweed, the creation of the parks, the extension of rapid transit, and the formation, under happier auspi-



THE RIVERSIDE PARK AT NINETY SIXTH STREET.

pleasure ground of unique beauty. In the Riverside Park a great natural opportunity has been skillfully utilized for the creation of a boulevard and promenade whose scenic attractions are certainly unsurpassed anywhere. The ample new parks of the annexed district are an acquisition whose value to the next generation will undoubtedly be immense.

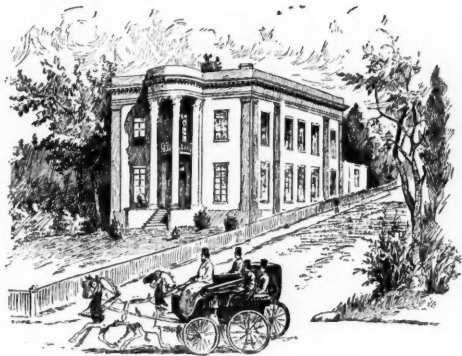
Riverside, the newest important park on Manhattan Island, and save Central Park the largest, is one of the finest achievements of the Park Board, and in particular of Mr. Andrew H. Green, the "Father of Parks." The old Greeks believed that the citizen owed a supreme duty to his city. The modern New Yorker

ces for local self government, of the Greater New York. It was with Mr. Green as its guiding spirit that the Park Board showed itself so capable of dealing with great public tasks that it was intrusted by the Legislature with functions far beyond its original scope—as for instance the laying out of streets throughout nearly half of Manhattan Island, the demarcation of bulkhead lines above Fifty Ninth Street, and the planning of improvements along the Harlem River.

Riverside Park, we have said, is a great natural opportunity skillfully used. It is still a partially unsolved problem. The destiny of the narrow strip of land at the foot of its slope is

still the subject of legislative experiment by the Albany Soions whom an unfortunate system of government has made the dictator of the metropolis. The pedestrians and equestrians of the Drive, and the dwellers of its growing fringe of mansions, might prefer to see the park extended to the edge of the wide river, whose waves should lap upon a picturesque margin of greensward or rock. On the other hand the expanding needs of New York's commerce put out of the question the surrender of three miles of water front, and it would probably be neither wise nor practicable to remove the Central's freight tracks that skirt the park throughout its length—the only freight tracks on Manhattan Island. Some compromise between the æsthetic and the practical will no doubt be the settlement of the question. The landscape gardening that created Central Park should be equal to the task presented by Riverside. The railroad, for instance, might without much difficulty be veiled in some such way as are Central Park's transverse roads. And after all, a busy line of docks stretched below the Drive would be a by no means uninteresting element in the view it commands.

There is abundant evidence in stone and mortar of the belief of wealthy New Yorkers in the future of Riverside Park. Building has proceeded somewhat slowly there,



A COLONIAL HOUSE ON THE RIVERSIDE PARK.

but no more slowly than might be expected from the great prices demanded by the owners of adjoining land. The same phenomenon may be observed in other spots that are the cream of the residential district of New York. For instance, of the six avenues west of Central Park, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh—here rechristened, to appease a longing for more lofty sounding titles, Columbus, Amsterdam, and West End respectively—are built up solidly for most or much of their length. On the other three, surely destined to be the most important—Central Park West, the Grand Boulevard, and the Riverside Drive—vacant lots or temporary structures are still more numerous than permanent improvements, and large buildings only go up when abundant capital sees a favorable opportunity for investment.

Hence it is that squalid shanties



ANOTHER COLONIAL HOUSE ON THE RIVERSIDE PARK.



MODERN HOUSES ON THE RIVERSIDE PARK.

are still in evidence on these, the finest of New York's western avenues. They are the last relics of a vanishing regime. The goat, the infrequent survivor of a once numerous tribe, may well wear a sorrowful aspect as he climbs the few remaining ledges of rock and reflects upon the good old times of a dozen years ago, when there was hardly a brick building west of the Park, and the squatters were masters of the field. The development of this quarter of the metropolis has been wonderfully rapid. It has gone forward under the auspices of modern architectural ideas. It has none of the monotonous rows of square and funereal brown stone fronts that impart an air of respectable gloom to many

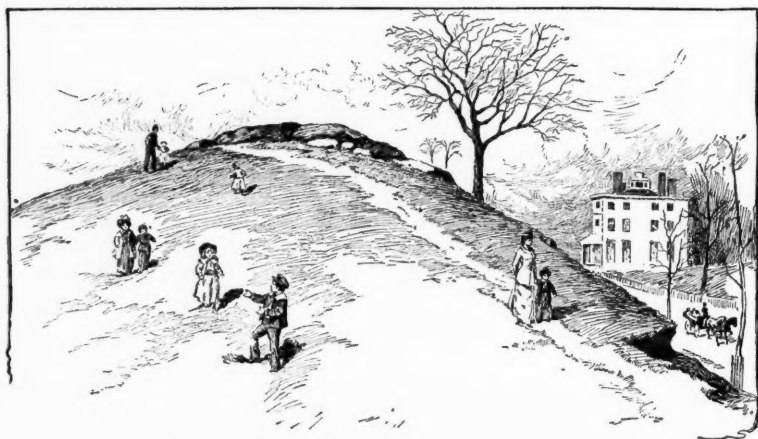
streets of the older residential district. Its blocks display a variety—generally a harmonious variety—in material and design. Close to the wide Hudson and high above it, its broad avenues are swept by breezes fresh from the wooded heights beyond the river.

Its northern portion, now comparatively undeveloped, will probably one day excel the rest.

Here is soon to be laid

the foundation stone of the grandest church in America—the Cathedral of St. John. Close to this is the site marked out for the new buildings of Columbia, which, to satisfy metropolitan expectation, must be the finest of American college structures. These will look eastward, over Morningside Park. Fronting westward upon the river, it is promised that the Grant Monument will soon begin to rise. It is to be hoped that the completed memorial will be as creditable to New York as the long delay in its commencement has been disgraceful.

Nearly seven years have passed since the greatest mass of people ever seen on the Riverside Drive saw the hero of Appomattox carried



"MOUNT TOM"—RIVERSIDE PARK, AT THE FOOT OF EIGHTY THIRD STREET.

to his grave on Claremont Hill. His body still rests under the tiny brick vault beneath which it was placed on the 8th of August, 1885. In view of the official assurances given by New York at the time of the original selection of the dead soldier's place of sepulture, and again two years ago

and crowned with a great dome one hundred and sixty feet high, Mr. Duncan's classical pile will be as grand a mausoleum as any in the world when its plans are carried from the paper stage to the reality of granite and marble.

When the Grant Monument crowns



THE RIVERSIDE PARK AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH STREET—BELOW THE DRIVE.

when it was proposed in Congress that his remains should be removed to Washington, these facts are strangely discreditable to a city that has given liberally to innumerable charitable and public purposes.

The preliminary work of the monument has indeed been begun, and the 27th of April—at this time of writing a future date—appointed for the laying of the corner stone by the President. The throng of Europeans who will next year pass through New York *en route* for the Chicago fair will, it may be hoped, see some tangible evidence of New York's intention to fulfill her solemn promise. The accepted design for the structure is certainly imposing enough. One hundred feet in length and breadth,

the Claremont Hill a little white tombstone almost opposite to it will make a pathetic contrast to its great proportions. It stands just below the Drive, close to the edge of the bluff, and beneath an old fashioned marble urn its simple inscription records that it was "erected to the memory of an amiable child, St. Clair Pollock, died 15 July, 1797, in the fifth year of his age." Nothing more, so far as the writer is aware, is known of the child or his parentage. The little grave of a hundred years ago is but a touching reminder of the oneness of human emotion throughout the ages of history.

The house on the summit of Claremont Hill, around which the Drive circles, now a restaurant, was an old



THE RIVERSIDE PARK AT EIGHTY EIGHT STREET—THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

time country mansion. One of its dwellers was Viscount Courtenay; another, Jerome Bonaparte, who fled to the United States when his younger brother, the great emperor, fell at Waterloo. There are two other notable but less historic houses, of an architecture more or less purely colonial, further down the Drive.

At Claremont Hill the view of the Hudson is at its best. Beyond the river runs a long line of tree clad heights. A little further up this is broken by the gap at Fort Lee, where the peaked roofs of a great hotel, now abandoned, appear amid the green of the steep slope. On the heights above is the spot where General Washington stood one November afternoon in 1776, and saw King George's red-coats storm Fort Washington, on the New York side, and make prisoners its garrison of three thousand patriots. Beyond Fort Lee the Jersey heights bend out of sight, the bold cliffs of the Palisades dropping sheer to the river, which, a mile in width opposite Claremont Hill, expands to a still greater breadth further up. In summer there pass the great white steamers which, even with a railroad

along either shore of the Hudson, still find plenty of passengers and freight to carry between New York and such cities as Newburgh, Albany and Troy. In winter, fields of white ice floes drift up and down with the rising and falling tide.

It is on the upper part of the Riverside Drive that handsome houses have arisen most numerous. There are, however, not a few on its lower stretches, and they command a view little inferior to that from Claremont Hill. A noted view point is a little hill at the foot of Eighty Third Street, locally known as Mount Tom, and interesting to the geologist as a fine specimen of a *roche moutonnée*, whose scarped ledges tell of an age when mighty glaciers ground and crushed the hard gneiss of Manhattan Island. Another—one of the most picturesque points of Riverside—is the little park five blocks higher up, where stands the statue of Washington, with the inscription "*Pater Patriæ*," which was paid for by the school children of the metropolis. It is a copy of the celebrated statue in the State House at Richmond, Virginia, executed in 1785 by the French sculptor Houdon.

LIEUTENANT HARDING'S FIRST FIGHT.

By Thomas Winthrop Hall.

HE was the Nth lieutenant of the regiment—Nth because lowest in rank, an army term that came from West Point mathematics. He looked it, too, for never had a younger, slimmer, more boyish fellow joined the Eleventh cavalry from the old academy on the Hudson than this one. He lay on the hot sand in the foot hills of the Chiricahua mountains, firing a carbine whenever it got cool enough to handle, not very much afraid—for he had got over his fear in the excitement of the long running fight of the day—and yet decidedly anxious. A mesquite bush afforded him some protection, and his men were similarly posted behind such shelter as they could find on the little hill—that is, all the men he had left. The relatives of a good dozen of them would draw pensions, and it seemed very likely that the remaining twenty five would share the fate of the others.

He had taken a carbine and the cartridge belts of a dead trooper, and was fighting on the line with the rest of the men. It was a mere fight for darkness and the slight chance that darkness would give for escape, or the still slighter chance that some wandering troop of cavalry would stumble on the trail—there were plenty of troops in the field in that Geronimo campaign—and come to the rescue.

It was a shame that he was alone with his troop. He had graduated at the academy but a few months before, and in accordance with gallant custom had given up his graduation leave of absence to join his troop in the field. There was a scarcity of officers in the regiment. His captain had been wounded early in the campaign, his first lieutenant

was on important detached service, and the troop was without an officer. So with his head full of the campaigns of Napoleon and of the calculus, and without the slightest particle of practical knowledge of work with a cavalry company in the field, he had posted off the very evening of his graduation with a nice new uniform, a pretty saber, and his diploma, to help capture Geronimo in the burning deserts of Arizona.

Even his colonel smiled when Lieutenant Harding reported for duty, he looked so much like a mere boy and was so terribly in earnest. But the colonel rather liked earnestness, and so before he had met more than three of the officers of the regiment he was sent off with his little troop of less than forty men to guard a water hole in those gray Chiricahua mountains that were known so well to that terrible little band of sixty hostiles, and known so little to the half dozen regiments of cavalry and infantry that were trying as hard as gallant officers and brave men could try to capture him.

The young ladies of the regiment had not had time to discuss him. They had heard a good deal about him, though. He was one of the youngsters who had been making fools of themselves by falling in love with the celebrated beauty and still more celebrated coquette Miss Stewart of Baltimore—she who had amused herself for three summers breaking the hearts of the youngsters at the Point, listening to their compliments and their sighs until they culminated in a declaration of love, and then laughing at them for their temerity; she who made no concealment of the fact that the man who would win her fair hand must be at least three

times a millionaire—she who laughingly boasted that two men had committed suicide for love of her and that a third had gone to Africa on some wild goose chase for renown that he might perhaps win her hand after all.

And little Harding, the Nth lieutenant of their regiment, had been hardest hit of all. The others had long before given up hope of winning the hand of the heartless beauty, but Harding never wavered in his adoration. He hoped. He dreamed of doing things that would make her love him. He did not believe she was heartless and calculating, as they said. He, the smallest, the poorest, the least dashing of them all, was the only one who did not see the hopelessness of his love. It was courage. It was childishness also. The idea that a young lieutenant in these days, when there is nothing but an occasional Indian campaign to give a chance for advancement, could win such distinction that Miss Stewart, the society queen, the most lovely woman of her time, would blushing consent to marry him, was supremely silly. He was thoroughly laughed at—and he was too much engrossed with his foolish love affair to notice or care what they said.

It seemed like good luck to him to get a chance to command a troop in the campaign. He did not think the luck so good after he had spent a month in the hot camp at the water hole, eating bacon and crackers, and getting his new uniform so filled with alkali dust and so covered with stains that he looked like the roughest trooper of them all. He could not even write to her from such a place. All he could do was to dream of her, sigh, look at her photograph, and dream of her again.

What had occurred on that day certainly wasn't very good luck. In his inexperience and preoccupation he had practically let the troop manage itself, and the result was that he had neither sentinels nor pickets out. As Geronimo was a calculating old fellow, and knew pretty well the

fighting strength of the forces at every water hole along the Mexican border, when he wanted water and some fresh horses he quietly crept down the mountain. After a ten minute fight, which was a complete and clever surprise, he captured the water hole, horses, supplies, and even the guidon of the Nth lieutenant's troop, and drove the love sick young officer back into the hills. There, owing to the fact that he was driven to bay, the latter regained enough of his senses to rally his men and make a fight for life.

It was therefore in no cheerful frame of mind that the lieutenant was firing his carbine from behind the mesquite bush. His troop beaten, routed, perhaps massacred before they got through with it—the thing would ruin him. But the instinct of self preservation is very strong with the human being, and he and his men were fighting like lions. It seemed to him almost like a strain of heavenly music when at last, late in the bloody afternoon, he heard a blast from a cavalry bugle, and knew that from the other side of the little hill another body of troopers was hurrying to his aid. It was life to him and his men, and to him perhaps one more chance to win her. If they could only capture Geronimo, he thought, he could claim at least part of the credit.

It was only one troop that had dismounted behind the hill, and came tumbling up on the skirmish line with a cheer. At its head was a bluff old campaigner who had seen many an Indian fight. He stopped not at all to make the acquaintance of the new lieutenant, but took command without saying a word, and very soon had what he would have called a very pretty little fight going on. There was no such thing as driving back those warriors of Geronimo's, though, and the campaigner soon discovered that he would be doing exceedingly well to hold his own even with his greater force. So he philosophically took out his pipe and lit it, and walked in spite of the zipping bullets over to the Nth lieu-

tenant. He was a man of very few words.

"You're Harding of ours, aren't you?" he asked him.

"Yes, sir," answered the youngster, starting to rise and salute him.

"Never mind getting up," said the campaigner quickly. "Had a real nice time of it, haven't you? Ought not to leave boys alone in such a place as this. Never get your horses back in the world. The cunning old duck will skip with them as soon as night falls. Oh, yes, I've got some mail for you. Couldn't bring anything but the letters. Letters from home, I suppose. Used to get that sort once myself. Letters from girls whose hearts you've broken. Couple of invitations to weddings. One of 'em from Miss Stewart, that girl from Baltimore that you boys talk about so much. Know it because Cushing got one addressed in the same hand and just the same size. Here they are. Now let me have your carbine. I'll take a few shots while you look them over."

The campaigner did not happen to notice the sudden pallor that came to the Nth lieutenant's face. In fact he hardly looked at him at all, but lying down in approved style drew a sight on a bunch of rocks where every now and then a puff of smoke proved the presence of an Apache. He had fired perhaps a dozen times when he chanced to look up and saw the Nth lieutenant standing erect with a

queer, wild look in his eyes and a couple of tears running down his cheeks. He held in his hand the opened wedding invitation. The other letters had fallen to the ground.

"Man dear," said the old campaigner, "get under cover—lie down—quick! No man can live five minutes standing under such fire as this." The Nth lieutenant did not reply, and the campaigner continued, "pretty hard hit in the heart, eh, my boy?"

"Yes—near it—but it doesn't seem to hurt very much," answered the Nth lieutenant.

The campaigner did not seem to understand what he had said. He noticed that the boy had a firm hold of a branch of the mesquite bush and still remained exposed to the fire. The campaigner put out his arm and caught the Nth lieutenant by the blouse. To his horror the boy fell over into his arms.

"Dead, 'by thunder!" exclaimed the campaigner. "That boy stood there on purpose. What a fool I was not to have stopped him!"

Miss Stewart of Baltimore was married in great style to a man who was thrice a millionaire. She received a great many presents of silver and gold, and one of lead. This last was exhibited with the rest. It came in the mails in a little box, and was simply labeled, "An Apache bullet that went through the heart of a man who loved you."

IT WAS BEST.

As you said—it was best

We forever should part.

Love is naught but a jest,

As you said. It was best

To let Cupid rest—

Pray why do you start?

As you said it was best

We forever should part.

J. Benton Wilde.

FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

V—GABRIEL MAX.

By Charles Stuart Johnson.

IT is the proud boast of Munich that for a thousand years it has been one of Europe's centers of learning and of art. Its name—properly München—was derived from the monks (*Mönche*) who founded it and formed the nucleus about which grew the mediæval capital of the Wittelsbachs. Under that house—once ducal and now royal—there has been built up a city whose art galleries, libraries, museums, and public monuments are more numerous and splendid than those of any other community of her size; a city that has the foremost school of German art, and one of the greatest German universities—glories more bright than the growth of her commerce in malt and hops and the increase of wealth and population that has come to her since railroads have made her a half way post between Paris and Vienna and between Berlin and Italy.

Many are the famous names that Munich has contributed to nineteenth century art, from the Kaulbachs and Piloty to Mathias Schmid, Defregger, Lietzen-Meyer, Hans Makart, and Gabriel Max. The last named is one of the best and most typical representatives of the school. "The poet painter of Munich" is a title by which he has been characterized, and not inaptly. His work almost always has the intellectual strength characteristic of the German mentality. He seeks expressiveness before grace of form and color, ideality rather than realism. Into the simple compositions that are his favorite themes—a large proportion of his canvases have only a single figure, and few more than

two—he has a strange power of infusing dramatic significance.

Pathos, and especially the pathos of suffering womanhood, is Max's key to the emotions of his public. "Terrible affair at the Academy this morning," a Munich student is said to have remarked to a friend. "Indeed! What was it?" "Oh," was the reply, "Max has murdered another girl!" There is certainly a foundation for the jest in the number of tragic episodes in which he has found inspiration for his brush. Most of his work has a weird and somber cast; some of it shocks the beholder by its gloomy horror. Maidens crushed with grief, bereft of sight, stretched on the dissecting board, crucified, thrown to wild beasts—such are the central figures of some of his best canvases. One—"Ahasuerus"—depicts an aged Jew, with matted hair and shaggy beard, bending over the body of a dead child. Another shows the corpse of Judas, blown by a furious storm from the branch whereon he had hanged himself, while great ravens hover around their prey. Most repulsive of all is the "Child Murderess," a rendering of Bürger's poem, "The Pastor's Daughter of Taubenhain." The scene of this terrible painted tragedy is a lonely, rocky lake side, where amid the rushes the mother clasps her new born babe, the fruit of illicit love, in a last agonized caress before casting it into the dark waters. It is already dead, for she has pierced its head with a needle, and the thin line of red blood that stains the murderess's hand is a shocking touch that certainly transgresses the ethics of art.



"THE LION'S BRIDE."
From the painting by Gabriel Max.

No less defiant of established canons is his "Saint Veronica's Handkerchief," which attracted popular attention when it was exhibited in London about fifteen years ago. It is founded on the familiar legend that tells how when Christ was toiling on beneath the burden of the cross, Veronica gave Him her kerchief to wipe the sweat from His brow, and how the imprint of His features was thereafter visible upon the fabric. On Max's canvas, which shows the handkerchief and the Savior's face, there is a curious optical illusion. At the first glance the eyes are shut; but when the beholder fixes his gaze upon the lids, they seem to lift and show the pupils beneath. The jugglery in the laying on of colors by which this is effected might have been regarded as a miracle in the middle ages, but would now more generally be stigmatized as an unworthy trick.

Max is a true son of the ancient kingdom whose name has become the proverbial symbol of opposition to the conventional in mind and manner. He seems to have imbibed the spirit of the picturesque land of Wenceslas and Huss, with its unquiet history of racial conflict and fierce religious wars. The opposing elements of German and Czech were united in his parentage—a union to which may be ascribed the mingling of the philosophic and the passionate qualities in his genius. His ancestry, for generations back, was artistic. His grandfather and his father were sculptors—the latter, Josef Max, a man of culture and some reputation, who left his mark upon several of the public works of Prague, his city. Gabriel, Josef Max's second son, was born in the Bohemian capital on the 25th of August, 1840, and was educated with the idea that he should follow his father's profession. He studied for a time at the Prague Academy, but after the death of Josef Max there came a change in his plans, and at eighteen he went to Vienna and became a pupil at the Academy there, under Ruben. It is not entirely

fanciful to trace the influence of his early training with the chisel in much of his work with the brush—in the statuesque modeling of his figures, and even in the pallid, marble-like hue he so often gives them.

As a boy Max was of studious bent, and deeply imbued with religion. On his arrival in Vienna his eccentricities of attire are said to have attracted an unpleasant degree of attention. He mingled little with his fellow students, and cared less for the prescribed curriculum of the Academy than for pensive wanderings among the libraries and art galleries of the Austrian capital. He won no prizes. Indeed, it is stated that his departure from Vienna in 1862 was due to Ruben's dismissal of a pupil whom he found incurably intractable. Be that as it may, Max returned to Prague, and in the following year went to Munich to resume his interrupted training.

In the artistic atmosphere of Munich Max found a congenial environment. As one of a band of brilliant young painters then studying at the Academy under Piloty, he set himself to work in earnest. Hitherto he had done little of any permanent value. He had painted the weird canvas of "Judas" at Prague. A characteristic product of his Vienna period was a series of twelve India ink drawings designed as illustrations to passages of the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Liszt. The idea of finding a black and white expression for the strains of piano or orchestra—a curious though not entirely new one—was put to effective use by Max, himself a man of great musical sympathy and an accomplished performer on several instruments. A good sample of the series is an interpretation of Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique"—an eerie scene, wherein a young mother clasps her child, while around her graves yawn and shrouded ghosts rise to flit across the darkened sky—the fantastic vision of an unripe genius.

During his first years at Munich Max painted a "Madonna" (1863),



"VENUS AND TANNHÄUSER."

"The Martyrdom of St. Ludmilla" (1866), now owned in Philadelphia, and other canvases, besides doing a good deal of illustrative work from which his financial maintenance was principally derived. Then in 1867 came his first notable success, won by the exhibition of "St. Julia"—or "The Christian Martyr," as it has also been called. The picture shows the saint, a young and beautiful maiden, lashed to a rude stone cross and left there to perish. On her

upturned countenance shines a wonderful expression of unquenchable faith. A young patrician of Rome, returning at dawn from some festival or revelry, is struck by the pathos of the martyr's figure, and prostrates himself in reverence before her. The sentimentality of the picture might perhaps be criticised as somewhat artificial, but its popularity was great, and from that time date Max's fame and fortune.

His next noteworthy pictures were

"The Melancholy Nun," now in the Kunsthalle at Hamburg, and "The Anatomist." The former is one of Max's characteristic figure studies—a threnody that strikes a single note in a minor key. A woman is seated on the ground, just within the high encircling wall of a convent garden. She leans against a stunted tree—an emblem of the narrow life to which she is doomed—with a face and attitude that speak of a crushing sorrow. The other canvas is still more

strikingly somber. The anatomist, grave and thoughtful, sits in his armchair, contemplating the body of a young girl stretched on the dissecting table before him, draped in a sheet which he is lifting from her breast. "Decay's effacing fingers," as Byron puts it, have not yet swept away the lines of beauty from the cold and pallid face. In the back of the bare room is a table strewn with books, papers, and ghastly skulls.

"Spring Legends," painted in 1871, won for Max a gold medal at the Vienna exposition, and was bought by a banker of Prague for fifteen thousand marks. The model for its chief figure is said to have been a Bohemian girl of lowly station to whom the artist was engaged. If such was the case, the marriage did not eventuate. Some years later Max wedded a lady of Munich.

In 1874 Max exhibited "Nydia" and "The Last Token." Nydia, the blind Thessalian flower girl in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," stands on the steps of a portico, her figure framed by two marble columns and an awning above. Her long white robe trails from her sandaled feet, and in her hand she bears a basket of flowers. Of "The Last Token," or "Ein Gruss," as the artist called it, two somewhat different canvases were painted, one of which now hangs in the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and was briefly described a few months ago in this magazine. It is one of



"PARTING."



"JOAN OF ARC AT THE STAKE."

Max's most touching and powerful pictures.

"The Daughter of Jairus," painted in 1875, and shown at the Paris Exposition of 1878, is now owned by a Baltimore gentleman, who some years ago loaned it for exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. The next few years were the most productive of Max's career. Their most notable works were "St. Veronica's Handkerchief"; "The Autumn Dance"—in which, it may be mentioned as an instance of eccentric

nomenclature, there is not a single dancing figure; "The Child Murderess"; several illustrations to Faust; "Venus and Tannhäuser"; and "The Lion's Bride."

This last, of which a reproduction is given on page 141, is perhaps the most famous of Max's paintings. Its theme is taken from Uhland's poem, "Die Löwenbraut." The daughter of a menagerie keeper has made a pet of a great lion that would allow no one else to enter his cage. On her wedding morning, and in her

bridal dress, she has come to say farewell to her tawny favorite. The huge brute, divining by some strange instinct that it is her last visit, in his jealous rage has stricken her down, and crouches with one paw upon her body, his great green eyes glaring at her lover, who is about to fire upon him through the bars of the cage.

From the long list of Max's can-

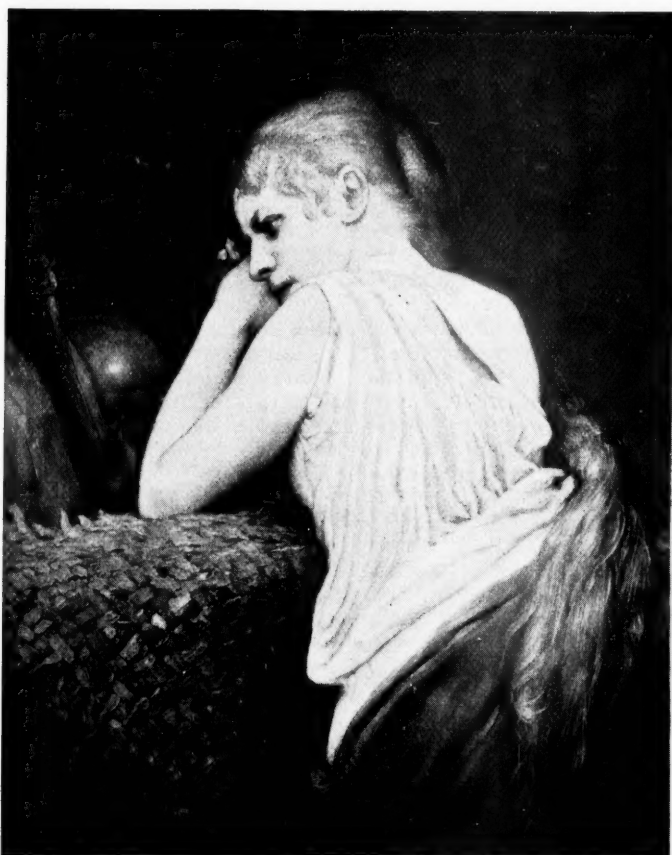
vases a few more names may be mentioned. Among the most important are "The Blind Lamp Seller in the Catacombs"—another pathetic figure, a sightless Roman girl, who stands mutely offering a lamp to some Christian entering the underground labyrinth; "Spirit Greeting" (1879); "Joan of Arc at the Stake" (1882), the last scene in the

life of the Maid of Orleans, burned as a sorceress at Rouen in 1431; "Christ Healing a Child" (1884), now in the Berlin National Gallery; "Katharina Emmerich" (1885) in the New Pinakothek at Munich; "Astarte," a somewhat somber conception of the Phœnician Venus, shown at the Jubilee Exhibition of 1886 in Berlin. Several of his works are owned in America, notably, besides two or three already named, "Cupid's Whisper," which is the property of Mr. D. O. Mills of New York, and "Faust and Marguerite," which is in a private collection in St. Louis.

Munich has been Max's home since 1863. He has also a summer chateau at Ammerland, in the Bavarian Alps, and near the Starnberg Lake, the scene of the late King Ludwig's suicide. His life is still that of a recluse. He sedulously avoids publicity, and has few acquaintances. His chief artistic friendships have been with Kurz-bauer, with whom in his early days he shared his studio, and with Makart, who was also for a time his fellow tenant. One of his canvases—"Tannhäuser"—shows clearly the influence of the bril-



"ASTARTE."



"MAGDALEN."

liant Austrian's ideas, and would surely be ascribed to him if it had not borne Max's signature. The chief bond between these two men is said to have been their common taciturnity. When they were together it was seldom that either spoke a word. A story that is at least characteristic tells that when "The Last Token" was first placed on exhibition in Wimmer's galleries, in Munich, Max entered the room where it was hanging, in company with Makart, who had not seen the picture before. Max had had a good deal of difficulty with the upper part of the canvas, which as originally painted showed the seats of the amphitheater, and the rows of men and women looking down at the

young martyr below. So intractable had this arrangement proved that the artist had failed to secure the desired effect of distance, and the spectators looked like dwarfs. Makart gazed at the picture for a moment, then stepped close to it, and made a gesture as if to brush out the upper portion. Then he turned and nodded to Max, and walked away without a word. Max saw his meaning, and grasped the suggestion. He rushed out, called a porter, and had the canvas incontinently borne back to his studio, where he painted out the offending figures, and carried the wall up to the top—a happy simplification that left the composition in its present form.

Max's studio is described as a room of moderate size, uncarpeted, with bare walls, and littered with unfinished canvases and empty frames—the very opposite of an ideal sanctum of art. For many years he gathered all sorts of curiosities, living and dead, and formed a veritable museum of biology. He was deeply interested in this branch of science. He painted some pictures of monkeys that may be called studies in Darwinianism, so human is their sympathy. After his marriage, however, the museum was broken up. The monkeys, tortoises, and snakes were banished, and the skulls and skeletons stored away in packing cases.

Spiritualism is another field into which Max's speculative bent of mind

has led him. He is a member of a Dresden spiritualistic society. In "Spirit Greeting," where a widow, seated at the piano, turns at the touch of a shadowy hand upon her shoulder, he brings a mystical idea into his art in a way that is daring and effective.

In personal appearance Max is a man somewhat below the average height, and stoutly built. His head has a meditative forward inclination; his face, thoughtful and earnest in expression, is crowned by a shock of dark hair. He works rapidly, but devotes much time to study and experiment in his art. It is said that sometimes he will contemplate his model for hours, absorbed in thought, without putting his brush to canvas.

WHEN LOVE BEGINS.

WHEN love begins the pulses go
No longer sluggish, tame or slow,
But looking down from heights of bliss
Man learns to know what rapture is,
And all his feelings finer grow.

How very gay the ardent beau,
How all his thoughts with fervor glow!
What wondrous happiness is his
When love begins!

Ah, there is one who can bestow
The ecstasy I fain would show—
A beauteous captivating miss—
You smile, Clarisse? I'll take a kiss,
For by your eyes I see you know
When love begins.

Nathan M. Levy.



NANCY THORNE.

By Julia Freeman.

I KNOW Nancy is not a pretty name. If I had been consulted about the christening, I should have suggested a different one. No one was consulted, I think, and the christening was a very informal one.

Cousin Em'line Peters sat jogging the cradle and sewing up the seams of a little blue and white slip. She stopped the cradle's uneven jog, while John Thorne stooped down to take a little pinch of flannel blanket between his big thumb and finger, and cautiously make an opening in the upper end of the small bundle lying in the cradle. The bundle contained John Thorne's three days old daughter.

"Air you goin' to name 'er?" Cousin Em'line asked.

"It's customary, isn't it?" John asked in reply.

"You might's well, I s'pose. She won't live, but it's handier to have a name of some sort to put on the tombstone," Cousin Em'line said.

John Thorne looked down at the little bit of humanity among the blankets. So much more blanket than humanity! He took one little doubled up fist in his big hand—he could shut in six just such fists as that so that you could not see them. He sighed as he replaced the blanket with his cautious pinches. Cousin Em'line was quite likely to be right about the baby's not living, he thought.

"I had thought of calling her Nancy," he said; "it was Jenny's mother's name"—nodding toward the south bedroom—"and my mother's, too."

"Jes' well's any," Cousin Em'line said, setting the cradle into its unsteady jog again.

John Thorne brought the great

pasteboard box from the parlor, and, opening it, took out a large, handsome Bible—mother Thorne's wedding gift. Dust had sifted in on the covers. That was because Jenny was not around to see to things, he thought.

John wiped the dust away, and opened the Bible at the family record. Two lines across its first page recorded the marriage of Jenny Byrne and John Thorne.

"It is as good as a psalm—I would like to put 'Praise the Lord' at the end of it," he said the day he wrote it, and after he and Jenny had read it over together.

"Put the 'Praise the Lord' into our lives," Jenny had answered.

John Thorne lingered over those two lines a moment, remembering that day, then turned slowly the blank page of births, marriages, and deaths. In the clear, first page for births he wrote, "Nancy Thorne, born Aug. 8, 1876." He was somewhat proud of his writing, and this was his best.

So Nancy was christened, and the Bible shut in its pasteboard box and returned to its place of honor on the parlor table.

A few weeks afterward, they brought out the big Bible again. This time the minister opened it and read, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Out in the kitchen Cousin Em'line jogged the cradle. The baby had gained a pound, she told John that morning, and she guessed now it would be pretty sure to live. John sighed as he thought once more Cousin Em'line was quite likely to

be right. It would be so much safer and happier now for the baby not to live.

The bed was taken down in the south bedroom. Neighbors filled all the little house. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death"—the minister read. John put out his hand, and laid it on Jenny's cold ones folded above her still heart. Yes, it *was* "the valley of the shadow of death."

There were prayers and a hymn, then the coffin lid closed over the best of John Thorne's world, and they buried his dead out of his sight. One day after, he wrote on the page of deaths, "Jenny Thorne, died Sep. 21, 1876, aged twenty seven years."

There were no steady curves this time, and the line was not straight.

A year afterwards Cousin Em'line, alone with the baby, took out the big Bible, and, in her straight up and down, trembling handwriting, wrote, "John Thorne, died Sep. 7, 1877."

There was Nancy left, then, and the little house, and no money. Over in the city in the shop where Cousin Em'line had sewed so long, they would give her twelve dollars a week if she would come back. The child never would thrive in the city, she said, and so she staid on in the little house, and made vests for fifty cents apiece, raised small fruit in the garden, and now and then took a boarder.

Cousin Em'line did not approve of the children of these later days, and she meant to bring Nancy up on a different plan. In Nancy's baby days, she never cuddled her up and talked sweet baby nonsense to her, because she could not see why the child should like to be fussed over in that way, nor why it should understand gibberish any better than plain English. When she cried, she turned her over on her little stomach, and patted her back, fed her catnip tea, sage tea, and peppermint, and trotted her hard. There was sense in that. She kept her warm and clean—that was duty.

When Nancy was old enough to cry from perversity as well as stomach

ache, sharp slaps on the hand and energetic shakings of the small sinner took the place of catnip and peppermint. As the years and the sins multiplied, she was made to stand up in corners, and switched with peach sprouts, in season and out, because it was Cousin Em'line's duty, and according to the wisdom of Solomon.

She outgrew the corners and peach sprouts after a time, and then Cousin Em'line's verbal reproofs increased in number and severity. Solomon recommended reproof, but said nothing about praise.

The day Nancy was fifteen, Cousin Em'line forgot Solomon, or meant to try an experiment independently of him. She praised Nancy, and neglected to scold her for letting the apple sauce burn. Nancy could remember no other time when any fault or mistake of hers known to Cousin Em'line had escaped her severe rebuke, or any act won her commendation.

Nancy stood in the doorway the evening of her birthday, looking off toward the eastern sky, shutting down to a dark band of woods, from which the shadows came up and marched over to the west. It had been a busy day, with housework to do, and berries to pick. Nancy had a feeling that this day ought to be different, somehow, from other days; but the day before there had been dishes to wash and berries to pick; probably there would be dishes to wash and berries to pick the day after, and the next—all the days about alike, whether one were fourteen or fifteen.

Cousin Em'line sat over by the window, straining her eyes to finish her seam by the fading light. She was fifty five. What made the difference between fifteen and fifty five, Nancy wondered? At fifty five would she be like Cousin Em'line—not caring to read anything but the *Morning Star* and a chapter in Job; not caring whether her dress were blue or brown, nor for anything but to get the housework and sewing done, the berries picked, and the chickens fed?

"Cousin Em'line," Nancy said, "I suppose this is my birthday?"

Cousin Em'line folded her work and came over to the door.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "you're fifteen today. I thought of it the first thing in the morning. You needn't let it make you proud, for the human heart is desperately wicked, an' you've got faults enough—but I'll say this much, you've been a good child to me, and I don't know another girl I'd swap ye for. You'd better run and fasten up the chicken coop."

Nancy sprang away to do Cousin Em'line's bidding. Then she sat down on the chicken coop and wondered. How her heart thrilled, thinking of Cousin Em'line's homely praise! Her conscience troubled her presently. Underneath her mattress a book of Miss Alcott's reposed at that moment, and in the bottom of her trunk were a dozen water color sketches and a box of colors. Cousin Em'line thought stories wicked, and drawing a waste of time, and had forbidden both. Now, if Cousin Em'line said another kind thing, Nancy felt that she must confess.

She sat on the chicken coop wondering how it would seem to have Cousin Em'line love her, and never be cross any more, till the stars came out. Cousin Em'line called her in then—scolding her for staying out in the dew, and sent her to bed.

The next day there *were* dishes to wash and berries to pick, just as she expected. Cousin Em'line was severe, and, altogether, the day began to be like all the rest. But something happened.

Coming in from the garden at night with her old brown calico on, and her hands stained with berries, Nancy found the tea table set for three, and the parlor open. "Mis' Van Brent. You ken put on your poky dot," Cousin Em'line said, briefly.

Mrs. Van Brent was their summer boarder, and had been away a month "wandering up and down the earth," she said, and had come back to rest.

Nancy hurried away to put on the

"polka dot," and came back soon to give Mrs. Van Brent her welcome.

"I am glad," she began, and stopped with a long surprised "Oh!" A pile of pictures lay on the lounge—her own sketches. Cousin Em'line had been rummaging.

With hasty excuses, she ran out to Cousin Em'line. "I didn't mean to be wicked," she began.

"Well—well; go cut some bread," Cousin Em'line interrupted.

That night Cousin Em'line called Nancy into her bedroom:

"Mis' Van Brent an' I have ben talkin', 't least Mis' Van Brent has, an' I've listened. Them picters begun it. She says you've got genius, an' must go to an art school. She'll take you to live with her, an' pay all the expenses. She's talked it into me, an' you're to go in May. I on'y hope I ain't mistook my duty. Now go to bed."

How different the days were after that! Autumn flew by, and winter settled down early, and was one of the kind weather chroniclers refer to with pride on account of its extreme coldness. Often there was not quite wood enough to keep Cousin Em'line and Nancy warm, and sometimes there was not quite enough of anything to eat. Cousin Em'line was grimmer and severer than ever, but Nancy's new faith in the future kept her happy.

Belle Hallam and her friend Kate Tracey passed Nancy one night coming from school.

"I wonder what keeps that little Thorne so happy," Nancy heard Belle say. "Her shoes are patched, and her dress is horrid. I used to be so provoked at Laury for noticing her. He used to say she had more sense than the rest of us. I hope he will have a little sense when he comes home from college."

It was March now, and in May Nancy was going to Mrs. Van Brent. Nancy was thinking of that when the girls passed her. She was thinking, too, that Laury Hallam was coming home next week, and that he would be glad of her good fortune. Laury had always been kind. It was Laury

who gave her the box of colors, and he had always praised her pictures, and made wonderful castles in Spain out of the straws of her genius.

Just after the girls passed Nancy, Abner Sloan came along with his wagon.

"Git in an' ride, Nancy," he called. "Miss Em'line's had a stroke, an' I've ben for the doctor—he's gone on to your house."

It was true—Cousin Em'line had had a "stroke." She could never use her right hand again—perhaps she could never walk. For the first few days she sat silent and uncomplaining; but it was a silence of bitter despair, not of patient submission.

One day she called Nancy to her. "Prob'ly I'm goin' to live for years—jes' like this. I want you to write to brother Elnathan to come fer me the first of May. I'm goin' to live with him, and you must start for Mis' Van Brent's as soon's I'm gone."

"Why, Cousin Em'line," Nancy said, "you always declared you would sooner die than live with Elnathan's wife."

"Well, I can't die. Elnathan had the homestead and five hundred dollars of my earnin's, so I shan't feel much beholden to him. I started out to do my duty by ye an' I mean to stick to it. Now go away; I don't want to talk."

Nancy went away up stairs and sat down by the warm stovepipe to think. There was just one of two things possible for her—miserable drudgery or the beautiful life with Mrs. Van Brent.

The question was still undecided when, late that night, Nancy went to see if Cousin Em'line needed anything. She found her asleep, and a tear lay on each pale, thin cheek. Nancy shaded the light and came away. She saw her duty plainly now.

The next day Nancy wrote a letter, but it was to Mrs. Van Brent, not Elnathan. Coming home from the post office, she met Laury Hallam riding with his sister Belle and Kate Tracey. Laury had been home a week, and she had not seen him be-

fore. He raised his hat and smiled, but the girls looked straight ahead.

Nancy went straight to Cousin Em'line when she came home. "That letter was to Mrs. Van Brent. It is my duty to stay and take care of you and yours to let me do it," she said.

Cousin Em'line waited five minutes before she answered. "Yes," she said then. "I think it is your duty."

The next evening Laury called. He would have come sooner to see them, he said, but had been sick and had not been able to go out since he came home till the day Nancy met him.

Cousin Em'line had gone to bed, and Nancy was mending a tablecloth. She had on her old brown calico, and her hair was twisted in a tight, ugly knot on the top of her head.

Laury went away early. "Poor little girl!" he thought as he left the house.

"He thinks I'm horrid, and I am," Nancy thought.

As the days went by, Nancy was surprised to find out how much easier they were to endure than she had thought possible.

Cousin Em'line grew gradually weaker, and the next winter was much worse. She called Nancy to her one day.

"I'm goin' by spring," she said; "an' I wanted to tell you it's you that's made me willin'. I'd jest give up believin' in the love of earth er Heaven when you give up ever'thing to take care of me. I begun to have faith in the Lord after that, an' in folks too. An' now I'm goin' to him, an' I'm glad."

Nancy gave Cousin Em'line the tenderest care. She would gladly accept years of drudgery for her sake now; but when the spring came Cousin Em'line went home and—"was glad."

"Yes, I'm going to Mrs. Van Brent's tomorrow," Nancy said to Laury Hallam the day after Cousin Em'line was buried, "and I'm glad; but if God had kept me in the old way I should find my wish some time and somewhere."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF STAGE FAVORITES.

By Morris Bacheller.

THE study of one age is the pastime of the next. Nothing could be formulated that would be truer of photography than this. A novice possessed of the cheapest camera in the market could take a photograph of Miss Marie Tempest that would be a joy forever. Few women have been gifted to a greater degree than she with the poetry of pose. "Dainty as a Dresden china shepherdess," was what one critic called her, and the phrase has been widely copied; but it does not express all the charm of her beauty. Grace—the grace of a flying cloud or a sleeping swan—that is the secret of it, and it is something that she has never needed to learn, for it was born with her. She came to this country to make her debut in the "Red Hussar," unheralded save by a few pictures. They were sufficient to crowd the house on her opening night, and she was sufficient, in spite of incompetent support, to keep it crowded.

Miss Tempest's earliest appearance was made in concert in London. She was a strong favorite with the music lovers of the British metropolis until she stepped upon the boards as a queen of comic opera in "Boccaccio," when she became a furore. It was in "Dorothy," however, that

she made her fame. The piece ran for nine hundred nights, the longest run recorded for any comic opera. It built a theater, and made composer and librettist comfortably rich.



LETTY LIND.

From a photograph by Downey, London.



MARIE TEMPEST,
Of the New York Casino Company.

An unfortunate domestic trouble necessitated Miss Tempest's temporary retirement from the stage, but upon her return to it in "Doris" and the "Red Hussar," she found no difficulty in re-occupying her position as prime favorite with the London public.

Her American success has not been so marked—owing, perhaps, to less able business management; but for all that the theater going public and the press have awakened to the fact that her appearance in any opera is an affair of the first importance.

If Miss Tempest's grace can be

called the poetry of pose, surely Miss Letty Lind's can be called the poetry of motion. Here, too, however, we have a good subject for the camera. Probably no woman on the stage is less known in private life to the public than is the actress who as a member of the London Gaiety Company introduced us to the mysterious grace of the skirt dance. Many stories have been told concerning her, the one most worthy of credit being that she is the daughter of an Englishman of good family. There was no necessity, it is added, for her choice of the stage as a profession,

but she chose it, seemingly, because it was her mission in life to dance through it like Ariel.

Isabelle Irving is one of the younger and newer stage favorites of the metropolis. Although photographed less frequently than most actresses of equal standing, the quality of picturesqueness is certainly a part of her natural endowment. She has, too, a histrionic talent of undoubted promise. As a member of the Daly stock company she has been markedly successful in juvenile parts, and there are many critics who predict that the dramatic mantle of Ada Rehan may some day fall upon her shoulders.

Marie Burroughs is another actress who lends herself to the photographer's art as gracefully as to her own. She too is known as one of the most promising of the younger figures of the stage. It is less than nine years since she made her first appearance, an untrained amateur of seventeen, who, in her enthusiasm for the footlights, had induced the late Lawrence Barrett to secure for her a trial at a metropolitan theater. The part given her was the small one of *Gladys* in "The Rajah," which was being played at the Madison Square Theater in New York. She did so well that when "Alpine Roses" was produced she was, in an emergency,



ISABELLE IRVING,
Of Augustin Daly's Stock Company.

assigned to the important character of *Irma*. Her reception was flattering, and in the next three years she rose to an established place in the favor of the critics and the theater going public. A year after her debut she visited San Francisco, her native city, where she scored a veritable triumph.

When A. M. Palmer came into control of the Madison Square, Miss Burroughs remained there as his leading lady, appearing as such in "Saints and Sinners" and other plays. Her reputation was greatly increased by her strong and clever

acting as *Mary Blenkarn* in "The Middleman," and in the other characters in which she supported Henry Willard, the English actor, during his visit to this country. There is no actress whose performances have shown more marked and steady improvement, or greater evidence of careful study of her art.

Miss Burroughs was married a few years ago to Louis F. Massen, a fellow member of the Madison Square company.

To Marie Wainwright, of whom a characteristic portrait appears on page 157, is due no slight degree of

admiration for her daring in hazarding her fortunes on the success of a Shaksperian revival, in what many deem to be a time of a degenerate dramatic taste that revolts at the classical and is indifferent to the literary. Though no aid to success was wanting—such as a capable company and lavish costuming—the principal credit for "Twelfth Night's" two years of prosperity is doubtless due to the star's fascinating personality and admirable art.

Miss Wainwright first gained dramatic eminence as leading lady of the late Lawrence Barrett's company in the days just prior to that lamented player's association with Edwin Booth. Thence, with a reputation already national, she ventured forth upon a career on her own responsibility.

During the past season she has revived the character of "Amy Robsart," so replete with memories of the bewitching Neilson. In this drama, as in Shaksperian comedy, Miss



MARIE BURROUGHS.
From a photograph by Conly, Boston.



■ MARIE WAINWRIGHT.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Wainwright's qualities of refinement, archness, sentiment, and pathos have won the admiration of competent judges. The play ran with considerable success at Palmer's Theater, New York, during the early part of the

his hands. Shortly afterwards she became a member of the Boston Museum Company, leaving it to join her husband, the well known Louis James, with Barrett. Her debut as a star was in the season of 1886-87,



CORA URQUHART POTTER.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

winter, and was then taken out "on the road."

Miss Wainwright has been on the stage fourteen years, her first appearance having been as *Juliet*, in 1878, at the historic New York playhouse that was built by Edwin Booth, but had at that time passed out of

when she and her husband produced "Othello" and other standard classics at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, and elsewhere.

Long before Mrs. James Brown Potter became a professional performer her ability as an emotional actress and reciter was known to



GERALDINE ULMAR.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

New York society, in which she had an undoubted standing. Her husband was one of the original members of the Tuxedo association, and it was she who made famous the stage in the circular ballroom of its rural clubhouse. She had appeared as an amateur on the boards of the Madison Square Theater and elsewhere, and the ripple of comment created by her recitation of "Ostler

Joe" at a social function in Washington may still be remembered.

In the summer of 1887 the cable announced that Mrs. Potter, who was then in Europe, had decided to adopt the stage as a profession. After a few weeks in London she came, with Kyrle Bellew, formerly of the Wallack's theater company, as her leading man, to America, appearing under H. C. Miner's management

at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York. The date of this was October 31, 1887, and the play given "Mademoiselle de Bressier," which was followed with "Loyal Love"—both dramas being of the social comedy type. In the following seasons she added "Cleopatra" and other plays to her repertoire, traveling throughout the United States and then undertaking, in company with Kyrle Bellew, a tour of the world. During the last two years she has been heard from in India, in Australia—where her venture met with very poor financial success—and most recently in Cape Colony.

A highly picturesque stage figure is Miss Geraldine Ulmar, an American actress whose recent triumphs have been won abroad. She is well remembered by New Yorkers in connection with Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." In the fall of 1885 there was a somewhat sensational race between Mr. Stetson, who imported D'Oyly Carte's company from London to enact the new opera at

the Fifth Avenue Theater, and Mr. Duff, who was preparing an independent representation at the Standard. The former won the day, his first performance being given on the 19th of August—but not before unauthorized versions of the play had already been produced at two other theaters.

The D'Oyly Carte company was composed of English talent with the exception of Miss Ulmar, who was cast for the part of *Yum Yum*. It is stated that she was engaged upon the recommendation of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who had heard her with the Boston Ideal company, from whose ranks she graduated. As *Yum Yum* she speedily became a favorite, the "Three Little Maids From School" trio, in which she sang with Miss Forster and Miss St. Maur, being the hit of the "Mikado."

Since that time Miss Ulmar has been with D'Oyly Carte's company in London, taking leading roles in the operas that that manager has produced.



COQUETTE.

THOUGH I do love her ardently,
I dare not speak, I must demur;
Alicia flouts and laughs at me
Because I've lost my heart to her.

And yet, though I am suffering,
'Tis well her smiles she doth refuse—
Coquette, she lacks a priceless thing,
She has no heart to give or lose!

Clement S. Cox.

AN AUSTRALIAN IDYL.

By William S. Lawrence.

TWO of Mr. Nugent's bullocks had broken from the paddock at Toonarbin Run, during the night, and Ralph Nugent, their owner's nephew, and one of the stock keepers, had started out in search of them on horseback, with a couple of collie dogs loping along in the rear.

Australian scenery is grandly impressive always. Particularly so at early sunrise, when nature is shaking off the night's slumber. Toonarbin Range was aglow with golden light, peak upon peak rising skyward as far as the eye could reach. The missing bullocks were seen about noon in company with a herd of half wild cattle. Jenkins, the stock keeper, flourished his stock whip in their direction.

"Stay you here, Mr. Ralph," he said hurriedly, "while I cut the two strays out from the herd—you head them if they turn away from the run," and off he went at full gallop. It was many a long day before Ralph saw him again.

Instead of breaking, the herd plunged forward *en masse*, the bullocks in the midst. Cattle and keeper disappeared in a cloud of dust. One of the collies followed at the heels of the stockman's horse. The other remained behind with Ralph.

This collie suddenly started a big kangaroo—a "boomer," or man kangaroo, as the colonists say—from the under scrub. Before Ralph could pull his holster pistol the boomer was out of sight in a little grove of oak at the right.

Forgetting drover and bullocks, Ralph urged his horse forward in pursuit, guided by the wild barking of the collie, and an occasional glimpse of the mouse colored animal

making tremendous bounds through the scrub, which was broken by patches of clear upland in places. Kangaroos had become scarce around Toonarbin Run, and Ralph Nugent was an enthusiastic huntsman.

Absorbed in the ardor of the chase, Ralph did not think of the danger of losing himself in the bush. On and still on, when, suddenly emerging from the thick growth, the banks of a tortuous creek appeared before him. In the shallow part of the stream stood the boomer at bay. Not being able to use his hind foot, armed with its long, sharp pointed claw, the huge beast, almost as large as an average sized man, had laid hold on the poor collie and thrust it under water, despite the dog's best efforts at self preservation.

Springing from his saddle, Ralph balanced the holster pistol across the bend of his left arm, and fired with correct aim. The big animal fell with a splash, shot through the heart.

With infinite difficulty Ralph dragged the boomer ashore, while the half drowned collie sat panting on the bank. Then the young stockman began for the first time to look about him.

He was surrounded by virgin forest, whose silence was only broken by the babble of the creek flowing over some stony obstructions and the chatter of occasional flocks of parrots flying high over the everglade. It was noon by the sun, and having heedlessly left his pocket compass behind, Ralph, like the eloquent orator, "knew no north, no south, no east, no west." Even the peculiar shaped, snow clad crests of the Toonarbin Range seemed to have changed their individuality. In fact, Ralph was lost.

But he was a plucky young fellow, who had lived from boyhood on his uncle's stock farm in the wildest portion of the Warragara district. Twice before had he been similarly placed, and after hours of wandering made his way back.

The first thing he did was to cut off the boomer's immense tail, not as a trophy, but as a choice tid bit for a roast. This he secured behind the saddle, and, whistling to the collie, led his horse up from the banks of the creek, where he stood for a moment trying to guess at the points of the compass.

A slight rustling in the long grass behind him, and a short, quick bark from the shepherd dog, caused Ralph to turn his head quickly, at the same time involuntarily stretching out one hand in the direction of his holster pistol.

Quicker than a flash his right wrist was clutched and held in a vise-like grip. At the same moment a laughing, ebony hued face, showing far more of intelligence than is seen in the features of the average Australian native, was brought within range of his astonished vision.

Now Ralph was by no means a weakling; yet though his laughing captor seemed little more than a boy, he was astonished to find that he could not release his wrist from the wiry black fingers until the latter relaxed of their own accord.

"No use, white fellow; Mayfu *cobung matong* (very strong)" said the black good naturedly. He wore a sort of sheepskin coat without arms, and short leather breeches—nothing else—and Ralph saw at a glance that the stranger was unlike any of the natives employed in and about the stock farm.

"Who are you, any way?" he asked bluntly.

"Mayfu," was the brief response. And Mayfu professed entire ignorance of the locality, his people—so he said with pantomimic gesture—living further away to the north, in the Wallagiera, or Valley of the Mountain of Fire.

One peculiarity Ralph noticed—

that while Mayfu used at times the singular dialect of the Australian black, he could speak a fairly good "pigeon English."

Thus as a little later Ralph produced some cold "damper" with a view to lunch, while Mayfu started a fire, the latter exclaimed in reference to the tail of the boomer he had begun to skin:

"Baal flying doe this one mine think it," meaning that the kangaroo must have been of uncommon size, while in the next breath he asked, with a sharp glance in Ralph's face:

"What matter white fellow? You look like sick." For all at once Ralph had felt a strange dizziness and weakness come over him, not unlike that which is a prelude to the fever of the Australian lowlands. His appetite suddenly left him; the cold damper and roast boomer tail became alike repugnant.

"I *am* sick," he said wearily, and lay down on the purple heath as he spoke.

Mayfu unstrapped the blanket from behind Ralph's saddle, and arranged it for a pillow. He then fastened the horse with a picket rope, and getting water from the creek, bathed the sick man's burning temples.

It was midsummer, and the air, even as nightfall came on, was mild and balmy. Too dizzy and confused to think, or even care, Ralph lay in a half waking drowse, hearing the thousand voices of night in an Australian forest, seeing the fireflies blazing through the air, and conscious that Mayfu squatted beside him, and seemed never to close his eyes in slumber.

At early dawn the black took the tin "billy" from behind Ralph's saddle, and disappeared. Half an hour later he returned. The billy was half full of glossy green leaves having a peculiar aromatic smell. These Mayfu steeped in water over the fire.

"Drink, my master," he said authoritatively, holding the tin to the white youth's parched lips while he supported his head.

The draught seemed to give him a sort of unnatural physical strength, though Ralph himself, as nearly as he knows, was half delirious when a little later Mayfu helped him into his saddle.

What followed was like the wild fantasies of a confused dream. Half supported on his horse by Mayfu's strong arm, Ralph was indistinctly conscious of hours—it might have been days—of continuous ongoing, through great defiles and wooded plains, over grass clad hills and in primeval forests. Then the way led upward, among immense elevations of volcanic origin. Lava and pumice were crushed by the horse's feet.

Up and still up among the eternal snows, yet, strange as it may seem, Ralph seemed neither conscious of cold, hunger, loss of sleep, or fatigue. From time to time Mayfu gave him to drink from a hollow gourd of the infusion he had prepared.

When the light of reason dawned again in Ralph's mind, he was lying on a couch of fragrant grass. Above his head was a bark roof; the sides of the smoke stained interior were of plain slabs driven deep in the earth. Through the open doorway and between the trunks of great fern trees he caught a glimpse of mountain slopes covered with dense verdure rising on every side.

Near him, on a pile of kangaroo skins, sat a girl, seemingly a few years younger than himself. And in all his dreams Ralph had never seen anything half so beautiful. Her skin was dazzlingly fair, her eyes dark and lustrous, and her hair, intensely black and silky, fell over the folds of a simple dress of calico in a wonderful cloud.

No, he was not dreaming. For close beside her was Nero, the collie dog, who, as his master stretched out his wasted hand, licked it, whining a joyful recognition.

"Where am I?" Ralph feebly asked; "and please—who are you?"

"In the Valley of Wallagiera," was the quiet reply; "and I am Valetta; my father is the chief man of our settlement."

But it was not till two or three days afterward, when Ralph, strengthened by savory broths, was able to sit outside in the cooling shade, that he learned from Valetta, who had constituted herself his nurse, more particulars as to the Wallagiera settlement.

It would seem that nearly two hundred years before, some Europeans had been shipwrecked on the west coast of the island continent. They had penetrated far inland, where they were taken prisoners by some of the Garri tribes. On condition that their lives should be spared, all but four had taken native wives. Their descendants a hundred years later had little or no trace of native blood, and were socially ostracized by the Garris on that account. Banded together, they penetrated the interior, hitherto untrodden by man. With them was a missionary who had wandered from the coast to the Garri country, where he had been but ill received. The little community finally reached the Valley of Wallagiera, where they located permanently.

Ralph was not lacking in ambition, nor was he weary of the world. But a stronger motive than either I have mentioned prevented his return to civilization. Valetta was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and as good as she was beautiful. Ralph had no one in the world belonging to him excepting his Uncle George, who had a family of his own.

Nearly ten years later, an athletic, bronzed, full bearded young man of thirty rode into the yard of Mr. George Nugent's extensive stock farm in the Warragara district just at sundown.

The helper who came forward to take his horse was an elderly man, with a peculiarly shaped blue scar across his nose.

The stranger glanced inquiringly in his face.

"Well, Dick Jenkins," he said quietly, "did you cut out the bullocks you and I went in search of from

Uncle George's stock farm, nine or ten years ago?"

Old Dick started, whistled, and uttered a great exclamation which brought half the household out on the stoop.

"Well, durn my cabbage tree if it bean't Mr. Ralph," he shouted. And it was.

Yet no persuasion or pleadings on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Nugent availed to keep Ralph with them beyond the one night.

"My wife and children await my coming with anxious hearts, and Mayfu, my servant man, will hardly sleep till I come back to the Valley of Wallagiera," he said, in answer to all solicitation to stay longer. An impulse to look once more upon

civilization had seized the recluse for so many years, and he had obeyed it. But his only longing—the impulse gratified—was to return.

"Yes, I am perfectly happy," he said at parting. "My wife is the most beautiful and best woman in the world, and my children are like her. Our wants are simple, and we never go beyond the valley for them. Farewell."

Nor would Ralph suffer any one to accompany him on his return. "So far as we can prevent it, we want no one to enter Wallagiera Valley," he told them. And to this day it is not known that any have.

But Ralph will never again return to civilization. Why should he, indeed?

AN APACHE LOVE SONG.

I.

A-ATANA she was here,
A-atana I was dear.
She will never come again;
Chill my heart, O Wind and Rain!
A-atana she was here.

II.

Hark! the wild wind asks "Hi-you?"
And I answer give, "A-coo,
Us-tey with your bitter cold,
U-ga-sha my love of old."
Still the wild wind asks, "Hi-you?"

III.

"Hi-you?" I know not where,
A-oo, I hardly care,
Take it to the land of snow,
Take it where the stars all go.
"Hi-you?" I do not care.

IV.

It-sau-i did it all—
It-sau-i proud and tall;
Tell her I have gone to fight,
Ask her if her heart is light,
It-sau-i did it all.

Manuel Müller.

A-atana - Yesterday.
Hi-you - Where.
A-coo - Here.
Us-tey - Come or bring
U-ga-sha - Go, or take away.
A-oo - Yes, or a general assent.
It-sau-i - Woman.

SCENES IN ALGIERS.

By Richard H. Titherington.

THE steamer that leaves Marseilles in the afternoon of one day, and on the evening of the next lands its passengers in the harbor of Algiers, is probably the easiest and most popular of the agencies that transport the traveler from the hackneyed shores of Europe to the unfamiliar lands of Africa. The northernmost provinces of the Dark Continent have, under the civilizing influence of French dominion, become one of the most attractive of the world's playgrounds. From the winter fogs of the British capital a journey of twelve hundred miles by the swiftest of French express trains and steamers as comfortable as any save the Atlantic liners transports the tourist to a land of sunshine, of orange blossoms and palm trees, of dusky Arabs and white walled Moorish houses.

Algiers was one of the last strongholds of militant barbarism. Up to the time of our grandfathers it was a very thorn in the side of civilization.

A pirate fastness posted on one of the great routes of marine traffic, in this nineteenth century scores of French, English and American merchantmen have been seized and sacked by its roving corsairs, and hundreds of Christian prisoners have toiled in its slave gangs. A notable incident in our naval annals was the expedition of Decatur, whose squadron captured the port and forced the Dey to release all the Americans among his bondsmen. This was in June, 1815—the year and month of Waterloo. A year later a British fleet burned the city to ashes, but not until 1830 was its piracy forever ended by the French invasion and annexation. Even after that, it took forty years of fighting to conquer what now forms the province of Algeria.

The harbor of Algiers is an artificial one, inclosed by two moles that jut out at the western extremity of a Mediterranean inlet whose noble sweep has been compared to the Bay



PLACE DU GOUVERNEMENT, ALGIERS.

of Naples. Its shores certainly form a striking panorama. On the right rise steeply, terrace above terrace, the dazzlingly white houses, unmistakably oriental in their architecture, of the ancient city of the Deys, crowned by the great fort of the Kasbah. To the left, beyond the



A MOORISH DANCING GIRL.

city's wails, stretch the heights of Mustapha, where amid the dark green of semitropical vegetation suburban villas and hotels are thickly dotted. Far to the eastward, beyond Cape Matifou, which forms the further horn of the bay, towers the lofty Djurdjura range, its summits crowned with glistening snow fields—except during the summer heat, when the tourist is not there to see them. For it is in early spring that Algiers puts on its most smiling aspect and welcomes the stranger to a land that is rainy in winter—a snowfall is a very rare event away from the mountains—parched by the fierce and unrelenting heat of never clouded skies in summer, and burned and dry in autumn. It is in March and April that the hotels of Mustapha reap their richest harvest and that the Arab boatmen receive largest tribute of *bucksheesh* from the passengers whom they carry from the steamers to the mole.

A great terraced structure, built

by an English company, ascends from the landing place to the town. At its head, overlooking the harbor, is the Place du Gouvernement, an ample open space with a grove of stunted palms in its center. This is the central square of Algiers, and the meeting point of its old and new quarters. From one side, along the strip of level ground between sea and heights, run the wide, straight streets of the French city, with block after block of square white buildings as uniform as if turned out from a mold, the ground floor set back behind pillars to leave a shady arcade for shoppers and promenaders. From the other side climbs the Arab town, a jumbled mass of white walls, with windows of the very smallest and fewest, and flat roofs rising one above another like a broken and irregular stairway; pierced with a labyrinth of narrow alleyways that wind up the steep hill at angles that are sometimes almost alarming. At a corner of the Place stands one of the chief temples of Algerian Mahometanism, the *Mosquée de la Pecherie*. In strong contrast to this purely oriental type is the equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, son of Louis Philippe, cast in bronze from cannons captured by the French army of invasion, and set up in the open square as a token of conquest.

Equally incongruous is the mixture of races and costumes that may morning, noon, and night be seen in the Place. The check suited traveler from London elbows alternately the French colonist and the *burnous* clad Arab from the native town or from some desert village. There are turbaned Jews—keepers, some of them, of the quaint *bric-à-brac* stores where genuine Algerian curiosities manufactured in Paris are sold to unsuspecting strangers; negroes from the Soudan, coal black of skin, with the red fez as their favorite head-gear; French officers of the garrison, and uniformed soldiers—Zouaves, Turcos, Spahis and Chasseurs d'Afrique; Arab women, of whom all but the poorest veil their faces with the long *haik* or veil that stretches

from just below the eyes and covers all but the lower extremities of the wide trousers gathered in at the ankles; and the sprinkling of miscellaneous nationalities sure to be found at a spot to which tourists throng and a seaport to which ply vessels bringing ice from Norway, coal from England and petroleum from America.

The Arabs, who still form the largest portion of the city's population, and throughout the province outnumber the Europeans as five or six to one, look the conquered race they are. Their movements are slow, silent, and mournful; their countenances wear an expression eloquent of poverty, misery, and the fatalism of their creed that resigns them to such an existence. Ophthalmia, the scourge of the sandy, sun baked lands of the East, disfigures almost every other face. Beauty of feature is scarce indeed. Of the idealized women of Bridgman's Algerian pictures few prototypes will be found in real life. The "upper ten" of the old Moorish days were practically wiped out of existence by the French

conquest. Their houses were confiscated by the invaders, and devoted to public uses or bestowed upon the representatives of the new regime. A very few native families have since been able to recover a certain degree of wealth and station, and to establish themselves in villas on the slopes of Mustapha, among those owned by French officials or rented by foreign visitors. But this limited class is but little in evidence. Its female members, indeed, hardly ever go beyond the doors of their homes—though they may on rare occasions venture out to call on the families of foreign residents, it being expected that none but their own sex will be there to see them. But the prevailing Arabian type is to be found in the squalor of the old town, and in the woe begone processions that pass along the highway that runs from the eastern gate of the city toward the inland villages. Down the long and dusty hill of Mustapha these footsore pilgrims tramp wearily, men, women and boys, camels, horses, asses, and mules. Fifty or sixty animals will sometimes be in a party, strung out



A MOORISH LADY.

in Indian file, all of them as thin and sorry of aspect as their masters, and cruelly cut by the rough ropes that bind upon them their heavy loads. These last, on the cityward journey, are generally a pair of *tellis*—great brown bags stuffed with dates or charcoal, to be bartered in the markets of Algiers for such

wrapped around his whole body. Its material is of cotton or woolen, the latter of course the better and more costly; its color—except for an occasional scarlet or blue robe worn by some native chief or dignitary—is white, mellowed by dust and age into brown and gray shadings. The purchase of a new *burnous* is to the



RUE BEN ALI—A STREET IN THE ARAB TOWN.

articles of clothing or furniture as their owners need, or sometimes for the insidious cognac of the white skinned conquerors. The long journey from the desert to the capital is generally accomplished on foot. A palaquin—not the sedan chair of India or China, but a sort of covered couch perched on camel back—is a rare luxury.

The characteristic Arab garment is the *burnous*, the African counterpart of the American Indian's blanket. It is folded over the wearer's head and

ordinary Arab an epoch in his career. It is a possession that must be his companion for many summers and winters—a companion so inseparable that traducers of the native race assert that when once put on he will never take it off, even when the wear of years shall reduce it to a mere patchwork of rags and compel him to buy and superimpose another garment. Indeed a habitué of the hotels has been heard to assure a less experienced visitor that as the years of a tree may be counted by the number



ON CAMELBACK FROM THE DESERT—A PALANQUIN.

of its rings of wood, so might it be possible—if any inquiring physiologist cared to undertake the experiment—to discover approximately the age of an Algerian Arab by ascertaining in how many layers of worn out *burnous* he is enveloped. This, however, is probably a libel. Certain it is that in the little brooks of the Sahel there may sometimes be seen an Arab who has divested himself of his wardrobe, has spread it out upon the pebbly bed of the stream, and is cleansing it by a sedate and solemn process of walking back and forth over its surface.

A favorite halting place for the camel convoys is the Champ de Manœuvres, a wide open space in the lower suburb of Mustapha, used by the soldiers of the garrison as an exercising ground. A little distance beyond this is another landmark of Algerian topography, the Jardin d'Essai, a great subtropical horticultural park, where are fine avenues of palms and aloes. In and around the city the date palm grows abund-

antly, but seldom comes to fruitage. Some very large and ancient trees that stand in an Arab graveyard in Mustapha, and bear great clusters of dates, are so exceptional as to attract notice. The commercial supply of the fruit comes from the interior.

The orange is the gem of Algerian vegetation. To the traveler from northern climes, the perfumed waxen blossoms and the globes of golden fruit that are mingled together upon its branches are indeed things of beauty. Orange groves are abundant upon the slopes of Mustapha. In the Jardin d'Essai and the villa gardens there are also to be found lemons, limes, figs, and bananas. There are, too, olives and cypresses, more luxuriant of growth than those of Europe, and plantations of eucalyptus, the arboreal foe of malaria. In the grounds of the Palais d'Été—once the summer abode of the Deys, now that of the French governor, and in his absence thrown open to visitors—is a thicket of bamboos. A

plant that adds an effective touch of color to many a whitewashed Moorish wall is the Bougainvillea, a creeper whose crimson foliage has the appearance of a mass of brilliant flowers. The grape vine has in latter years become an Algerian staple. Great

brooks that do not dry up in the summer—dotted with villages more or less picturesque, and intersected by smooth French roads and narrow, winding Arab byways. At its highest point, twelve hundred feet above the sea, near the hamlet of Bouza-



A MOORISH HOUSE—ENTRANCE OF WOMEN'S APARTMENTS.

pains have been taken to exclude from the province the phylloxera plague that has taken millions from the pockets of French wine growers. At the custom house of Algiers nothing is so rigorously sought out and confiscated as any green thing in which the dreaded parasite might lurk. With this protection vineyards have multiplied, and *vin du Sahel* is a sign seen in many cafés.

The Sahel, it should be explained, is the isolated table land that drops down to the shore of the Bay of Algiers, and on whose northern slope the city lies. It is a tract of rolling hill and dale, closely cultivated with such crops as will flourish in its scantily watered soil—for it has no

reah, stands the imposing Fort l'Empereur—named not after Napoleon, but after Charles V of Germany and Spain, who encamped there during his fruitless invasion of Algiers in 1541.

A few miles to the southward the Sahel sinks abruptly to a wide, level valley that divides it from a lofty range running east and west, an offshoot of the Little Atlas Mountains. Through these there are long, narrow defiles that lead to the desert beyond. One of them, the Ruisseau des Singes, opposite the village of Chiffah, is known to the tourists, who penetrate to a tiny French inn that lies two or three miles above its mouth, and is surrounded by dense

woods that are plentifully inhabited by apes.

Along the valley south of the Sahel runs the railroad that the French have built from east to west throughout their African dominion, and which may some day, if the dreams of a great French empire in the Dark Continent come true, be extended through the vast Sahara to Timbuctoo and the Niger. The existing line is a branch of the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranée system. From its terminus at Algiers it runs through lower Mustapha and past the Jardin d'Essai, skirting the sandy beach of the tideless Mediterranean. Beyond the heights of the Sahel it turns inland and bifurcates, branching eastward toward Constantine and Tunis, and westward toward Oran. Through the flowery meadows of Boufarik and the orange groves of Blidah this latter branch follows the stream of the Oued-el-Kebir, which despite its name of "Great River" is dried to a mere thread in summer. "Oued," it may be noted, is the Gallicized form of the Arab word more familiar as "Wady."

Algeria forms three departments—Algiers, Oran and Constantine—of the French republic. Its government and its laws are the same as those of France, with one interesting exception. While all inhabitants, European or native, are subject to the French criminal jurisdiction, precisely as if they were citizens of Paris or Marseilles, the Arabs, and they only, are allowed to regulate all civil matters by their own code, which is that of the Koran. They have their own courts for the settlement of all questions of marriage, divorce, and business transactions, the judges, or *cadis*, being members of their own race appointed by the French government.

The stranger who has, with reverently unshod feet, entered the mosque on the Place du Gouvernement, and then emerged, probably disappointed at the plainness of its whitewashed interior, should find his way to the Arab court room behind it. It is an unpretentious, small, and bare room; the *cadi* squats on cushions behind a table, with his *adel*, or clerk, beside him. Litigants and witnesses sit



ARAB BURYING GROUND AND WELL, NEAR BOUZAREAH.

upon the floor before him, and about the door are others, awaiting their turn with true oriental impassiveness. The *cadi's* authority appears to be somewhat autocratic. He is not troubled by questions of precedent, or by the objections of pugnacious counsel; but none the less his decisions seem to be accepted with as implicit acquiescence as if they were the judgments of a Solomon.

Something has been said of the fortress-like appearance of the native dwellings, with their few and narrow windows. The Arab plan of domestic architecture, like that of some mediæval European structures, is to adapt the exterior for security, and

to turn the more attractive side to an interior court. This court is indeed the central and most important feature of the typical Moorish house. It is square, and paved with tiles; in the larger dwellings there is a fountain in the center, and around the sides runs a colonnade of horse shoe arches, upon which the ground floor rooms open. A few plants in pots, or rooted in the soil, and perhaps a vine growing up the wall, give the court the aspect of a tiny garden. In the smaller houses there will be no colonnade, and shelter from the vertical sun of a summer noon is given by an awning stretched over a corner of the yard.



FRIENDS.

THE setting sun's last light
With rosier colors blends;
The whole world's glad tonight—
Mary and I are friends.

We quarreled—I can't tell
Just why—but now that ends;
We've found that it's as well
For us two to be friends.

So now we're friends to stay;
At least—well, that depends;
One of these days we may
Be something more than friends!

Douglas Hemingway.

THE NAPOLEON OF IMPRESARIOS.

By Owen Hackett.

WHEN in March last the directors of America's foremost operatic home announced their decision to continue the past season's management in possession of their temple of lyric art for a period of years, memories were revived in many minds of the most remarkable incident of the country's operatic history. By reverting to that interesting story may be found, perhaps, one of the principal reasons for a decision that recommitted the destinies of the opera to the hands of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau on a most liberal basis, when several superficially dazzling propositions were flashed before the gaze of the Stage Committee.

The central figure—it is a temptation to say the hero—of that incident was Mr. Henry Edwin Abbey; and the foundation of the foregoing paragraph is best revealed in a narrative of that gentleman's luminous career as an impresario and its concurrent development of a most unique and picturesque character.

Even the unembellished history is engaging. Mr. Abbey, born in Akron, Ohio, in 1846, is the son of a gentleman who was looked up to as the chief musical man of the place, in that he was a member of the amateur "town band," played the trombone in the church choir, and was in general rather more devoted to music than any other member of the community.

The son followed both the paternal trade and bent. He qualified for the town band at the bass drum, was promoted to the cymbals and graduated as leading cornet. Then he led an opposition that went over to the rival band.

While he was thus wooing both trade and art, a capitalist of the town

erected and named after himself the Sumner Opera House; and his son and young Abbey, long under the fascination of the theater and all that pertained to it, became in 1867 the first lessees and managers. The latter soon developed an ambition to "take out" companies. While still connected with the Opera House, he secured the Worral Sisters, following with Edwin Adams, Jane Coombs and Lotta, and at one time acting as treasurer for John Ellsler at his theater in Pittsburg.

Mr. Abbey was thirty years of age when he joined with Mr. John B. Schoeffel in a lease of the Buffalo Academy of Music—an association which has continued to the present day.

The partners came to the metropolis in 1877, leasing the Park Theater, which they subsequently purchased. Mr. Abbey signalized his advent on several occasions by perhaps the earliest instances of the playing of the same companies in Philadelphia or Boston and New York on the same days.

Booth's Theater and the Boston Park were leased in the second year, and it was then that Mr. Abbey brought Sarah Bernhardt to this country for the first time. The sale for her first performance was over \$5,800. During her performances at Booth's Theater the following conversation occurred between Mr. Abbey and an intimate friend:

"Guess what I have been offered for Bernhardt's contract?"

"Well, how much?"

"One hundred thousand dollars, cash down."

"You took it, of course?"

"I refused it."

"Henry, you have made a bad mistake."

"I don't think so. This is my first great European feature. If I carry it through without even making a penny, I shall have established a reputation among artists abroad and am launched. If I give this up, I shall lose their confidence."

"He was right and I was wrong," concludes the narrator, and what follows points the tale.

In 1881, in addition to managing his three American theaters, Mr. Abbey starred Edwin Booth, gave comic opera and concerts at the Metropolitan Casino, on the site of the present Broadway Theater, and conducted Patti's concert tour under circumstances worthy of notice in connection with events to be mentioned later.

The diva had come to this country with a manager of her own, and, advertising concerts at Steinway Hall at ten dollars a seat, had for the first time found an American public to turn their backs upon her. It is said that she sent for Mr. Abbey and begged him to rescue her. He complied, conducted a tour on a reasonable principle, and besides paying her usual enormous stipends, he secured to himself a profit in excess of \$100,000.

At the beginning of the ensuing season (1882-83) the Park Theater burned to the ground, and a lease of the Grand Opera House was added to the firm's holdings. In addition Mr. Abbey brought Christine Nilsson from Europe for her farewell tour, and furnished the season's sensation by introducing Mrs. Langtry to the American stage. Her first performance drew over \$6,500 of receipts.

The dire season of 1883 brought to him a disastrous experience at the Metropolitan Opera House, but that did not prevent his contributing to dramatic history by presenting Mary Anderson to an appreciative British public at the London Lyceum, in exchange for that theater's great luminary, Henry Irving, whom he produced at the Star in New York.

The crushing misfortune of that year's operatic venture was not

enough. In the season following, Lawrence Barrett, supported by Louis James, Marie Wainwright, and a competent American company, failed to please English audiences; but this was offset by the success of the coincident second appearance of Mary Anderson in London, and a tour of the British Isles by Modjeska.

The next (1885) was a season of comparative quiet for Mr. Abbey and his partner. They relinquished the Grand Opera House, and Mary Anderson's successful American tour was the only notable feature. But when this season was over the firm was strengthened for further enterprise by the addition of a third member, Mr. Maurice Grau, who had been Mr. Abbey's only worthy rival as an importer of foreign attractions.

Mr. Grau, born in 1849 in Brünn, the capital of the Austrian province of Moravia, had been engaged in the theatrical business a year before he graduated at the College of the City of New York in 1867, at which time his uncle was managing a tour of Ristori in this country. He had then studied at the Columbia Law School, but had finally given himself up to theatrical management, introducing Aimée, Rubinstein, Salvini, Kellogg in English opera, Ristori again, Emily Soldene, Offenbach for the Centennial, the combination of Paolo-Marié, Angèle and Capoul, Théo and Judic.

To return, the year 1886 was notable for the beginning of a Bernhardt tour of fourteen months to South America, Cuba, Mexico, and the United States; and Mr. Abbey again brought Patti over for one more of several consecutive farewells, to continue the touching ceremony in Europe during the following year. A stock season at Wallack's and a Bernhardt tour of the British Isles followed, in conjunction with two other enterprises marked by sensational features.

Etelka Gerster, a popular favorite in America, had married and settled down to a matronly life with her titled Italian husband. Mr. Abbey drew her from her Florentine retire-

ment and contracted for her appearance in opera throughout this country for the season of 1887-88. She made but two appearances, one in New Haven and one in New York. She was then abruptly withdrawn, never to be heard again in public.

It was a truly sad experience. The prima donna had lost her voice and her art. Her attempts to sing were pitiable, the more so that she herself was unconscious of her extreme deficiency. When comprehension was forced upon her, she was heart broken. Mme. Gerster had undoubtedly made the contract in good faith; indeed, it is said that in private she sang as of old, but under the proscenium arch ear, voice, and control were irretrievably gone. Mr. Abbey paid out thousands on account of broken contracts and submitted in his usual manner.

Again he received a telling blow in his connections with Joseph Hofman. This most wonderful of infant prodigies combined with prodigious pianistic talent a juvenile personality of singular magnetism, which created such a furore as, for instance, to draw \$5,300 at one of his recitals. The outlay made in advance by Mr. Abbey, and the liabilities contracted for the boy's season, had been enormous, when suddenly in February, 1888, at the very height of his career, Josef was suddenly withdrawn by his father on the warrant of a physician's certificate to the effect that his health was endangered by the labor of public performance. Such was the whole case, as given to the public. Behind it lurks a mystery. It is known by those vitally concerned that some one offered the boy, through his legal guardians, the income of \$100,000 until his majority on condition of his ceasing to play in public. They will not divulge the name of the benefactor, and when asked what was the motive of the gift, they say: "Perhaps philanthropy, or perhaps—" but they go no further.

The chief enterprises that followed the Hofman incident were the advent of the Coquelin-Hading com-

bination; the building of the Tremont Theater in Boston; the last tour of Mary Anderson, whose dramatic genius was obscured by a breakdown in health and by the unchivalrous personal attacks of a Western section of the press; the exploitation of Otto Hegner, who exhibited the precocious talents of Hofman without the latter's personality; the tour of Sarasate and d'Albert, virtuosi respectively of the violin and piano, the transplanting of the London Gaiety Company with its terpsichorean revelations; various international tours of Patti, one of which included Tamagno the tenor, and of Bernhardt, who is still traveling under Mr. Abbey's direction under a contract which went into effect in 1890, and to which no period has yet been put.

This last venture will long be memorable for two of the greatest paying weeks ever known to dramatic enterprise, the receipts being respectively \$43,889 in Boston and \$40,045 in San Francisco.

The late season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, with its galaxy of particular stars and its many subordinate shortcomings, concluding with its Patti period, completes to date the chronological sketch of a career of which the bare facts, without commentary, suffice to describe at least the Napoleonic ambition and power of Mr. Abbey.

But the man is even more interesting than the manager. The narrative of the historic part played by Mr. Abbey in the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House furnishes a critique on his character. Of the directors of the old Academy of Music, what may be generalized as the newly rich, as distinguished from the Knickerbockers, became dissatisfied with various conditions of affairs at that house. They segregated, built the new house, and secured Mr. Abbey under a curious arrangement by which, in the face of the fierce competition of the old house, he was to put into the new, at his own cost, scenery, company, costumes, orchestra—in short, the whole material

of production. Their immediate financial responsibility was nothing; his risk eventuated in a loss of \$360,000.

The principal card of the Academy during that war was Patti. Mr. Abbey had rescued her from a yawning gulf a year before, but when with his whole fortune at stake he now offered the millionaire singer \$4,000 per night, she was wooed and won by an extra thousand from the Mapleson contingent, and beyond the shadow of a doubt constituted the only effective weapon of the old house. If Mme. Patti acknowledged no claim of sentiment in this transaction, Mr. Abbey characteristically cherished none, and their relations continued to be commercially pleasant.

In the course of the vital drain upon his resources Mr. Abbey applied to the directors for the loan of a petty \$20,000. They cheerfully gave it—and took a mortgage on his Boston theater! He is said to have mortgaged also the profits of other and future attractions for two years ahead; he certainly borrowed from a few devoted friends who were satisfied with his word as bond, and he was finally forced to sacrifice his New York Park Theater for \$325,000 to Lotta, who, a year later, refused an offer of half a million in cash.

But why did he not relinquish the undertaking for which it was apparent from its earliest stages that there was absolutely no hope? Friends begged him to resign, pointing out ways in which he could do so with honor and universal sympathy. But no; he had undertaken it and he would see it through. A contract, whether with a ballet girl or a prima donna, was sacred, and he would carry out all his engagements if it took the garments that covered him.

Finally it was hinted that the directors would be glad to relieve him of what was primarily their own fight. If he would make the proposition, they would assume the responsibility of the remaining weeks. Mr. Abbey yielded; he went to the Opera House, placed his hand on the

door of the committee room and—turned back!

It will thus be realized how Mr. Abbey bore the full brunt of a fight which was not his own and in which his interest was only contingent. If he continued it when that interest was only a haunting nightmare, it was because of an abnormal pride that makes him too honest to forfeit his bond.

He won that fight for the new opera, dealing to the rival enterprise its death blow as he fell. If, therefore, he was subsequently preferred to other bidders and treated with an unusual liberality, the reason is not difficult to surmise. Plunged deep in debt when the season was over, with all but one of his possessions sacrificed, Mr. Abbey was cast on a bed of sickness and had to be taken abroad. He had widespread sympathy. A benefit was arranged for him which realized almost \$35,000, and it should be recorded that Lotta insisted upon playing for him for six weeks without compensation.

On his recovery he plunged again into business with his former success, and paid one after another those haunting debts, finally sacrificing his old Akron homestead to make the balancing entry. How many are there who in this profession could thus have escaped oblivion or the grave?

In the light of all this, is it any wonder that Mr. Abbey can command any and every foreign or native luminary, or that there is a legion of capitalists ready to pledge him their support without parley?

As an illustration it is related that Mr. Abbey secured a letter of credit for \$50,000 on the American Exchange in Europe, and boarded the Havre steamer to take Bernhardt to South America. On landing he was met by the news of the bank's failure. He raised the amount of this loss in forty eight hours.

During that fateful operatic season at the Metropolitan it is well remembered how Mr. Abbey would stroll into the office at ten in the morning, silently scan the books that showed



HENRY E. ABBEY.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

a payroll of \$25,000 to be met by three o'clock, as silently leave to return with the required sum, no one knew whence.

On the afternoon of the day when Mrs. Langtry was to make her first appearance at the Park Theater, that house burned to the ground. Mr. Abbey was seen during the progress of the fire, leaning against a door post opposite, smoking a cigar and gazing on the scene with a calm, reflective eye. What he was actually busied in was a torturing of his wits to devise how he could at once secure another house in the metropolis, at this the opening of the dramatic season, when every theater was engaged. Nevertheless he secured a house, new scenery and costumes, and gave his first performance of the English beauty six days later.

Recalling his tremendous outlay on Josef Hofman, which resulted in a loss of over \$100,000, it is a tradition of the office how, after a brilliant Saturday evening performance of the prodigy, Mr. Abbey walked into his office on the following Monday morning, and saying simply, "I received this yesterday," passed around for inspection an open letter. It is no exaggeration to say that his staff were appalled, while their chief went serenely about his business. The letter was the withdrawal of the boy, which had come with the suddenness of an April thunderclap.

The same ability to face disaster was shown at the equally sudden ending of Mary Anderson's last American tour, which brought upon Mr. Abbey a loss of at least fifty thousand dollars. He kept the company together for two weeks, in the hope that his star might recover. Then when it became evident that there was no prospect of this, he disbanded the troupe, voluntarily paying to each member—although his legal obligation had ceased—three weeks' additional salary.

A friend who has known Mr. Abbey from boyhood was once asked what was his leading characteristic. The answer was as instantaneous as terse: "Keeping quiet." It was instanced that one day, in the smoking room of an Atlantic steamer, he sat unrecognized while a blatant passenger offered some criticisms on "this man Abbey's" foolhardiness in offering Bernhardt her reputed salary of a thousand dollars a night. Mr. Abbey merely arose and finished his smoke on deck.

Again last fall, while one American manager was for two weeks furnishing an international press with



MAURICE GRAU.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

revelations of his plans for Patti, with whom he declared he had successfully negotiated, Mr. Abbey meanwhile had the contract in his pocket and no one knew it. Indeed, his extreme reticence has been misjudged as haughtiness. In reality it is only the reserve of a self contained and self reliant man, who possesses a quality of modesty that is rare in this age of self advertisement, and prefers few friends to many. In these friends' company he becomes a genial companion, a fluent conversationalist, a rare host or guest.

On the other hand, it is not recorded that he ever consented to make a speech in public. His acceptance of invitations is always understood to be conditional upon his freedom from any demand for post-prandial oratory. Letter writing is another of his aversions. He shrinks from the labor of the pen, and seldom patronizes the mail while the telegraph is at his service.

His imperturbable self control seldom relaxes into an expression of merriment or allows an exhibition of anger. He laughs rarely, and never very heartily; on the other hand, though his dislikes, when once formed, are intense, they are evidenced merely by a serene and silent ignoring of their objects' existence.

To sum up this brief character sketch it may be said that Mr. Abbey, with his power of sphinx-like reserve, his nerve, pluck, and daring, his generosity and his judgment of men and things, and his almost fanatical sense of the inviolability of his plighted word, is a figure of interest as a metaphysical study and as a type of Americanism.

Mr. Abbey in 1885 married the well known comedienne Miss Florence Girard, an event that has since deprived the public of the enjoyment of her finely humorous delineations.

INCONSISTENT.



A WOUNDED hare, a homeless cat,
Her very tender pity tries;
With birds she would not deck her hat—
'Twould bring the tears unto her eyes.

She would not harm a fly, I know;
A hunted deer would make her mourn—
But as for me who love her so,
Melissa kills me with her scorn.

Frank E. Fitzgerald.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY.

By Warren Taylor.

WATER color painting, in the modern sense of the term, is one of the youngest of the graphic arts. It is only within the last century that it has been raised to the dignity of a branch held worthy of serious attention. Earlier masters, though some of their most ambitious works were frescoes, which are nothing but water colors painted on fresh plaster, seem to have had no idea of the possibilities of the same pigment applied to a far more tractable and convenient material—paper. They made studies and sketches in monochrome, as a pastime or in preparation for larger work, but went no further.

It was toward the close of the last century, and in England, that the modern development of water color began. Turner devoted years to it, and in his hands it began to demonstrate its claim to rank as the most delicate of the arts. His methods were still somewhat primitive. It

was, for instance, his custom to make a complete pencil outline for paintings of light tone, and one of red lines for heavier tints.

After Turner there came a group of men who did much for water color. Cattermole showed its adaptability to historical painting, and William Henry Hunt to genre works, while Harding, William Müller and Creswick followed Turner in the field of landscape. At the present time, only twenty two years after Creswick's death, water color is well established as a mode of art second only to oil in importance and rivaling it in popularity. Almost all the English Academicians have called it into their service, and there are two flourishing bodies especially devoted to its interests—the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors and the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, of which latter the veteran Sir John Gilbert is president.

In France the once despised



"A SUMMER IDYL."

From a Water Color by Joseph Lauber.



"INDIAN SUMMER."

From a Water Color by C. Harry Eaton.

aquarelle has achieved a similar latter day development. And mainly from the French school came the inspiration of a parallel movement in this country.

The history of American water color painting is brief. Forty or fifty years ago, when the National Academy of Design was a young and

more or less struggling institution with no permanent quarters, in its exhibitions a corner was assigned to water colors. But the display was scanty and slight, and received—perhaps deservedly—no great attention. In 1850 a few artists formed a special class for study and sketching from life in water color. For two or three

years this little association maintained its fortnightly meetings. To the Crystal Palace exhibition, in 1853, it contributed some work that was hung on a screen, and catalogued

newly opened Academy building, the East Gallery and part of the corridor were filled with a collection of water colors by native and foreign artists. The display, practically the first of



"ELAINE GUARDING LANCELOT'S SHIELD."

From a Water Color by Walter Satterlee.

as "Paintings by Members of the New York Water Color Society."

This seems to have been an expiring effort, for nothing more is heard of the organization. Thirteen years passed without any special development of popular or professional interest in the subject. Then in 1866, as a novel feature of the Artists' Fund Society's exhibition held in the

its kind in America, was well received, a fact that no doubt encouraged, if it did not suggest, a second and successful attempt to establish a society for the special cultivation of this branch of painting.

At the beginning of December, 1866, a circular letter was sent out, with the signatures of Samuel Colman, William Hart, William Craig,



"THE OLD FLUTE PLAYER."

From a Water Color by L. C. Earle.

and Gilbert Burling, to artists known to be interested in water color work. All such were invited to a meeting held on the 5th of the month in Burling's studio in the old University building on Washington Square, where and when an association was formed under the name of the American Society of Painters in

Water Colors, which was changed twelve years later to the present title.

In the season of 1867-68 was held the first winter exhibition of the Academy of Design, and in conjunction with it the Water Color Society made its earliest display. It was a creditable and interesting one, con-

sisting of two hundred and seventy nine numbers, mostly new works contributed by members or submitted by other artists, but including a few examples of such masters as Turner, Ziem, and Meissonier, loaned by their owners. Among the exhibitors were Felix Darley, John M. Falconer, William Hart, Samuel

after the changes and chances of twenty five years, still belong to the society. Its offices have passed through comparatively few hands. Samuel Colman's successors in the presidency have been William Hart (1870), James D. Smillie (1873), T. W. Wood (1878), and J. G. Brown, who has held the post since 1887.



"SPRING BLOSSOMS".

From a Water Color by Kruseman van Elten.

Colman, William Magrath, and others of the best known among the older generation of artists; George H. Boughton, who is still, though domiciled in England, a member of the society; and Henry Farrer, James D. Smillie, Cropsey, Wyant, Swain Gifford, Harry Fenn, Kruseman Van Elten, Alfred Fredericks and others yet numbered among its active workers.

In the catalogue of that earliest exhibition appears a list of the society's membership, which numbered in all forty six—two of them, it may be noted, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Carson, being women. The officers were Samuel Colman, president; Gilbert Burling, secretary; James D. Smillie, treasurer. Of the forty six members nineteen,

The successive secretaries have been Gilbert Burling, J. C. Nicoll (1870), Henry Farrer (1879), and C. Harry Eaton (1889). In the treasurership James D. Smillie was followed by Louis C. Tiffany in 1873, and he a year later by F. Hopkinson Smith, the versatile genius who has won fame as engineer, artist, author, and playwright. Subsequent tenants of the office have been H. W. Robbins, Jr. (1878), George H. Smillie (1879), J. C. Nicoll (1881), John M. Falconer (1882), and James Symington (1883).

The exhibition of 1867-68 proved to be a highly successful experiment, and the water colors aroused wide spread interest. Very few of them were sold. At that time, indeed, by no means so large a proportion as at present were exhibited with a



"ELEANOR."

From a Water Color by Frederick Dielman

view to sale. Time and cultivation of public taste were required to create a demand for the products of an unfamiliar branch of art.

It was not until 1874 that this demand showed a perceptible growth. In that year twenty thousand dollars' worth of paintings were sold during the society's display, and the

The society has now seventy six active and just half that number of non resident members. Any artist whose work has been in its exhibition may be proposed for membership and balloted for. There are no dues, the society's income being derived entirely from its exhibitions, held annually in February, and lasting four



"EARLY SPRING."

From a Water Color by H. M. Rosenberg.

commercial prosperity of water color painting has since been amply assured. Nowadays metropolitan fashion goes *en masse* to the society's exhibition, and pays good prices for the pictures it fancies—sometimes from a genuine appreciation of the high degree of technical excellence American water colorists have attained, and sometimes because the delicate tints of an *aquarelle* harmonize agreeably with the Louis Quinze furniture of its drawing rooms.

After six exhibitions under the Academy's management and in conjunction with its winter collection of oils, the Water Color Society undertook the task of filling the Academy galleries with an independent display. This it has since done each successive year with increasing success.

weeks, with an average paid attendance of about twelve thousand, exclusive of season ticket holders and free admissions. The opening reception, held nominally for the profession and the press, has become an event of the social season.

Of the six or seven hundred numbers that form the annual display, something like two fifths are contributed by members of the society, who are *hors concours*, or exempt from the criticism of the Jury of Admissions. This body, which consists of the president, the secretary, the treasurer, the four remaining members of the Board of Control, and three others elected annually, passes upon works submitted by non-members. About twice as many are now received as can be hung; and though there is of course still much uneven-



"OCTOBER ON THE MARSHES."
From a Water Color by Henry Farrer.



"WHO DO YOU LOVE?"

From a Water Color by J. G. Brown.

ness in the quality of the collection, the general standard has steadily and materially advanced.

Some of the most notable paintings of the society's last two exhibitions are reproduced herewith, by photography or from sketches. That just above, with its appropriately ungrammatical title, is a characteristic specimen of the work of the president of the association, who is famous for his power of extracting picturesque-

ness and pathos from the life of the bootblack and street gamin. Special attention should also be called to the admirable landscapes "Indian Summer," on page 180, and "October on the Marshes," on page 187, respectively from the brushes of C. Harry Eaton, the society's secretary, and Henry Farrer; and to the clever figure work, in varied lines, of Frederick Dielman and L. C. Earle, illustrated on pages 183 and 185.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

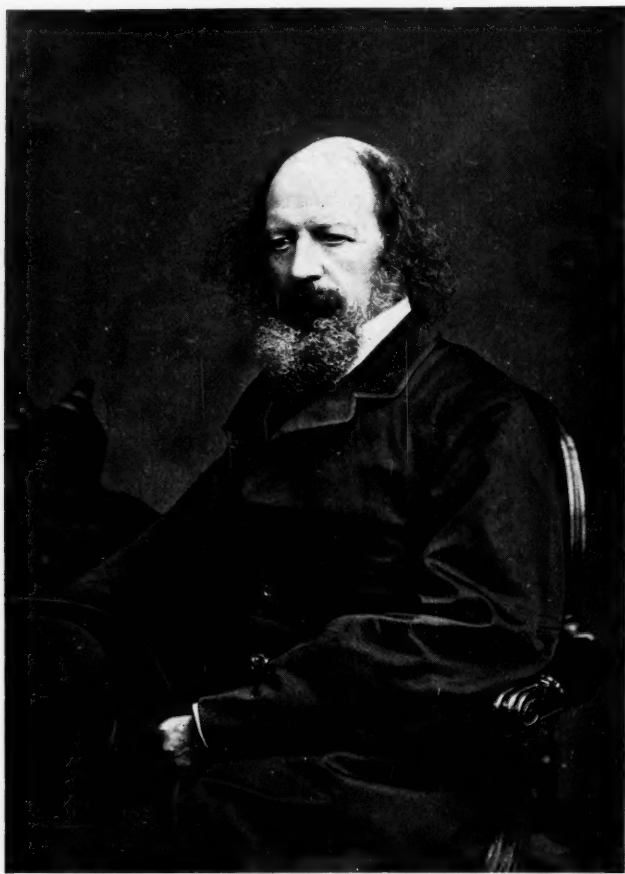
By Henry V. Clarke.

THAT in this, which has often been called an era of young men, a poet whose eighty third birthday is near at hand should still be an active producer of serious and sustained work is in itself a fact worthy of notice. It is still more remarkable that one who was nearly half a century ago hailed as the first lyric singer of his day should at such a period of life essay a new field of verse. "The Foresters" is not indeed Tennyson's first experiment in writing for the stage, as distinguished from his cabinet dramas, "Queen Mary" and "Harold"; but the slight success of "The Cup" and "The Promise of May" only renders more striking their veteran author's pertinacity in seeking to grasp the laurels of the playwright.

It detracts nothing from the reputation of Tennyson to say that "The Foresters" is rather a poem than a play, and its most poetical parts are the incidental songs and not the blank verse dialogue. Musical beauty, finish of expression, and exquisite delicacy of form are the distinguishing qualities of his work, and they are qualities with which rugged dramatic strength is almost irreconcilable. Tennyson's short lyrics will outlast his more ambitious efforts. The gems of "The Princess" are the little melodies—"Sweet and Low," the "Bugle Song," and the rest—set between the cantos. The names of "Dora" and "The Lord of Burleigh" will be household words when the "Idyls of the King" shall have become fixtures on the library shelves.

Of the group of poets who have made the reign of Victoria an era in English verse Tennyson is by far the most eminent and interesting figure.

His long career has formed a considerable part of the history of contemporary letters. Just fifty years ago, when "Dora" and "The Lord of Burleigh" were published in a volume called "English Idyls," their author was merely one of London's thousand young aspirants for literary success, a nomadic dweller in Lincoln's Inn Fields or the Temple, whose genius was beginning to make itself known and felt, but who beyond that genius had little share of fortune. Among his associates—friends of his college days at Cambridge, or others who had been, like himself, drawn to London by the magnetism of that greatest of literary centers—were such men as Alexander Kinglake, afterward famed as the historian of the Crimean war; Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "Omar Khayyam"; Chenevix Trench, the late Archbishop of Dublin, and others who have since won reputation. Carlyle, too, was his friend, and the two used to take long nocturnal walks together, and dine at the old Cock Tavern in the Strand, whose "plump head waiter" the poet apostrophized in "Will Waterproof." Friendship with the crusty sage of Chelsea was not all a matter of amenities. "There he sits," Carlyle once said to a stranger whom he brought into the room where Tennyson sat among his books, "there he sits upon a dunghheap, surrounded by innumerable dead dogs." Truly a graceful introduction! Nevertheless Carlyle, rugged and unmusical as were he and his books, could appreciate the quality of Tennyson's work. "Eh, he has got the grip of it!" he once exclaimed after reading a newly published poem; and seldom indeed was it that he said as much



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

for any writer of his own country and generation.

At that time—fifty years ago—Tennyson was already the author or part author of five published volumes of verse. He had been something of a youthful prodigy in the poetical line. Mrs. Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, and long a friend of Tennyson's, narrates that his brother Charles, one year his elder, inspired his earliest composition, which was written on a slate when he was about six years old. A little later he indited an elegy on the death of his father's mother, for which his grandfather presented him with a half sovereign and said, "There, that is

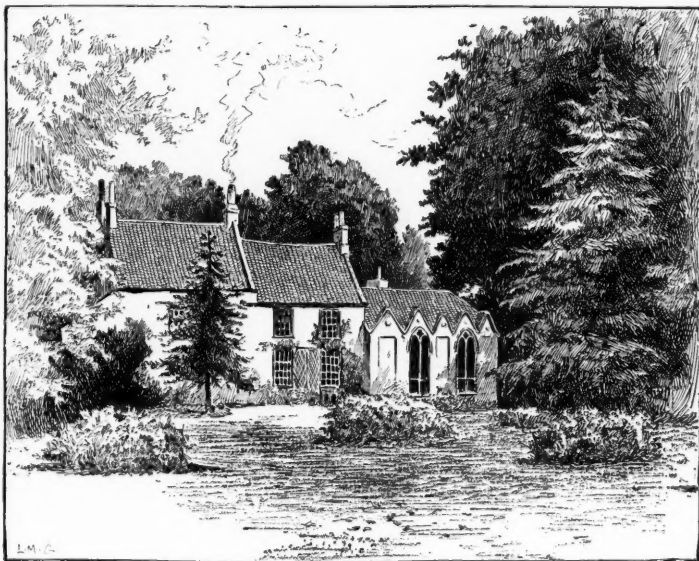
the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and take my word for it it will be the last."

This gloomy prediction only showed a just appreciation of the general unremunerativeness of verse making, but nevertheless it has been signally falsified, for Tennyson's pen has brought him a considerable fortune—probably the largest and perhaps the only one ever made from poetry. Of course it was long before financial success came to him. In his school days he joined with Charles Tennyson—who afterward took the name of Turner as a condition of an inheritance bequeathed to him—in the production of "Poems by Two

Brothers." The boys were fortunate enough to find a bookseller in the country town of Louth who brought out the volume and paid them twenty pounds for the copyright.

A couple of years later, when Alfred Tennyson had become an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he won the Chancellor's Medal for English verse, the subject offered being "Timbuctoo." It is seldom that this competition, an annual one at the university, brings out a poem of real merit, but Tennyson's

of the family. Most potent of all, probably, was the loss of Arthur Hallam, a friend to whom the poet had been bound by a rare and romantic affection. A son of the historian, Hallam was undoubtedly a youth of great gifts and still greater promise. He was a year younger than Tennyson, and the two were close intimates at Cambridge, where they were freshmen together, and afterward when Hallam was reading law in London. In 1831, in their enthusiasm for the cause of liberty,



SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE,
The birthplace of Tennyson.

prize composition is remembered as an exception to the prevailing mediocrity. Another volume of poems appeared during his second year at Cambridge, and received lengthy reviews—not altogether favorable, it must be said—from such critics as John Stuart Mill and Christopher North.

His sensibility to criticism, always great, was perhaps one of the causes that led to a partial interruption of Tennyson's literary career. Another was the death of his father, which seems to have brought about a marked change in the circumstances

they journeyed together to the Pyrenees, carrying money and letters from English sympathizers to a little band of republicans who were warring against Ferdinand VII of Spain. Two years later Hallam, who was shortly to have been married to his friend's sister, died very suddenly at Vienna, whence his body was brought to England, to be buried at Clevedon—"the Danube to the Severn gave the darkened heart that beat no more," as Tennyson sings in the great threnody "In Memoriam."

In 1835 Tennyson left the house that was his birthplace and had



FARRINGFORD HOUSE, NEAR FRESHWATER,
Tennyson's Isle of Wight home.

hitherto been his home—the rectory of the Lincolnshire village of Somersby. In this, an old white house on a low hill, near a little stone church with an ancient Norman cross in its graveyard, the poet was born on the 6th of August, 1809. His father was not only rector of Somersby, but also, according to the custom then common in the church of England, the tenant of three other benefices. The family was one of ancient lineage, tracing its descent back to King Edward III. Tennyson's grandfather was a member of parliament, and the possessor of the fine old mansion of Bayons Manor and a considerable landed estate, which at his death he willed to his younger son, the poet's uncle. The elder son, who died before his father, was Dr. Clayton Tennyson, and of his twelve children Alfred Tennyson was the third. Hence it was that no inheritance of wealth came to the poet with his old family name.

The publication of "English Idyls" in 1842 marked a turning point in Tennyson's career. The

volume, already mentioned as containing some of his best work, was well received, and the reputation it brought him became fame when it was followed by "The Princess," the first of his long poems, issued in 1847, and by "In Memoriam," written several years before but not published until 1850, and then at first anonymously.

This latter year was marked by two other events in Tennyson's life—his appointment to the honorary office of poet laureate, left vacant by the death of William Wordsworth, and his marriage to Emily Sellwood, daughter of a lawyer of the Lincolnshire town of Horncastle, and niece of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer. The Sellwoods were old friends of the Tennysons, and Alfred's elder brother, George, had already married a younger sister of the poet's bride.

His first home after his marriage was in the pleasant Thames-side town of Twickenham. Thence a couple of years later he moved to the Isle of Wight, at whose west-

ern extremity, near the village of Freshwater, he had purchased the old house and small surrounding park of Farringford. There,

"Where far from noise and smoke of town
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless order'd garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down,"

much of Tennyson's later life has been spent. The surroundings of the creeper clad dwelling are described in the same poem, the "Invitation" to the Rev. F. D. Maurice:

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand,
And further on the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand."

In another poem he speaks of a tree that Garibaldi planted in his garden in 1864:

"The braving pine that here
The warrior of Caprera set."

In 1872 Tennyson bought a piece of land in Surrey, near the point where that county meets Hampshire and Sussex, and built upon it a handsome house, which he christened Aldworth. It lies amid a district which, though not far from London, is far more of a rural seclusion than even the furthest corner of the Isle of Wight. The house stands on the southern slope of a rolling chalk down, overlooking a wide prospect of heathery hills and green vales, of which the poet sings:

"On beeches yellowing, and from each
The light leaf falling fast,
While squirrels from our fiery beech
Were carrying off the mast,
You came and looked, and loved the view
Long known and loved by me;
Green Sussex fading into blue,
With one gray glimpse of sea."

For the last two decades Tennyson has made Aldworth his principal headquarters, although a part of each year is still spent at Farringford, and he has been known to rent a London house for a short time. He will seldom emerge from the quietude he loves, in answer to the most pressing invitations of the outside world. The restraints of society are distasteful to him. On a visit he made to London during the season, some nine years ago, and before he had the dignity of a peerage to main-

tain, he is said to have shocked the aristocrats who sought to lionize him by appearing in Hyde Park in an ancient and rusty carriage, wearing his inevitable long cloak and wide brimmed hat, and smoking a "church warden" pipe. The *World*, Edmund Yates's periodical, parodied "The Lord of Burleigh" anent the incident:

"Through the park and gardens going,
Piccadilly and the Strand,
All day long his 'bacca blowing,
All agape the people stand."

Naturally intolerant of convention and fond of seclusion, Tennyson has something of the brusqueness that was characteristic of his old friend Carlyle. When an unusually daring reporter attempts to penetrate his retirement, the intruder is likely to meet with scant courtesy. It is said—the story may or may not be true—that a correspondent who asked him some not very intelligent question about the meaning of one of his poems received the curt reply that Mr. Tennyson could furnish the public with poetry but not with brains.

Certainly, however, Tennyson is not a misanthrope. He has, and has had, no lack of friendships. His poems constantly show the plenitude of his sympathy with his fellow men, and evince his power to appreciate the work of other poets. Take for instance his graceful allusion to Longfellow, in "In Memoriam," as

"him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones;"

and his tribute to Wordsworth, when he speaks of himself as having received the laureate's

"laurel greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base."

The heir to Tennyson's title, which he received in 1884, is his son Hallam, who was born in 1852, during his father's brief residence at Twickenham. A second son, Lionel, two years younger, died in 1886, on his way home from a journey to India. Hallam still lives with his parents, his father's main reliance in the practical affairs of life—for the poet has as little liking for business matters as for

society. His dependence upon others has been augmented by his congenital short sightedness, and latterly, of course—though his powers are remarkable in one of his advanced age—by the burden of fourscore years.

The poet's home life is described as being extremely simple and regular. After an early breakfast he devotes an hour to correspondence,

with his son's assistance. Then he composes, smokes, or saunters in his garden, often doing all three at once. He lunches with his family, and generally goes out again in the afternoon, sometimes returning to his writing if an inspiration seizes him. He works slowly, and sometimes spends a whole day in polishing two or three verses to the desired perfection of finish.

YES OR NO.

I.

WITHIN my lady's rosy heart,
Like two wee captive birds
That flutter from their cage to part,
There dwell two tiny words—
Such tiny, yet such mighty things,
With joy, or sorrow on their wings.

II.

One of these winged words is "Yes";
And at her sovereign beck
It flies to call forth Love's caress,
And fear and doubt to check.
The other bears the dark name "No"—
No gladness doth its coming show.

III.

And here I stand, alone, apart,
In lowly posture meek,
Before the shrine of that fair heart,
And dare at last to speak.
And ah—methinks my voice is heard,
The answer comes—which is the word?

IV.

Which was it in her heart that stirred—
Fair Yes or darksome No?
'T was Yes—see, like a golden bird
It flutters forth! And so
It shall a nest forever find
In two glad hearts by love entwined.

Walter H. Hanway.

THE MYSTERY OF JOHN HARTFIELD.

By George King Whitmore.

I.

"HE'S younger than I thought he'd be."

"You mean than you thought he'd look, I guess, Miss Tagford. You know Elder Brink told us he was thirty three. I'm sure it was a very excellent sermon he gave us this morning. He's smart, if he hasn't got many years over his head."

"Kind of sad looking, don't you think, Mrs. Kingsbury?"

Mrs. Porter came up beside the two with this remark. She had been just behind with her husband, but had quickened her steps when she found the couple in front were talking about the new minister. Miss Tagford eagerly seized upon this tangible subject for further gossip. Without giving her companion a chance to reply she spoke across her:

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Porter. Now you mention it, it was sadness I saw in his eyes. Wonder what it can be? A young man like him, too, so well favored and got a charge just as soon's he's out of the seminary. Did you hear Elder Brink say as he'd had any family trouble, Mrs. Kingsbury?"

"Here, here, let the poor man rest for a while now. It must have been hard enough for him to get up and face all these people for the first time without havin' 'em all pick him to pieces like a pack of vultures when he got through."

Bluff, good natured Deacon Porter had forced his way in among the trio in front of him, and grasping his wife's arm proceeded to hurry her on ahead.

"Richard!" she said in her emphatic tone of disapproval.

Miss Tagford began to giggle,

while a faint color suffused itself over Mrs. Kingsbury's face and brow. She hated gossip above all things. She was glad her gate was so close at hand. With a curt "Good morning" to Miss Tagford she turned in and hurried up the pathway to the house.

The gentle May breeze stirred the leaves of a cherry tree standing in the front yard and showered her with its wealth of white blossoms. She caught one of them in her hand and glanced from it to the young girl who had just come to the doorway and stood there waiting for her. It seemed as though she was comparing the two.

"Well, mother, how was he?"

Grace Kingsbury smiled as she spoke, that smile of welcome she never failed to give her mother even when they had been separated for only so short a time as had been the case that morning.

"I wish you had gone, Grace. I can't begin to tell you how much I think of him. We all liked him. How is father?"

This last query was as unfailing between these two women as the smile of welcome.

"He's just dropped asleep. We were listening to the singing of the last hymn. Do you know, mother, that always seems as much a sign of spring to me as a bluebird or the finding of a crocus does. I mean the being able to hear the singing from the church through the open windows. Did you meet Mr. Hartfield? Did anybody introduce you?"

"No; hush, Grace, there he comes now. That tall young man, with Mrs. Colgate."

The girl turned to look, but at that

instant there came a call from inside of "Grace!"

"Yes, father," and she was back in the sitting room bending over the pallid faced sufferer on the lounge.

The people of Newcomb took it as a matter of course that the new minister should go home for his first Sunday dinner with the Colgates. Indeed, nobody else had thought of inviting him. Mr. Colgate was the leading merchant in the town. In olden times he would have been called "the Squire." He lived in a great house, surmounted by a hideous mansard roof, capped with a gilded railing and surrounded by spacious grounds, dotted here and there with an iron figure of a deer or lion which the more simple minded of the townspeople looked upon as marvels of beauty and grew to regard as the very badge of wealth.

Mrs. Colgate was a meek little woman, who never seemed to grow accustomed to the money that had come to them. She spoke but seldom, as if fearful of saying the wrong thing, but her taciturnity was more than atoned for by her husband and son.

Hartfield had heard about the Colgates through Elder Brink, and so he had been in a measure prepared for them. He knew that Mr. Colgate was the financial pillar of the church, of which he and his wife were also members. When he received that invitation to dinner after his first service he personally wanted to decline.

It was the first sermon he had ever preached to a regular congregation. His nerves were tingling yet from the force he had thrown into it. He wanted to go back to the quiet parsonage and think it all over by himself, to try and realize that he, John Hartfield, was actually embarked on a career which, had any one predicted it for him five years before, he would have rated as among the impossibilities.

But he soon saw that the Colgates would be offended if he did not go. Mr. Colgate had met him at the station the night before with his carriage. He had seen that his baggage

was taken to the parsonage and in other ways had been extremely kind. How tiresome he was, though!

"Fine congregation we had this morning, Mr. Hartfield," he said as they walked off together. "You ought to feel complimented, upon my word."

"I shall feel more complimented if I have as big an audience tonight. Curiosity over a novelty accounted for the crowd this morning, you know."

Mr. Colgate winced a little at this. He never went to church at night himself. He considered it beneath his dignity as the leading man of the village to show himself in public too often. He eased his conscience in this matter by telling the sexton that his well located pew was at the disposal of any who might care to occupy it.

"Ha, ha," he laughed now, evading the point at issue. "I see you are exceedingly modest. Well, I suppose that is right for a young man just starting out in life."

The patronage conveyed in these words stung John Hartfield to the quick. The implication was that Thomas Colgate had earned the right to display pride in his achievements. The minister buried the finger tips of his right hand deep in his palm and placed his other on his clerical cut vest as if to readjust his tie. It was at this moment they were passing the Kingsbury cottage. Mr. Colgate took off his hat and bowed with more than usual ceremony to Mrs. Kingsbury. He wished her not to fail to note that he had the new minister's company.

"Who is that?" asked Hartfield when they had passed. "She has a sweet face, that looks as though it had seen a deal of suffering. I noticed her in church. She seemed to be very attentive."

Mr. Colgate turned a sharp look on his companion.

"Oh, then you do have time to pay heed to what your congregation is doing while you are preaching." He said this half laughingly, but with a vivid recollection of his tendency to somnolency about the time "thirdly"

was reached. Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on: "That is Mrs. Kingsbury. Her husband was injured in the war and has been an invalid ever since. They live on his pension."

"Yes, Mr. Hartfield," Mrs. Colgate broke in here, "you never saw more devotion than that mother and daughter pay that man. One of them is always with him. That's the reason Grace was not in church this morning. I suppose she will be out tonight. They live so near she can just run in."

"Ma thinks she's the prettiest girl in town," Peyton Colgate volunteered at this point. "But she isn't in it with Kate Barclay to my mind."

"Peyton!" said his mother in the strictest tone she ever assumed.

Mr. Colgate proceeded, ignoring the interruption of his son, whose hits of slang, it may be stated, did not jar on him as they did on his wife. He had a feeling that they made the boy more like city bred youths.

"The Kingsburys are very worthy people. To be sure they have not much of this world's goods, but then what they can't contribute in money to the work of the church they give in service. Oh, Miss Tagford, good morning."

After she had been deserted by both the Porters and Mrs. Kingsbury the gossip loving old maid, knowing that Mr. Hartfield would presently be along with the Colgates, had lingered on the path till she heard them coming, then turned and stopped the merchant with:

"Ah, Mr. Colgate, I would like to speak to you one minute, if you please."

All she had to say was to express a hope that her cow, which he had given her permission to pasture in his meadow, did not annoy him. But it afforded her the opportunity for the coveted introduction to the minister, which she acknowledged with a sweeping courtesy and a lowering of the eyes in maidenly shyness.

Affliction had not been blessed to Miss Caroline Tagford. Her lover

had died two weeks before their marriage and her disposition had been soured ever since. She was always envying other people their good luck and trying to find flaws in their characters. She was forty six, but her discontented disposition gave her face a querulous expression which made her look older.

She now had no hesitation in joining herself to Mr. Colgate and the minister, and walking with them toward Elm Street. She was sorry that almost everybody was going the same way. There was less chance of her meeting friends and "showing off" the company she was in.

"How do you like Newcomb, Mr. Hartfield?" she began, with the little titter that succeeded so many of her speeches.

"As I've only been here half a day, Miss Tagford, I'm as yet hardly prepared to state. It wouldn't do for me to be like the foreign actresses who are interviewed by the New York reporters before they are half way up the harbor."

"Actresses!" Miss Tagford repeated the word in accents of mingled horror and mystification.

Mr. Colgate looked his astonishment, and Peyton, who had lingered with the group in the rear, to see the fun of "Carrie Tagford making up to the minister" emitted a half suppressed whistle. A quick pallor overspread Hartfield's face, succeeded by a wave of crimson, as he replied: "Well, perhaps I should include all notable people from Europe, authors and lecturers, who are asked how they like America before they have set foot on its soil."

Miss Tagford looked as if she was trying to decide whether she had been insulted or not. It was not quite clear to her mind what Mr. Hartfield meant. But he had certainly used the word actresses, a term which respectable folk in Newcomb very seldom permitted to pass their lips. And here was the minister employing it!

She had not reached her own gate yet, but she suddenly decided she

would prefer slipping off and going up King Street to tell Delia Mullins that the new minister was mighty queer, to continuing her walk with him. With a short "Good morning, Mr. Hartfield," and more cordial adieux to the Colgates, she turned away, her small mind full to bursting of the new impressions she had taken into it.

Hartfield, meantime, still kept two white teeth pressing against his under lip. He wished more ardently than ever for the seclusion of the parsonage. He realized that he had committed an indiscretion, a very trifling one, to be sure, but he well knew how with one in his position molehills would be magnified into mountains. But by this time they had reached the Colgate place, and in the pride of displaying its attractions to his guest its owner forgot what had puzzled him in that little speech about actresses.

"Here we are," he announced, with as much of a flourish as intonation can give to speech.

Hartfield knew that he was expected to be impressed. And he was—by the bad taste everywhere visible. The iron groups on the grass, already alluded to, were atrocious enough, but directly in front of the door was an immense glazed ball, resting in a tripod and reflecting on its mirror-like surface a flower bed of fish geraniums laid out in the shape of the letter C and an iron bench placed under an evergreen that was more suggestive of a cemetery lot than anything else Hartfield could call to mind.

"You have a beautiful lawn, Mr. Colgate," he said.

This was true. Vulgar love of display could find nothing to work upon in the grass, which was a deep green and freshly cut.

"But it's a great care, Mr. Hartfield, a great care," rejoined the merchant.

And then he threw open the front door with the air of one who said: "If you admire the outside what must you think of this?" Pretentious chromos adorned the walls. The

parlor was crowded so full of furniture heavily upholstered that its atmosphere was stuffy almost to suffocation, and Hartfield hailed with delight Mr. Colgate's suggestion that Peyton should take the minister up to one of the spare rooms that he might make ready for dinner.

Peyton Colgate was just eighteen—old enough to think himself a man, but with not sufficient sense to pass for one. He had been indulged by his father from infancy and did pretty much as he liked most of the time. He never failed to recollect that the "governor" was the "magnate," as he would have termed it himself, of Newcomb. Consequently he stood in no awe of any one else whom he met in the town. The new minister was young, younger looking than he really was, as has been said; he wore a mustache and did not look a bit sanctimonious like old Dr. Bemis, his predecessor in the charge; then his remark about actresses had fired Peyton with the determination to draw him out.

He began the process when he had ushered their guest into a pink and blue bedroom and pointed to the pitcher and basin on the stand between the windows.

"Have you ever been in New York?" he commenced, perching himself on one of the window sills where he could look into his companion's face as he prepared for his ablutions.

"Yes," was the guarded answer.

"You quite shocked Miss Tagford by what you said about actresses," went on Peyton with a laugh. "They're awfully poky in this town. We never have any shows here except the circus once a year. I s'pose you've been to the theater—I mean of course before you were a minister?"

Before Peyton had quite finished his question Hartfield had plunged his face into the basin of water. When he was in conditive for speech again he took the initiative and began to question Peyton about his school, and whether he was going to college or not.

Young Colgate managed to get the lead again on the last named subject, and as they were going down stairs inquired from what college Hartfield had graduated.

"Oh, I went to Columbia," answered the minister after the briefest possible hesitation—a pause of which Peyton thought nothing at the time.

He decided that Mr. Hartfield was not going to turn out such jolly company as he thought he might, and much to that gentleman's relief withdrew his attentions from him for the rest of his stay at the house.

"So this is your first charge," said Mr. Colgate patronizingly, as he got up to carve the roast beef.

Hartfield's foot twitched uneasily under the table. He wondered if "the leading merchant" of Newcomb realized that he was talking to a man thirty three years old and not to a boy of ten. Before he had time to reply Mrs. Colgate, with woman's tact, broke in with:

"It must be hard for you to come away among strangers like this, Mr. Hartfield. Where is your home? I don't know as I heard."

"I was born and brought up in New York, Mrs. Colgate. I think I shall not be homesick in Newcomb, however. I shall have my work to fill my thoughts, you know."

"But that parsonage is such a great barracks of a place for one man to live in," went on the hostess. "Dr. Bemis had a large family, you know. I am afraid you will get homesick there."

"Oh, don't worry about Hartfield, Lucinda. It won't be long before he'll pick out a wife from among our pretty Newcomb girls, and then there'll be no fear of homesickness."

Mr. Colgate shook with the laughter this suggestion caused him. Peyton, too, seemed greatly to enjoy it, and even ventured to name over a few desirable candidates till checked by his mother, who, poor woman, flushed almost as deeply as did Hartfield.

The latter was thankful that Sunday school was at three o'clock, thus giving him a chance to leave

immediately after dinner to go home and prepare for the address he would be expected to deliver. He breathed a long sigh of relief when he turned out of the grounds.

"I'm afraid I've made a bad start," he muttered to himself as he walked quickly off toward the parsonage.

II.

THE manse belonging to the Presbyterian church in Newcomb had been left to the organization by Mrs. Coombes, who died the last of her line. It was a roomy old house standing in the midst of an ample garden whose trees were now white and pink with blossoms. When Dr. Bemis went away Catherine, who had been cook for the family, was asked to stay and take care of things till his successor had arrived, and now that he turned out to be a bachelor, it was arranged that the old woman should still remain in the capacity of cook and housekeeper.

Hartfield was delighted with the place. There was plenty of room for the great stack of books he had brought, and a large apartment on the upper floor which he at once transformed into a gymnasium. Thither he resorted now when he arrived from the Colgates'. Throwing off his coat, he closed the door and then proceeded to pummel with all his might a sandbag which he had suspended from the ceiling the night before.

"How shocked they would be," he reflected with a smile, "if they could see me prepare in this way for my address to the children! But I must have some outlet. How I ha—"

He checked himself suddenly. He stepped back quickly out of the way of the swinging bag, both arms at his side. He put his coat on again and went slowly down stairs to the room he had elected to make his study. He remained here a few moments in quiet meditation, then started as the ringing of the church bell broke on his ear. He picked up his hat and hurried off to the session of the Sunday school.

Elder Brink was standing in the churchyard, evidently waiting for him. He was the chairman of the committee that had secured Hartfield's services from Williston Seminary. He was a plain man, but sincere and of kindly nature.

"I thought you'd feel a little strange about goin' in alone," he said now as he shook hands. "If you hadn't been with Mr. Colgate I'd have stopped at the parsonage for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Brink. You are very thoughtful. Let me see, who did you say was your superintendent?"

"Mr. Ranger. He's a young man, but he keeps the school in first class shape. Come in and I'll introduce you to him."

Five minutes later Hartfield was seated on the platform quietly taking his observations of the school while the superintendent conducted the opening exercises. One face among the lady teachers arrested his attention. There was a trace of familiarity about it, and yet he was sure that he had never seen the girl before. She was very young, evidently not yet twenty, but there was a sweetness of expression in her face, almost a pathos, that gave to it a touch of deeper maturity.

He made his address, and then, during the half hour assigned for the study of the lesson, he started out under Mr. Ranger's guidance, to make the personal acquaintance of the scholars and teachers. When he reached the class whose teacher he had been observing, he started at mention of the name "Miss Kingsbury."

"Now I know where I have seen you," he said with a smile as he shook hands.

"Seen me?" she repeated. "I wasn't at church this morning."

"No, but your mother was. You do not look like her, perhaps, but there is something in your face that reminded me very strongly of her."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Mr. Hartfield. Mother and I are very fond of each other."

The minister then proceeded to make the acquaintance of the girls in the class. When the session was over there was a general gathering about the platform and a disposition manifested to organize an informal little reception. The minister was certainly a very attractive man. Fully six feet in height, with an erect carriage and a face both strong and good looking, it was no wonder the ladies were all eager to get better acquainted with him. But Grace Kingsbury did not linger. She had promised to return home as soon as school was over. She knew her mother would be anxious to hear about it.

Miss Tagford was not connected with the school, but this afternoon she could not resist putting on her hat and running around there just about dismissing time.

Delia Mullins had declared up and down that she didn't believe the minister had said anything he oughtn't to say about actresses.

"You know the way you have of magnifying things, Caroline," she concluded, on which Miss Tagford had bridled up and taken a speedy departure, with the parting admonition that all Miss Mullins had to do was to wait and see.

Miss Tagford, growing tired of waiting herself, had now sallied forth to do a little more seeing. It so chanced that she met Grace Kingsbury just as the latter was leaving the churchyard.

"Was the minister out to Sunday school?" she inquired, putting out a detaining hand to stop Grace, who would have hurried on with only a bow.

"Yes."

"Did you meet him?"

"Yes, we were all introduced."

"How do you like him?"

"Very much. He seems to take a real interest in everything connected with the church."

"I don't mean that. How do you like him to talk to? Do you think he acts much like a minister ought to act?"

"Why, Miss Tagford, what do you

mean? Of course he acts like a minister."

"I don't think so. Talking about actresses and all that. But I want to see Mr. Ranger a minute and must be going," and Miss Tagford went on into the Sunday school room before Grace could ask for an explanation of her words.

"What could she mean?" the girl reflected as she continued on her way home. "But then it won't do to put much faith in what she says. Still, how did she happen to think of that?"

Grace told her mother of the pleasant interview she had had with Mr. Hartfield. Mrs. Kingsbury was both pleased and surprised to hear that he had noticed her in church.

"I want you to hear him preach, Grace," she said. "It just seems as if he was talking right out of his heart."

So the girl herself thought that night when she went to service. There was an unusually large congregation for the evening. Mrs. Colgate was out with Peyton, and more than the customary number of young men with their sweethearts. But Grace Kingsbury was alone. She had always been of a retiring disposition. She had many admirers among the youths of Newcomb, but they all fancied her more than she did them, and as she did not think it honest not to show this, they soon ceased the effort to offer her attention. Besides, her whole heart was given to those at home, her invalid father, for whom she was staff, amanuensis, reader, soother of pain; and the mother who was to her like a sister almost. She did not feel the need of companionships outside of these and of that which her work in the Sunday school furnished her.

Now as she sat there in the short pew the Kingsburys rented, her eyes fixed on the new minister's face as he preached the "old, old story" in a way that made it seem new to her, she was conscious of a strong desire to know better this man who was so different from those with whom she was commonly brought in contact. She found her thoughts unconsciously

straying back to the afternoon, when he had told her she reminded him of her mother. Even though he had smiled as he spoke there was a sadness in his eyes. She wondered if he had lost his own mother recently. He did not seem like a man who would care to talk about himself. But she would like to hear—

"Now a brief moment of devotion."

Grace gave a guilty start. The sermon was ended in the midst of her thoughts that had wandered from it to the preacher. She bowed her head and gently chided herself. When they rose to sing the last hymn she kept her eyes fixed on the book, although the words were perfectly familiar to her.

After the benediction she started to hurry home, as she always did, but half way down the aisle Mrs. Porter stopped her with a message to take to her mother about the sewing society. While she was talking with her, a voice just behind her said, "Good evening, Miss Kingsbury."

It was Mr. Hartford. He had his hat in his hand. A crowd immediately gathered about him, but as he saw Grace making her way out of it, he bent towards her and added: "If you will allow me, I should be glad to walk to your gate with you."

A faint flush came into her cheeks.

"I am not—you are very kind," she replied, the flush deepening a little. It was so unexpected that she scarcely knew how to reply.

Mr. Hartford said a general good night and followed her to the door.

"I—I hope you didn't think that you ought to see me home because I was alone," began Grace. "Newcomb isn't a city and we live close by."

"No, I did it because—because I wanted to."

It was his turn to hesitate now. But he went on quickly:

"I have heard about you all, and if it is not too late I should like to meet your mother and father. I have made the acquaintance of most of my people today—a great many after church this morning."

"Yes, mother will be very glad to see you. You know we can't both

go out together on account of father. He is an invalid."

By this time they had reached the cottage. "Mother, here is Mr. Hartfield," said Grace, as she pushed open the door.

The eyes of the sufferer on the lounge lighted up. He had not dared to hope for this—to see so soon the new minister about whom everybody was talking. Hartfield, in his turn, enjoyed the call, brief though he made it, very much. The Kingsburys were in such contrast to the Colgates. Quiet people, with bookish tastes, consorting with them suggested other themes of converse than themselves or their neighbors.

The minister went away feeling refreshed in spirit. It was a happy ending to a hard day. When he reached the parsonage he did not go up to the top floor and pummel the sand bag. He threw himself on the lounge in his study without lighting the lamp, and clasping his hands behind his head, lay there thinking.

It was not going to be such plain sailing as he had hoped. His three years in the seminary had not entirely obliterated his old self. He recalled the slip he had made in talking with Miss Tagford. What an insignificant thing it was! And yet he knew that it had made a deep impression on those who heard it. Miss Tagford would be inclined to watch him closely hereafter.

Mr. Colgate, too, he feared he had antagonized somewhat in spite of his good resolutions to bear with him. And suddenly he recollected a woman with a little child by the hand, who had waited to be introduced to him after morning service. There was a crowd about him at the time; he had shaken hands and said he was glad to know her, but had not spoken to the little girl. He had a dim remembrance now of having seen the child pushed toward him, but Mr. Colgate had come up at that minute and his attention had been diverted. The same woman—he could not recall her name now—had been out at evening service. The little child was with her again and had gone to sleep.

He feared now that the mother had waited for him once more. But he had been in a hurry to speak to Grace Kingsbury, and had given her no chance for another interview.

And that walk home with Miss Kingsbury! He wondered if there would be any one to call him to account for that. But he would insist on being permitted a certain line of independence. He realized, however, that it would not be prudent for him to go home with her again the following Sunday.

Presently he rose, struck a light and went out into the hall to unlock one of his trunks. From it he took a small plush case containing several photographs. Selecting two of these, he took them back into the study with him, and sitting down by the table, held them up in front of him and gazed at them intently.

They were the portraits of a young man and woman, both very young, apparently. The woman, who was in evening dress, was very beautiful. The man was Hartfield himself. He was in full dress, too, and there was a sort of roguish smile about the lips.

For fully five minutes Hartfield gazed at these two pictures; then, putting them face downward on the table, he leaned his head on his hand and murmured softly: "Yes, the same, the same. I must not forget that."

He rose, put the photographs back in the plush case, then placed this in a drawer of the desk, which he locked. Then he took a book from the library and read until after ten, when he started to retire. As he passed through the silent halls, Mrs. Colgate's words at dinner recurred to him. And now somehow he felt as if there was some truth in them. The place did seem great and barrack-like to shelter him alone.

"But I am not worthy of anything else. I must not think of it," he told himself.

When he reached his bed chamber he went to the window and threw the shutters open. There was no moon, but the stars were bright.

He sat down on the window sill and was reminded of Peyton Colgate as he did so.

"I wonder if that boy suspects," he mused. "But he can't. It is only a fancy of mine. But there was that slip about actresses. I must be ever on the alert. Even such a little thing weighs as a great one now."

He sighed, took one more look at Mars, glowing red in the heavens, then closed the shutters.

III.

IN a fortnight's time the new minister of the Presbyterian church became the talk of the town. And this not solely because he proved to be a popular preacher and filled the church at both services. There was another reason than this, and it lay in the fact that his own congregation was divided in its opinions concerning him. By far the greater number liked him and right royally espoused his cause. But they did not succeed in winning over the prejudiced ones.

"He's too easy mannered for a minister," said old Mrs. Sleeper. "Haven't you seen him when he bows to a woman on the street? It ain't right for a servant of the Lord to take his hat off the way Mr. Hartfield does it."

"An' he keeps a fast horse over at the Hankinses' livery stable." This from Miss Tagford, who had treasured up this bit of news that she might spring it upon the assembled ladies of the sewing circle. "He nearly run over me the other night when I was crossing the street. He came charging along like a locomotive."

"He's got money of his own, I hear tell," put in Mrs. Porter.

"He'd better put it into Bibles for the heathen than horseflesh for his own pleasure." Mrs. Robbins frowned darkly over the seam she was stitching as she spoke. She had never forgiven Hartfield for not noticing Dora, with her beautiful flaxen curls, that first Sunday.

"He gave me ten dollars for our

missionary fund the other day," Mrs. Kingsbury ventured to interpose.

There was no reply made to this, except a sort of "Umph" uttered by two or three of those present, Miss Tagford among them. In spite of Hartfield's care his attentions to Grace Kingsbury were already the occasion of remark.

"He's doing lots of good, I think," now spoke up Mrs. Brink, who was a little hard of hearing. She had not quite caught the drift of the last remarks, but knew that they were talking about the minister. "We never had such big congregations before."

"But what do people come for mostly?" retorted Mrs. Robbins. "Like they'd go to a show. He stands there in the pulpit an' don't have even the Bible in front of him, an' talks away fast as he can about the Lord loving everybody, even the wicked. Of course people like to hear that. They think they can go on being wicked just the same and then step in at the eleventh hour."

"Oh, Mrs. Robbins," broke in Mrs. Kingsbury, "I don't think Mr. Hartfield means to preach that doctrine."

"I can't help what he means to do. I'm only tellin' of what he does."

"Did you hear what he said at the funeral of Mr. Hobson the other day?" remarked a woman with a thin nose and sharp lips, who had not yet spoken.

"No, no. What was it?" There was a general dropping of work into laps and an aeger leaning forward of heads, even of those who had never professed any hostility toward the new pastor.

"Why, he said that while Mr. Hobson may have lived a life of the world there was no limit to God's mercy. Wasn't that dreadful to say, right before the widow too?"

"What, to let her think her husband had a chance of being saved?" inquired Delia Mullins.

"No, to talk as if there was any doubt about it. 'Don't speak nothin' but good of the dead,' says the proverb."

"But Mr. Hobson was a very wicked man," observed Mrs. Kingsbury. "I've heard him scoff at churches and Sunday schools myself. I think it was very thoughtful in Mr. Hartfield to try and give the widow a little comfort."

This was a little deep for Caroline Tagford. She was anxious to bring the conversation back within the lines of her own comprehension.

"Catharine Batters says he's got a place fixed up in the third story of the parsonage like an acrobat's in a circus. There's a bag of some sort hanging there, and he goes up sometimes and punches it just as if he wished it was a man's head."

Miss Tagford's announcement created all the stir she could have wished, for as yet the newest gymnastic appliances had not penetrated to Newcomb.

"I don't see what the committee was thinkin' of when they engaged a man like him," observed Mrs. Robbins, speaking in a discreetly lowered tone so that Mrs. Brink should not hear. "I've heard some of the Baptists say they thought he'd split the church yet."

"But the men all like him," spoke up Mrs. Porter. "The Baptists are only envious because their minister can't draw as big a crowd. My Richard says he just enjoys Sunday comin' round so he can hear Mr. Hartfield preach again."

"Mr. Colgate don't appear to enjoy him much," rejoined she of the thin lips, Mrs. Mason. "He never comes to prayer meeting any more, and wasn't in church last Sunday. I'm sure we don't want to lose him. We can't afford it. He gives to all our societies."

"Not any more than Mr. Hartfield does himself," put in Mrs. Kingsbury. "We never had a minister that was so liberal."

"I wonder where he gets his money," said Mrs. Robbins. "He's mighty close mouthed about his family affairs. He don't get many letters, Sam, down at the postoffice, tells me."

"It seems to me," observed Delia

Mullins, "that we haven't got anything to do with his family or any of that. He's doing more good than Dr. Bemis did."

"My, Delia Mullins, how can you talk like that?"

A sort of shudder of horror ran through the group of malcontents. Now that Dr. Bemis was gone he was elevated to a kind of pedestal in their memories. He had left because he could not bring up his large family on the small salary the church paid.

"Wait till the next communion," said Mrs. Mason oracularly. "Then we'll see."

They did wait and saw ten young men and four young ladies brought into the church. As a rule this order, under previous pastors, had been reversed. More women than men were added to the rolls. But as Mrs. Porter observed, Mr. Hartfield was a great favorite with the male portion of the congregation. They were all glad to have him call upon them at their stores, and with the young men especially he was in great demand. He helped them organize an association of their own, and it was from this mainly that the new members had been recruited.

The church had certainly never been in a more prosperous condition. Even Mr. Colgate's lukewarm interest in its affairs since the new minister's advent did not affect its financial standing. Mr. Hartfield's liberality counterbalanced the merchant's falling off in generosity, and the contributions to the various boards showed no decrease.

But as the Young Men's association prospered and a Boys' Club was undertaken in connection therewith, Mr. Hartfield became earnestly desirous to build or rent a structure as a sort of club house for the latter. To this end he proposed that the young men get up an entertainment to be held in the town hall.

"If you can get some talent in the musical line," he told them, "I will agree to give a short lecture on some popular subject."

The members of the association

took hold of the work with enthusiasm, and on the appointed evening the hall was crowded at fifty cents a head. It wasn't the music that had attracted the throng, either; it was the anticipation of a rare treat in hearing the popular young pastor lecture. He had not announced his subject beforehand, and when he stepped to the front of the platform, and stated that he would give the boys and their friends some idea of cowboy life on the plains of Texas, there was a ripple of excitement through the rows of seats.

And what a "talk" that was! His gestures were as eloquent as his tongue; he acted out many of the scenes he described with consummate ability. One could almost imagine himself on the wide prairies of the Lone Star State, astride of a bucking broncho, with a stampeded herd of cattle on one side and a hostile band of Indians charging down upon the other. The applause when he had finished fairly shook the building.

The boys especially were delighted. It was fortunate the lecture was the last thing on the programme. They could never have remained quietly in their seats to listen to anything else. But Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. Mason, Miss Tagford and a few others were scandalized. They went about for days thereafter with uplifted hands declaring that they were never so shocked in their lives as when they saw their minister cutting up monkey tricks in public like a mountebank.

"Why, he almost swore there once or twice," Mrs. Robbins affirmed. "I'm so glad I didn't take my Dora."

Of course Mr. Hartfield did not fail to hear some of these comments. But they moved him not at all. He was surer of himself now than when he first arrived in Newcomb. He could not help seeing that a great deal of good was being done under his ministry. He determined that he would not allow a few grumblers to disturb him.

His intimacy with the Kingsburys had been quietly progressing. With a ripper acquaintance his admiration

for Grace deepened into something that he was almost fearful of analyzing.

"I'm not worthy," he would murmur to himself in the solitude of his study when the theme would insist on intruding itself into his mind. "To have saved myself 'so as by fire' is enough, without seeking to permit the smell of the smoke to touch the garments of another."

Late in June Mr. Kingsbury died; the mother and daughter were left alone. In his capacity as pastor he was necessarily oftener at the cottage after this event than had been his custom. He found himself, regretfully be it added, drawn more and more each day to the sweet girl whose fine character shone more beautiful in this hour of affliction.

But Hartfield was not as a rule a visiting man. That was one of the objections the discontented spirits raised against him. They said he was not enough of a shepherd—that he didn't go round and visit the lambs of the flock.

"But he's roped in a lot of the buttin' old goats," irreverent Jimmy Clarkson, the bar room loafer, observed when he heard about it.

Indeed, so magnetic a power did Mr. Hartfield appear to exercise over the men of the town that Jimmy sometimes trembled in his shoes for fear he might be subjected to the influence himself and turned into a decent man.

The minister electrified the congregation one morning by reminding them after the sermon that Paul said there were "diversities of gifts." He added that while he hoped never to fail in his duty to the widow and the fatherless he had not proposed to become a social pastor.

"Umph, he might well say he don't fail in his duty to the widow and the fatherless," commented Mrs. Robbins. "But he lets that scheming Mrs. Kingsbury and her daughter stand for the whole lot of 'em."

Whether it was because this speech came to his ears or not, certain it was that for several weeks Mr. Hartfield kept studiously away from the

Kingsbury cottage. He saw Grace and her mother every Sunday at church and on Wednesday night at prayer meeting. At one of these last services, towards the end of the summer, Grace came alone. It was a very hot night, and but few people were out. During Elder Brink's prayer low thunder mutterings could be heard and when dismissal time came the rain was falling in torrents. Mrs. Mason, who lived some distance from the church, had come in a covered wagon.

"Get in with me and I'll take you home," she said to three or four of the ladies.

They were glad to avail themselves of the invitation, and the carriage presently drove off, leaving Grace Kingsbury the only woman left to peer anxiously out into the darkness to see if there was no chance of a cessation in the down-pour.

"I have an umbrella in the pulpit room. Let me get it and take you home."

Mr. Hartfield had come up with outstretched hand.

Before she could reply he had gone out through the door that gave entrance to the church. He was back in half a minute with the umbrella. It was the first time he had escorted her home since that first Sunday. When they reached the porch of the cottage,

"I'm ever so much obliged, Mr. Hartfield," said Grace. "Won't you come in awhile? Mother has gone to bed. She was quite worn out with the heat today."

Hartfield, as he accepted the invitation and stepped into the hallway, experienced a sort of fierce joy in his heart. He had not realized till this moment, when chance had given him this unexpected tête-à-tête with the girl, how endeared she had become to him. They spoke on commonplace matters for the first few minutes. Somehow a sort of restraint seemed to be upon them both to-night—a restraint that impelled them not to be silent, but to talk animatedly on matters of a local nature

to which they did not as a rule pay much attention. But a reference to the progress the young men were making with their Boys' Club gave Grace the opportunity to remark that this gratifying result was entirely owing to the sympathy Hartfield gave them in all their efforts, working with them as if he were one of themselves.

"I think that is one of the principal reasons why you make such a successful minister," she added.

"Do you really think I make a success of my work, Miss Kingsbury? Frankly now?"

Hartfield's voice had taken on a serious tone, in marked contrast to the lighter one in which till now they had both been speaking.

"Yes, I most certainly do think so, Mr. Hartfield."

"But there are those who do not agree with you. I am not blind to the fact that I have estranged several people in the church. Was it so in Dr. Bemis's time? Did he have so many enemies as I?"

"No, but neither did he have so many friends. His character was not positive enough to make enemies. He was too easy to get along with. You know there have been as many additions in the three months you have been here as in a whole year under him."

There was silence for an instant. Without, the rain beat on the tin roof of the porch with a continuous roar, and the thunder was almost incessant, but gradually growing less loud. Then Hartfield went on:

"You said a little while ago that I was sympathetic. If that is so how does it come about that I have made so many of the people here dissatisfied with me?"

"Because you don't appeal to their natures, which are too narrow to take in the—the—" Grace paused and dropped her eyes. She realized that what she was about to add would be an expression of her own personal opinion of the minister.

"But I ought to reach them in some way," he broke in, apparently ignoring her unfinished sentence. "Am I

too proud, too anxious to have my own way in everything? Remember, I have no one to advise me in these matters. I can't talk to some members of the church about others. That is, not in the way that I can talk with you."

Grace Kingsbury's heart throbbed quickly. For weeks she had recognized the fact that her feeling for this man was a deeper one than belonged to one who was simply her pastor. With all the powers at her command she had sought to hide this fact from the eyes of the world, from the knowledge of her mother, even from herself. He was too far above her for her to dare to hope. Her eyes dropped to the floor again now as he spoke the last words. She was afraid of what he might see in them, even by the dim light of the one lamp that was standing on the center table.

The rain was now falling more lightly; the thunder had almost ceased.

Hartfield rose.

"I ought to be going," he said.

"No."

There was a pleading note, almost a beseeching one, in Grace's voice, but she rose too. Hartfield took a step nearer to her.

"I do not want to go," he went on, "but—Grace, can you not see that you fill my heart? I want you to take it and direct its purposes. Will you?"

He bent his head towards hers. She was still looking down. Suddenly she raised her eyes. The blended love and happiness that Hartfield read in them thrilled him through and through.

"Am I worthy to do this?" she said softly.

His answer was to fold her in his arms.

"It is I who am the unworthy one, Grace dear," he whispered. "My past is still back of me. All the good that I do in the present cannot blot that out of my memory. Will you take me on trust, for what I am, for what I mean to be?"

"I trust you fully—love and honor

you with all my heart. Is not that enough?"

IV.

THE clock in the Episcopal belfry was tolling ten when Hartfield left the Kingsbury cottage. He walked quickly through the deserted streets. He was not in a hurry to get back to the parsonage for any special work awaiting him there. It seemed that he must move rapidly or be left behind by the tumultuous rush of his thoughts.

It had stopped raining and the air was much cooler than it had been before the storm. Here and there the clouds had parted, exposing patches of starry sky to view. Hartfield noticed one of these and recalled the night he had sat in the window and looked up at the heavens at the close of his first day in Newcomb.

"Did I imagine then," he asked himself, "that I would do what I have done tonight?"

The parsonage had never seemed so quiet to him as it did now when he entered it.

"But there will be life here soon," he murmured, "and happiness—and love."

There was a pallor on his face in the darkness that seemed to belie the silent words on his lips. He went to his own room and sat down in a chair by the open window.

"She loves me," this was his thought. "I should never have said what I did had I not seen that. And then—ah, I am but human—my own love hurried me on, and now I am bound to her, while——"

He shut his lips tightly together. His fingers clinched and unclined themselves.

"The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, aye, they are visited upon themselves, and bitter are the fruits. But *she* trusts me. Yes, but if she knew all, what then? Would she recoil from me, say that I had deceived her, that I was not worthy of any woman's love, not worthy to teach others the way of truth and duty?"

A look of anguish came into his face. The perspiration was thick upon his forehead, but he seemed to take no note of it.

"And I was so happy for a little while tonight when I forgot! But how could I forget? Is not my present manner of living, in such a contrast to what I had planned for myself, a constant reminder of the reason for it? Ah, but love is blind and deaf, everything but dumb, for it can cause the dullest to frame in words the passions in the breast, can hurry on to an avowal him who has no right to speak."

Striving to bring his mind down to quieter contemplation, he endeavored to recall in their order all the events of the evening from the moment when he had offered to escort Grace Kingsbury home. Then he tried to realize what would be his feelings if he had become conscious that the girl cared for him and had himself remained silent.

"Ought I to cause her to suffer for a sin that was all my own? And now that I have committed myself must I become a trifler, go and tell her, after I have made her put into words her love, that I cannot take it—because, because of a rash act once in my life? And then we shall both suffer, her faith mayhap will be tried, and I—I shall be like a ship at sea without its guiding star, I shall despise myself, nor dare ever again stand in that pulpit and speak to the people I have sought to help."

He leaned forward till his chin rested in the palm of his hand. His eyes were still fixed on the heavens, across which white clouds were now skurrying as if hastening to remove all traces of the storm and prepare a flawless sky for the morrow. The winds that caused these to speed along also stirred the leaves of the oak that grew up just outside the window. The gentle rustling seemed in some sense to Hartfield a companionship. The sounds carried him far back to the days of his boyhood, when he used to imagine that all the silent forces of nature had voices with which they could speak

to those human beings whose ears were attuned to comprehend them. He had been wont to make up long stories of what the winds and the waves, the roll of the thunder and the rippling of the mountain brook would talk to him about.

Recalling this brought back to him other memories of his boyhood—of that young boyhood when all was innocence and trust, when the world seemed so big, and to look forward to when he would be a man appeared like peering into the future of some other person who had not yet been born. And it was just this way now when he looked back. Not one of the great things he had planned to do had he brought to accomplishment. Instead—what did he see on gazing down the way—a short way, too, it was comparatively—he had come? Nothing but destruction, a pulling down of ideals, an overturning of laws, a mad determination to gratify desire at the expense of all else—all this from the dawn of manhood to six short years ago.

Then he had faced the other way and now was just beginning to find fruit of quite another sort when the sowing of his old days of recklessness confronted him.

"As ye sow ye must reap," he quoted to himself, and for a while he seemed not to hear the leaves moved gently by the summer breeze, but in his ears there lingered yet the crash of the thunder crying "Atone! Atone!"

He rose and crossed the floor to stand for an instant under a painting that hung on the wall opposite the window. It was that of a woman some thirty five years of age, with eyes like his, that seemed to look down at him now as he stood beneath them in the darkness.

"Ah, mother," he murmured softly, "if I had had you longer need it have come to this? What shall I do? Have I not done penance enough, must I go through life denied the happiness that is given to other men because of a moment's folly? A moment—yes, it comes vividly before

me again. The music, the floating forms of the dancers, the fumes of the wine mounting to my head, the seductive tones of a woman's voice reaching my ear, the daring, the abandon of youth! Was there any thought of God in it all? Ah no, no, it was blasphemy."

He began to walk up and down the floor. He stopped presently to draw forth his watch, and press the spring of the repeating bell. In silvery chimes twelve strokes rang out, succeeded by a solitary one. It was after midnight.

Hartfield stepped to the window and looked out towards the east. He wished that he could delay the dawning of another day. He felt that he could not bear the sunlight with his mind given over to the chaos that now reigned there.

But why must there be chaos? What if he went to Grace on the morrow and told her and her mother everything? He would abide by their decision; he must abide by it. Then, if they felt that his atonement was not yet complete, he would accept the verdict and strive to bear its burden. On the other hand, should they agree with the conviction that was now coming over his own spirit, that the past was dead, that he ought not to let it live by being faithful to one of its memories, then this knowledge, shared between these three, would bind them closer to one another.

A sigh escaped him; but it was one of relief. At last it seemed as if light had come to him. At any rate one path of duty was marked out straight before him.

He started to close the shutters before lighting his lamp. The clouds had all disappeared; the stars shone down unhindered. Hartfield took it as an omen of good and turned away, noting not that Mars glowed tonight with a slightly deeper tinge.

V.

THE news of the minister's engagement to Grace Kingsbury flew through the congregation like

wildfire. Exactly how it got out those most deeply interested could never ascertain. Certainly Hartfield did not tell any one; neither did Grace or her mother. The only supposition Hartfield could form in the matter was that old Mr. Briggs, the sexton, who had seen them go away together under the same umbrella that Wednesday night, had jumped at conclusions which he took no pains to keep to himself. And now that the thing was known, he was just as glad that he had not been obliged to announce it formally.

The majority of the congregation were pleased. They thought it the right thing for the pastor to be married and have some one to entertain callers. And the Kingsburys, though they had not lived in the town as long as some others, and had always kept a great deal to themselves, were of very good family, it was understood. But Miss Tagford was particularly acrimonious in her discussion of the affair.

"That Grace was always a forward piece," she declared, "for all she pretended to be so modest, not wantin' to stay an' listen to talk that was plenty good enough for other folks to hear. She was fishin' for the minister all the time."

She went around to call on Catharine Batters the very day she heard the news. To be sure Catharine was only a servant, but she had lived in the town a long time, once next door to the Tagfords. Caroline considered it her Christian duty not to drop her acquaintance because reverses had come to the family. It may be noted that this obligation did not rest so heavily upon her during the days of the Bemises' occupancy of the parsonage.

Miss Tagford chose the hour for her call when she knew the minister would be at a funeral in the next town. She saw Catharine at an upper window, sweeping the study. Miss Tagford marched into the house without the formality of knocking and went straight up stairs.

"Well, Catharine," she said, dropping down on the lounge and fanning

herself with a magazine she had picked up, "this is strange news about Mr. Hartfield."

"It is that, Sister Tagford." Catharine had been brought up a Methodist. "You could a' knocked me over with a straw out of my broom when I heard it."

"When are they going to be married, do you know?" Miss Tagford went on. She believed in the principle that if there is anything you want to find out, you should ask about it.

"Laws, I don't know nothin' about it. You don't expect Mr. Hartfield would open his heart to me, do you? Why, things might have gone on this way for a month before I'd have known he was in love, if the butcher's boy hadn't told me this morning. Of course I pretended I knew all about it. I wasn't goin' to have the Ivinses suppose I wasn't up to everything that went on in this house."

"Then he don't act like an engaged man, Catharine?"

Miss Tagford was taking in everything in the room with an eager eye as she spoke. She had never before penetrated to this part of the house, and was determined to make the most of her opportunity.

"Not a bit. But he was always a little queer, you know, so maybe there's no chance for him to change any."

Catharine was dusting the desk as she spoke and now looked up from her work with a little exclamation.

"I never knowed him to do this before, though," she said. "Go out an' leave his key in the drawer. He always keeps this side of the desk tight locked. But he was goin' to take Miss Grace to the funeral with him this afternoon. It must a' turned his head a little after all."

"You say he always keeps that side of his desk locked, Catharine." Miss Tagford had risen and come over to the center of the room. Her eyes were fixed on the desk with longing desire. "What do you suppose he's got in there?" she went on.

"Something he don't want people to know about, I'll be bound."

"Oh, I guess it ain't nothin' much," retorted Catharine, who, whatever other faults she may have possessed, was not overburdened with curiosity.

At this moment a ring at the bell called her down stairs. A gleam of malicious pleasure came into Miss Tagford's eyes when she saw that she was alone.

"I think I ought to make sure about this thing," she murmured. "As a member of the church it's my duty to find out about it. A minister oughtn't to have any secrets from his people."

She made a sudden dart at the drawer and pulled it open. A look of disappointment overspread her face as at first glance it seemed to contain nothing but sermon paper. But she put her hand down among the mass to a spot where something seemed to be tucked in between two of the sheets. She felt two pieces of heavy card board. With a fast beating heart she drew them out and found them to be cabinet sized photographs. They were the two portraits Hartfield had gazed at so earnestly at the close of his first Sunday in Newcomb.

Miss Tagford looked from one to the other with a thrill of delight at her mischief loving heart, as soon as she had recognized Hartfield in one of them. She felt as if she had just unlocked Bluebeard's secret chamber. The pictures had been fastened together, face inward, with a rubber band. She took a good look and then put them back before Catharine returned. She did not stay long after that. She felt that already she had learned far more than she had hoped to find out when she went up to the minister's study.

Who could that woman in the low cut dress be? Was it possible that Mr. Hartfield had been married once and that this was his first wife? No, that could not be, she decided, for what reason would there be then for his keeping the pictures hidden in that way? And a portrait of himself

was kept along with it. Evidently the woman was some one with whom he was very closely associated.

"Maybe he's married now." Miss Tagford's heart almost stopped beating as this idea flashed into her mind. What if this should be so and she should be the one to prove to Mr. Hartfield's admirers that he was a scoundrel?

But how could she do this? She could not very well go around and tell people that she had been looking among the minister's private papers and discovered something that compromised him. She could throw out hints, however, and dark ones, too, and with this object in mind she now turned her steps towards Mrs. Robbins's.

Mrs. Robbins was just starting down the street to do some shopping, but Miss Tagford said she would walk along, as she wanted to see if they would tin over an old saucepan for her at Colgate's.

"Of course you've heard the news about the minister?" she began, before they had gone twenty rods together.

"No, what new piece of nonsense has he been up to now?" rejoined Mrs. Robbins. "Is he goin' to give a lecture on how to train for the circus?"

"No, he's engaged to be married to Grace Kingsbury." The old maid came out with the announcement in a burst, as if fearful they might meet some one, if she waited, who would rob her of the pleasure of telling it.

"Of all things! Well, I wish her joy of him. A nice sort of family man he'll make." The slight put upon her Dora still rankled in Mrs. Robbins's mind.

"Well, he ought to make a good one if practice goes for anything," remarked Miss Tagford mysteriously.

"Practice! What do you mean by that, Caroline?" Mrs. Robbins turned a mystified countenance toward her companion.

"Oh, I've heard a thing or two," responded Miss Tagford with a slight toss of the head. As a matter of fact, of course, she had heard

nothing; it was what her prying eyes had seen on which she had based her statement.

"What have you heard?" persisted Mrs. Robbins.

"Oh, I don't want to make trouble," responded the old maid. "But I'll tell you, Mrs. Robbins, in confidence, mind. I wouldn't wonder if Mr. Hartfield were a married man."

"Caroline Tagford!" ejaculated the other. "How did you find it out? Who is she?"

"I didn't find it out, I tell you. I don't know who it is, but she's mighty bold lookin', all dressed up and her neck showin'!"

"Mercy sakes, Caroline, what are you talking about? You must have seen the woman."

Miss Tagford saw that she had committed an indiscretion.

"Hush, don't say anything," she retorted. "Just wait and see what will come of it. Here's Colgate's. Good by. I'll see you at church tomorrow."

As may be readily conceived Mrs. Robbins was greatly stirred up by the hints dropped by Miss Tagford. She thought about it all night, and the next morning after service sought out the old maid and tried to get some more facts from her. But Miss Tagford maintained a mysterious reserve and went about with her head in the air as if she were a very exalted personage.

Hartfield and Grace meantime were dwelling in the lovers' Paradise.

"It seems as if you are the one I have been looking for all my life," he once told her. "If you had not cared for me, I do not know what I should have done. My nature is a strong one, you know, and when I love it is with all my heart."

"I can't realize it yet sometimes," was her reply. "That out of all the others you should have cared for me."

"Don't say that, Grace. It argues very poor taste on my part to intimate that there is anybody else who could attract me."

It was shortly after this episode that the event of Miss Tagford's life

occurred. A cousin of hers who had married years before and gone East to live wrote to her stating that her husband had secured a position as clerk at one of the big hotels on Lake George, where she would be pleased to have Caroline come and make her a two weeks' visit. They had a cottage close by the hotel where they took boarders, but if Caroline didn't mind sleeping with Matilda she was welcome to come.

Of course Miss Tagford "didn't mind." She was so elated at the prospect of "going a visiting" that she forgot for a time the startling discovery she had made in the minister's study. But she recalled it in every detail when she reached her cousin's, and "entertained" her hostess by the hour with her speculations on the matter.

"Depend upon it, Emma," she would say, "there's something very queer about the thing. Why, the man got to talking about actresses on the way home from church after his first service. I sometimes think it's my duty to go to that Kingsbury girl and tell her up and down that she'd better make some inquiry about the man she's engaged to before she marries him."

"But you haven't any proof that he's done anything wrong, Caroline," her cousin would retort. "That picture may be a photograph of his sister."

"Sister! Then what does he want to keep it hid away secretly for?"

"She may be dead and—and he thinks of her as sort of sacred. Can't you imagine how it would be, Caroline?"

"No, I can't. There's James Cadmus. I'm sure I thought everything of him an' I don't keep his picture tucked away out of sight."

In spite of her concern about the minister's morals, Miss Tagford managed to enjoy herself at Lake George. When the visit was over she had only one thing to regret, and that was that it had not been possible for her to know beforehand the circumstance which was to befall on the last night of her stay. It would

have added such zest to everything else in the way of anticipation.

On this particular evening there was a hop at the hotel where Emma's husband was employed. Miss Tagford was prevailed upon to overcome her scruples against dancing sufficiently to accompany her cousin over to the piazza, where Bartley procured chairs for them in a good location by one of the windows.

It was a new environment for Caroline Tagford. The dresses of the women in the ballroom were a revelation to her.

"That's the way that creature in the picture looked, Emma," she leaned forward to whisper.

"Isn't it lovely?" returned Mrs. Dunham. "I'm so glad we had this before you went home, Caroline."

Miss Tagford was not especially enchanted. She had had better times than she was having, sitting out there on that draughty piazza, peeping through the slats of a shutter into a brilliantly lighted room, watching a lot of people who were evidently enjoying themselves more than she was. She was about to propose that they get up and walk around a bit when she suddenly clutched her cousin's arm with a fierceness that made poor Emma wince.

"What's the matter, Caroline?" she exclaimed.

"Look, look there. That woman in the yellow satin, with them ribbons streaming down her back."

"Yes, yes, what of her?"

"She's the creature that the minister got the picture of. She's older lookin', but I'm sure she's the same one."

Miss Tagford's hands were fairly shaking in the excess of her excitement. Her throat had become so dry that she could scarcely speak.

"It can't be, Caroline. It must be somebody that looks like her."

"Why can't it be, Emma? There's no law against it, an' I'd know that woman anywhere. I must speak to her."

Miss Tagford rose and began pushing her chair back.

"Sit down, Caroline," commanded her cousin, pulling fiercely at her shawl. "You mustn't go in there. You ain't dressed."

"Ain't dressed!" Miss Tagford gave a contemptuous sniff. "I'd like to know if I ain't got more on me than them shameless creatures. I tell you I must speak to that woman. It's Providence has brought her in my way like this; I mustn't shirk duty when it's marked out plain before me."

"But what are you going to say to her? For mercy's sake do be careful, Caroline. It may cost Bartley his place."

Emma Dunham had risen too, now, and with both hands clasped about her cousin's arm was endeavoring to draw her back into her seat.

"I tell you I must speak to her, Emma," Miss Tagford insisted. "If you don't want to be mixed up in it, you'd better stay here."

Mrs. Dunham, thinking that perhaps her cousin would not be recognized as having any connection with her, decided that she would act on this suggestion and resumed her seat just as the other succeeded in forcing a passage for herself between the rows of chairs that were banked up in front of every window.

Just how she was going to accomplish her purpose, Miss Tagford had not yet determined. She went around to the office entrance of the hotel and took up her station near the door of the ballroom. She had lost the woman now. She must stand there till she could find her again. She had been dancing with an oldish man, of military bearing; Miss Tagford resolved to keep a lookout for him too.

At last she saw them both again. They had taken their places in a quadrille not very far away from the door. Miss Tagford squeezed herself close up to the hat shelf and watched them. The woman was pretty; there was no denying that. She certainly looked a good deal like the photograph. She was very vivacious, throwing her head back and laughing up into the face of her

partner. The onlooker in the hall could not speak to her now and stop the dance. She must wait for a more fitting opportunity. Meanwhile she could think up what she should say.

But suddenly some one pulled her sleeve and called her name. It was Bartley Dunham, and he wanted to know what she was doing there.

"Can't you see all you want to outside?" he added.

"Yes, but I wanted to speak to that woman there—see, the one in yellow, dancing with the man that's got the gray mustache."

Bartley thrust his arm through hers and drew her out to the piazza.

"You can't speak to her now," he said. "That's Mrs. Westerman. Do you know her?"

"No. Westerman did you say her name was? Is that her husband with her?"

"No, that's Colonel Upton. But if you don't know her what under the sun did you want to speak to her for? Where's Em?"

"Around where we were sittin'. Tell me more about this Mrs. Westerman. Is her husband here?"

"No, she's a widow. She's spending the summer here. She's from New York."

"That's it. He used to live in New York."

"What do you mean, Caroline? Who's he?"

"Why, Mr. Hartfield, our minister—the one I was telling you and Emma about. Mrs. Westerman is the very woman whose picture I found in that drawer."

"Nonsense. It can't be possible. You told us this was a young girl about eighteen. Mrs. Westerman must be nearly thirty. It's only somebody who looks like her."

Miss Tagford began to waver a little herself now. It would take a good deal of assurance to say what she wanted to that proud looking woman. By this time they had reached Mrs. Dunham, who had not been able to keep the chair her cousin had vacated.

"But I think we had better go home now," she said, and with a little

more persuasion they got Caroline to abandon her purpose of seeking an interview with Mrs. Westerman. She admitted reluctantly that possibly the woman was not the one she believed her to be.

But she had gained at least one fact. She had found out the woman's name. Bartley told her it in full—Mrs. Le Roy Westerman. She put it down on a piece of paper so that she would not forget it. At any rate she would have a great story to tell to her friends in Newcomb when she got back. Something might come of it after all. She was glad, on second thought, that she was going home the next day. It seemed as if she couldn't want to tell the news.

VI.

CONTRARY to her first intention, Miss Tagford did not blazon abroad her discovery at Lake George as soon as she reached home. In thinking it over she came to realize the fact that it would be a little awkward for her to explain how she happened to see those photographs when they were supposed to be put away secretly. It was different telling her cousin about them. Emma did not live in Newcomb, and it was not necessary to go into details.

But it was not in her nature to keep such a thing to herself. First, under strict injunctions to secrecy, she told Mrs. Robbins about it, and then, a day or two later, confided the matter to Mrs. Mason.

"There, I always knew there was a mystery about Mr. Hartfield!" exclaimed the former. "I think it was a mercy, Caroline, that you happened to see that photograph. What do you suppose we ought to do about it? It's plain he must think a lot of that woman, and he engaged to another! Not that I pity that Kingsbury girl so much, but it's sure to bring scandal on the church in the end. I wish you could have had a talk with that woman. You are sure it was the same one?"

"I thought it was, but Emma and Bartley were certain it couldn't be.

I'd just like to see her and the minister together, though."

Mrs. Mason strongly advocated aggressive measures.

"Some one ought to go to Mr. Hartfield and ask him right out to explain the thing," she affirmed. But as no one was willing to go as far as this—she added that she'd do it herself only she wasn't a member of the church—things seemed likely to remain just as they were till one afternoon the three met at the bakery and Mrs. Robbins suggested that they all adjourn to her house and give the matter thorough discussion.

The result of this symposium was the determination to write an anonymous letter to Mrs. Westerman. This was Mrs. Mason's idea.

"It's safer to write to her than to the minister," she explained. "She don't know anybody here and will never suspect who it's from."

"But what shall we say in it?" Mrs. Robbins wanted to know. She rose as she spoke and went over to close the door so that there would be no possibility of Dora overhearing the proceedings.

"Why, just tell her how the thing stands," replied Miss Tagford, who seized on the idea with enthusiasm. "If nothin' comes of it we'll know she ain't the right one, and there's no harm done."

"Who'll write it?" was Mrs. Robbins's next question.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. There won't be any name to it, so it's no odds. I'd just as lief as anybody."

"It ought to be sent right off," Miss Tagford interposed. "There's no knowin' how long she'll be up at the hotel."

"I'll write it now if Mrs. Robbins'll get me pen and paper." Mrs. Mason settled her bonnet strings and looked as though she were ready for the martyr's stake in the good cause.

Writing materials were produced, and then, just as the task was about to be begun, a snag was struck.

"How shall I start it?" Mrs. Mason inquired. "I don't like to say 'Dear Mrs. Westerman.' She must be a

shameless creature from all Caroline tells us."

"You might put it 'Dear Madam,'" Mrs. Robbins suggested.

"No, I don't want to have any 'dear' in it at all. Suppose I put just 'Mrs. Westerman' at the top?" Mrs. Mason stuck the end of the pen holder in her mouth and looked at her two coadjutors.

"Yes, that'll do," returned Miss Tagford. "It's plenty good enough for her. Now go on and say 'A friend would like to tell you——'"

"But I ain't her friend," broke in Mrs. Mason. "An' I don't want to be."

"What's the good of saying anything like that any way?" interposed Mrs. Robbins. "Just go right in and tell what we want to without any leading up to it."

Once more Mrs. Mason put pen to paper, but she made no mark.

"Let's see," she said, "what is it we want to tell her?"

"Why, that the Rev. John Hartfield, a man she once knew, is living in this town, and is engaged to be married. If he's bound to her in any way she'll know what to do then." So spoke Miss Tagford and Mrs. Mason wrote accordingly.

"Would you say who he was engaged to?" she asked, when she was half way through.

"No, there isn't any good of doing that," spoke up Mrs. Robbins. "She'll find it out quick enough if she comes here after him."

"You don't think she'll do that, do you?" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, dropping her pen and looking a little frightened.

"She may," responded Miss Tagford. She secretly hoped she would. It would be a pity, she felt, to have all this excitement end in nothing at all.

On hearing this Mrs. Mason was disinclined to do any more work on the letter. But all that was needed now was to address the envelope.

"I'd do that myself," said Miss Tagford, "but Bartley Dunham knows my writin.' Suppose you do it, Mrs. Robbins?"

After some demur Mrs. Robbins consented, and then Miss Tagford offered to mail it, which she did on her way home. This was on Tuesday; when the three met at church the following Sunday they exchanged significant glances, but did not dare have much to say to one another. They all paid strict attention to the preacher, striving to note if there was any change in his demeanor which would indicate a shock to his nervous system. But they could perceive none.

"Guess it couldn't been the same woman, Caroline," Mrs. Robbins whispered cautiously, as they met near the gate.

"Maybe she's gone away an' they had to send the letter on after her. Just wait a while."

On Wednesday of this week the stage belonging to the Imperial Hotel rattled back from the 12.03 train with a passenger inside. Mr. Midwin, the proprietor, who was dozing on the front porch over a day old newspaper, rubbed his eyes and looked again when he beheld old black Tom backing the horses around to the stepping stone in front of the ladies' entrance. As a rule nothing ever came back in the noon stage but the mail bag.

Guests often went away by the train it met. However, it always seemed that more guests were leaving the Imperial than ever arrived at it. It was one of the standing Newcomb mysteries how this could be.

Mr. Midwin was on his feet in an instant, but he nearly lost them again in astonishment when, holding the door open for his guest to descend, he beheld the lady. She was dressed in black, but the waist of her gown was more like a man's jacket than Mr. Midwin had ever seen on woman before. This parted at the breast, revealing underneath the unmistakable shirt of the gentleman, topped by a stand up collar, the latter encircled by a black tie fastened in four in hand style. The "tailor made girl" was as yet an unknown quantity in Newcomb. Mr. Midwin was at first undecided whether to bow

down and worship, or close the stage door and tell Tom to drive back to the station as fast as he could. The sight of the glittering stones in the woman's ears reassured him. This was surely a feminine trait. He put out his hand and assisted the stranger to alight.

She was a handsome woman, apparently about thirty. There was a cold glitter in her eye, however, that Mr. Midwin noted without being exactly able at the time to explain just why he was affected by it as he was.

"This is the Imperial, is it?" The woman took a tortoise shell lorgnette from its position on her girdle and held it up for an instant's survey of the building. "Is this the only hotel in town?" She turned on Mr. Midwin suddenly with the question, surveying him with her glass just as she had surveyed the building.

"No, oh no, ma'am," responded Midwin, who, many of the citizens declared, was entirely too meek to run a hotel successfully. He had inherited the property from his father. "But the Imperial is the leading one."

"Oh, it is the leading one, is it?"

The woman repeated these words as she turned again toward the house with her glass, as though she were seeking from it confirmation of the assertion made by its owner. She dropped the lorgnette suddenly and took a step closer to the landlord.

"Come now," she said in quite a different tone and with a smile that revealed two rows of dazzlingly white teeth, "what will you charge me for a parlor and bedroom for—let me see—say a week?"

Mr. Midwin drew a quick breath. He was quite overwhelmed by the intimation that the woman might want to stay with him for a week. His usual guests were commercial travelers, who rarely lingered over a couple of days.

"A parlor and a bedroom, on a lower floor, of course, would cost you twenty dollars for the week. If you will step into the parlor I will bring the register to you."

Mr. Midwin had caught sight of the great Saratoga trunk standing by the driver's seat on the omnibus. It seemed to convince him that there was a reality about the week's stay business. He threw open a door on the piazza that led directly into a small reception room, and stood alongside of it in a deferential attitude till the lady had walked past him and taken a seat inside.

"Umph," she muttered, glancing around her critically and drawing off her gloves with a little toss in the air of each as she freed her fingers of it, "if he's really here it must be a come down for him. Jack Hartfield! Ha, ha!"

She laughed softly, and then got up to walk around the room in a restless fashion. She paused suddenly before one of the windows.

"Who could have sent me that letter?" she murmured. "I wonder—but there! I won't puzzle my head about it any more. I'll take the goods the gods provide, asking no questions. Ah, Jack, I didn't know how much I cared for you till this opportunity of seeing you again was thus unexpectedly made possible. I wonder if you have changed much, if you have many traces of the bonny boy of ten years ago? And a minister now. Ha, ha, ha!"

She laughed aloud this time. Mr. Midwin, coming in with the register, a bottle of ink carried carefully on top of it and a pen behind his ear, was startled almost into dropping his burden by the sound. He deposited the book and the ink quickly on the marble topped center table, then proffered the pen to the lady.

"Oh, yes, you want me to write my name of course," she said.

She sat down, took the pen and was about to begin with a little flourish when she paused. She raised her eyes from the page for an instant and gazed at the ugly pattern of the wall paper reflectively. The hesitation was only for an instant, however. It was not noted by the landlord, whose eyes were fixed on the varied display of rings on the hand of his newly arrived guest.

"There," she exclaimed, and rose with a little sigh of relief.

"Mrs. L. H. Westerman, New York," read Mr. Midwin.

The name had an aristocratic sound. In spite of some odd mannerisms in the woman who bore it, he quickly decided that she was some wealthy widow of fine family in the metropolis. But what could have brought her to Newcomb? However, that was no concern of his at present. He must accept the windfall of fortune and be thankful for it without seeking to comprehend the various agencies that had raised the breeze creating it.

"When do you have luncheon?"

Mrs. Westerman asked this question as she picked up her chatelaine watch and noted the time.

"Luncheon?" Mr. Midwin repeated the unaccustomed word in order to gain the opportunity to more thoroughly comprehend it. "Dinner is ready at one," he finally replied.

"Oh, you have supper at night then, I suppose." A frown creased the woman's brow for an instant. "Ah well," she said then, "never mind. Got many people in the house?" she added.

"Not many just at present, madam." Mr. Midwin made this reply in apologetic fashion, as though wishing her to believe that the hot weather accounted for the fact. "Shall I show you to your room?"

"Yes, I'm tired. I shall want to rest before dinner. But no luncheon!" She followed the landlord out of the room, lifting her eyebrows and shrugging her shoulders with an air of resignation.

She made no remark on the rooms when she saw them. She begged that her trunk might be sent up at once.

"If I don't feel able to come down to lun—dinner, I suppose I may have it sent up to me?" she asked as the landlord was about to take his departure.

"Certainly, madam. Twenty five cents extra for meals sent to rooms."

"Yes, I understand that," she replied, "and have you any good

claret in the cellar? I shall want a bottle. Your very best, remember."

"Very good," responded the landlord.

Once outside the door he raised his hands above his head, while he shook the latter in silent wonderment.

"She beats all I ever see," he muttered. "Man's clothes, pretty near, an' bottles of wine! Dear, dear, what will Mrs. Midwin say when I tell her?"

But Mrs. Midwin was at this time visiting relatives in a distant part of the State. She was of a much more wide awake nature than her husband. Perhaps if she had been at home Mrs. Westerman might have had a few questions put to her after she had registered.

Tom had to get the assistance of Sam, the second man at the stable, to help him up the stairs with the Saratoga trunk. When they had deposited it in the spot pointed out by its owner, she said:

"I want one of you to come back here in fifteen minutes and take a letter out for me to mail. Remember, in fifteen minutes. I don't see any bell in the room."

"Yes'm," answered Tom, and on the way down stairs he confided to Sam that he thought the new comer must be the Circassian girl from the circus, married and become respectable.

"Didn't you see what funny yeller hair she had?" he added. "Kind o' whitish. I never seed none like it afore outside de show."

In fifteen minutes by the bar room clock he was back at No. 16. In response to his knock the door was opened to a crack and a white hand passed out a square shaped envelope and a ten cent piece.

"Right away, please," said the voice inside.

"Yes, ma'am, t'ank ye, ma'am."

Tom pocketed the unexpected coin—for the few ladies who chanced to stop at the Imperial were non-tippers—and shambled off towards the post office on the next block at a faster gait than usual.

Half way to his destination, curi-

osity prompted him to look down at the address on the letter that had been given him.

"Golly," he exclaimed, "it's agoin' to Mr. Hartfield the minister. She must be sick an' t'ink she's goin' to die. She did look purty white for a fac'!"

Tom went on and dropped the letter in the slot at the post office. As he turned away he saw Hartfield on the other side of the street. He crossed over and hailed him.

"Massa Hartfield," he said, "there's a letter for you in de offis. I done jess drop it in. You better go over an' get it out fore it gets cold." And elated at the joke he felt he had made Tom hurried back to the hotel.

VII.

HARTFIELD had been to call on Mrs. Brink. The old lady had not been very well; she had been absent from church on Sunday. She was all right again now, however; one of her twinges of rheumatism, she explained to the minister, who enjoyed his visit with her exceedingly.

She had spoken so nicely of Grace. She thought the two just suited to each other, she said, and had been so pleased when she heard of the engagement. Hartfield was set aglow with a sense of his blessings as he came away and walked back toward the parsonage. Grace had promised to name the day for the wedding at some early date in October. The session had offered to grant him leave of absence for a month. He had decided they would go West for their trip.

He was in the upper story of his air castle when black Tom accosted him. He had not intended to stop at the post office then. Letters very seldom came for him in the noon mail. But this was evidently something from somebody in town. Perhaps there was sickness. He stepped across the street and entered the post office.

The Mason carryall stood before

the door. Mrs. Mason was on the front seat driving, two of the children and a great bundle of purchases in the rear. Gil Mason was in the office getting the mail.

Hartfield stopped to speak to the wagon load; not omitting to shake hands with the children. They were not particularly attractive youngsters, but then the minister had not failed to profit by the lesson he had learned from his experience with Mrs. Robbins.

"Yes, we're all pretty well, Mr. Hartfield," Mrs. Mason replied to his inquiries. "Timothy is kind of dragged down with work on the place, though, gittin' in all the crops. Gilly, look in Mr. Hartfield's box and see if there is a letter for him."

"No'm, there ain't," returned the boy after he had gone in to make an inspection.

"Why, that's odd!" exclaimed Hartfield. "I was just told that there was something here for me. Excuse me, Mrs. Mason; perhaps Mr. Brown has misplaced it."

Mrs. Mason glanced after him sharply as he went up the steps into the office. She did not drive on as soon as Gil got in. She sat there as if trying to think what other errand she had to do before turning the horses' heads homewards. Then she glanced up and saw the minister coming out of the post office, holding a square envelope in front of him, an expression on his face she had never seen there before. But when he noticed that the carriage was still standing there, he slipped the letter into the side pocket of his coat, and said: "It is from town. Mr. Brown hadn't taken it from the basket yet. Good morning, Mrs. Mason."

He lifted his hat and passed on. Mrs. Mason looked after him.

"From town, is it? It can't be the answer then," she said to herself. "But I never saw a man look as much as if he was suffering awful pain."

She slapped the lines on the horses' backs and started homeward, determined to mention the incident to

Caroline Tagford the next time she saw her. Hartfield meanwhile walked along the maple shaded main street toward the parsonage. But he seemed not to be really conscious of where he was going. The walking was purely mechanical. He was not sensible of bending his steps in any particular direction. He remembered speaking to Mrs. Mason as he came out of the post office. He wondered now how he could have done it. He hoped he had not said anything out of the way. He had no recollection of what he had said.

He kept one hand over the pocket that held the letter, the letter which he had not yet opened, but the writing on which he had recognized at the first glance. He had never expected to see it again. So many years had elapsed since any communication had passed between him and the writer that he had felt justified in hoping that never again in any way would their paths cross.

"Grace!" The one word escaped him with a sort of shudder. Was it Nemesis on his track, now that he had given himself up to a happiness that he had once thought never could be his?

But it was idle for him to be anticipating evil in this way before he knew anything definitely. Perhaps after all the letter was not from *her*. It might be possible that some one else would write a similar hand. There were strange coincidences constantly occurring in the world. He hurried on, reached the parsonage, and going up to the study, locked himself in. Then, seated at his desk, he drew the letter from his pocket and slit open the envelope with the silver dagger that lay beside the ink stand.

An odor of violet was diffused about him as he drew out the inclosure. The faint hope with which he had sought to buoy up his spirits faded before that perfume as a flower wilts beneath a scorching sun. For one second he closed his eyes, then squared his shoulders, unfolded the letter and began to read. But when

he took in the date line *Imperial Hotel, Newcomb*, he sprang to his feet, with the note crushed together in his hand.

"Here, in this very town!" he muttered.

A black frown gathered on his brow. Righteous indignation chased the sadness out of his eyes. In that moment he looked ready to meet an army. Then came the reaction; he sat down in the chair again, and as he smoothed out the crumpled sheet, he murmured to himself: "Of course she is here. I ought to have known that before. Tom told me he had himself posted the letter."

He took the letter up and read it through this time. It was very short; only a few lines, that ran as follows:

DEAR JACK:

I learned by accident that you were here. I could not resist coming to see you for the sake of old times. I shall expect you to come here and call upon me tonight. If you do not do so I shall feel obliged to present myself at the parsonage of the Rev. John Hartfield, which may not perhaps be so pleasant for him. Affectionately,

LUCILLE.

Once read through, Hartfield placed the note down on the desk in front of him, propped his head on his two hands and proceeded to go over it again, more slowly, with a determination to read what might be concealed behind each sentence. For he knew "Lucille" well. In all these years he had not forgotten those things in which she was master.

"I learned by accident that you were here."

"What accident was that?" he asked himself.

Had she seen his name in one of the religious papers? It seemed highly improbable that she would look there. Had she met some mutual friend of the old days who had told her? But he knew not one of these who was aware of his present whereabouts and occupation. He must leave this still a mystery and go on to the next sentence.

"I could not resist coming to see you for the sake of old times."

Hartfield knew how much sentiment weighed with the writer.

There was a settled purpose in her appearance in Newcomb. What was it? Did she know that he was engaged to be married to Grace Kingsbury?

"I shall expect you to come here and call upon me tonight."

This was a command with a threat of some sort concealed behind it. He understood this readily enough without the help of the next sentence, proclaiming the alternative that was presented to him. But the threat itself? What would that be? What hold did she expect to have upon him?

But there was no use in guessing at motives. The question to be decided now was as to whether or not he should go to the Imperial that night.

This was prayer meeting evening and after the service he of course expected to accompany Grace home. He could stop at the hotel after that. This would not be too late for "Lucille."

But to see that woman again! Every nerve in his body revolted from the idea. Suppose he wrote to her and asked her what she wanted of him? But no; this would not answer. She had determined to see him and there were plenty of ways in which she could effect her purpose if he did not permit her to do it in the one she had planned out. It was better that he should go.

Having arrived at this determination, he tore the letter into small pieces, and then with a pair of scissors he took from one of the drawers of the desk, he clipped them into still smaller bits and dropped them into the scrap basket. The act appeared to remind him of something. He unlocked the drawer where he had placed those two photographs he had looked at the night of his arrival in Newcomb.

He had not taken them out since his engagement. Now he gazed at them for an instant, then glanced toward the fireplace.

"These should have been destroyed long ago," he murmured.

Taking a newspaper from the table

he crumpled it into a ball, threw it into the empty fireplace, dropped the pictures on top of it, then drew a match from the case on the mantelpiece and struck it. He was about to apply it to the paper when, with a sudden impulse, he bent over and snatched up the portrait of himself.

"Even in immolation we shall not be together," he said grimly.

Still holding the rescued picture in his hand, he inserted the match in among the creases of the paper, and the next instant this had burst into flames. He watched the ends of the photograph catch the tongues of fire and curl up as if in mortal anguish; then, when only cinders were left, he placed the picture he held back in the drawer, turned the key on it, and proceeded to pace the floor restlessly till Catharine came to summon him to lunch.

That night even Grace noticed that he was evidently distraught at the meeting. He gave out the wrong hymns twice, and changed a little the order of exercises.

"You are tired, John, aren't you?" she said afterwards. "Working right through the hot weather the way you do is too great a strain on you."

He felt guilty in not telling her the truth, but he had decided that he would not worry her with the affair till it became necessary. But she was a little surprised when he declined to come in when they returned to the cottage.

"I am selfish, though," she said. "You ought to go home and rest. See, I forbid you to change your mind now."

She smiled up at him as she passed quickly in at the gate and shut it between them.

He felt a burning sense of deceit as he turned away, leaving her to suppose that he *had* gone home. For an instant he checked his quick strides, almost determined to turn around and tell her who was in the town. But for the hope that was in his heart that there might yet be a way in which she could be spared the pain of knowing this, he would have done so.

On the way to the hotel he overtook Miss Tagford and Delia Mullins. He heard them talking in suppressed tones after he had bowed and passed them. He supposed they were wondering why he had not stayed at the Kingsburys' a little while. It seemed to him as if he was standing on the very edge of a crater and that the earth beneath his feet might give way at any instant and precipitate him into the seething mass.

A number of the usual hotel loungers were tilted back on the piazza of the Imperial. They appeared to be astonished when Hartfield turned in at the place instead of passing on.

"Good evening, good evening, parson," exclaimed Mr. Midwin, dropping the forelegs of his chair to the floor and getting upon his own.

"Good evening, Mr. Midwin," responded Hartfield. "I called to——"

He came to a sudden pause. The note had been signed simply "Lucille." Whom should he ask for? What name had she given at the hotel?

For one second a chill struck to his soul as he thought of a certain possibility. Then he dismissed it as not according with the purpose of the note. His pause was so brief as to be noticeable only to one who might be looking for it.

"A lady is staying with you," he went on. "She sent to me announcing that she was here."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the landlord. "Mrs. Westerman. She's in No. 16. I'll show you up myself. Warm weather we've been having, Mr. Hartfield."

"But we must be pretty near to the end of it now," responded the minister encouragingly.

He hoped Mr. Midwin would not linger till after the door was opened. He could not be certain just how Mrs. Westerman would receive him. He repeated the name under his breath that he might be sure to remember it. He would not call her anything else.

"Thank you, Mr. Midwin. I won't keep you any longer."

He said this quickly as the landlord halted before a room on the next floor and started to double up his knuckles.

"Not at all, not at all. Can't ever find that Tom or Sam when I want 'em, but it's easier to do things yourself than to hunt 'em up."

Mr. Midwin walked back toward the stairs again, leaving Hartfield to wish he hadn't been so particular about sending him off that way. He might think it odd and discuss what it might mean with those fellows down stairs on the piazza. But it was too late to undo the thing now.

He knocked on the door.

VIII.

"A H, Jack!"

The words died on the woman's lips. She had started to speak them the instant he had closed the door. Both her hands were outstretched, the mouth shaped into a pouting, pleading position. But Hartfield's hand was outstretched, too, its palm showing toward her who would have greeted him so warmly. There was not a shade of recognition in the eyes with which he looked at her, nothing but the courtesy a gentleman would extend to a stranger in the tones with which he said:

"You sent for me, Mrs. Westerman. What is your wish?"

She stood there looking at him for a moment. She was dressed quietly for her—in black and white.

"Will you be seated?" she said then, motioning toward the sofa.

Hartfield laid his hand on a chair that stood near the table and then, as she sank down on the sofa herself, he seated himself on the chair opposite to her.

"I told you what I wished," she said, "in my note. I wanted to see you, to look at you. It is long since I have had that pleasure. You have improved amazingly."

"You have some business to trans-

act with me, Mrs. Westerman, I believe. What is its nature?"

"Did I say I had any business to transact? I can't remember every word I write, you know. If I was a man and had an office I might keep a—what do you call it?—a copy press, and then I could refer to what I said in my notes. But that aside, you can't think, Jack, how delighted I am to see you again. It is—let me see—how many years since—since we were in Boston together?"

She paused, as if expecting him to answer, but Hartfield said nothing. He was looking at her steadily, wondering what fascination this woman could ever have exerted over him.

There was silence in the room for half a minute or so. From below, through the open windows, came the monotonous murmur of one voice, some member of the group on the piazza telling a story in which he, the narrator, had figured heroically. Hartfield felt that he was making absolutely no progress. He must get Mrs. Westerman to expose her hand.

He rose and stepped toward the door.

"Where are you going?" she exclaimed, rising and coming towards him.

"I am going home," he answered. "You said you wanted to see me. You have done that. You intimate there is nothing else you want of me."

"But there *is* something else. Oh, Jack, I want you. I did not realize then what a mistake I was making when I threw you over. I am free again. Westerman is dead. I come back to you now, ask you to forget the past and—take your wife home with you!"

She made a motion as if to throw herself into his arms. He recoiled a step or two. She sank down on the sofa, her face buried in her hands.

The expression on Hartfield's countenance when she used that term was a study. It was rage, remorse, contempt and horror all combined.

"You have no right to refer to yourself in that way any longer," he

replied coldly. "We are nothing to each other now—can never be anything else again."

"Why not?" As if encouraged by his dropping of the dignified tone, the woman now lifted her face and looked eagerly towards him. "We can be married again if you like. I will give up everything that would not make me the fit mate for such a man as you have become, and—you know what a sacrifice that would be for me."

"Never, it can never be!" he broke in. "You are as dead to my heart I tell you, as if your image had never tainted it."

"Tainted it!" She rose, fire flashing into her eyes, the color rushing up into her temples. "Who begged of me for this defilement, as you call it now? Who swore by all the powers of earth and heaven that he would ever be true to me to the end of time? Do you remember nothing of that, John Hartfield?"

Her voice had risen till, as she pronounced his name, it was shrill almost. In the silence that succeeded the outburst, it was noticeable that there was significant silence also below on the porch. Hartfield stepped over to the windows and closed them. Then he turned and faced his companion again.

"Was it not you who first broke faith with me?" he asked. "I do not deny that I would have given worlds never to have said the words you have just recalled to me. The words themselves I do not deny. But I am not the man I was when I spoke them. You must see that—see that it is as impossible for me to have any love for you as it would be for me to take off from my life the ten years that have passed since that unfortunate night when I became your husband."

She stood listening to him, tapping one foot impatiently on the carpet. There was no sign of sorrow in her face now. It was all anger.

"Do you think all this is pleasant for me to hear?" she exclaimed. "To have you say that the intensity with which you hate me now is as

fervid as were once your protestations of love?"

"You do well to call them protestations," he interjected here, with a bitter smile.

"But doubtless you have loved again," she went on. "Doubtless there is some one in this very town who is occupying the place in your heart that once was mine. Oh, I can see that there is in your face. I have struck the right chord now. You are not married yet! I have taken pains to find out that much. But you are rich still. How much will it be worth to you to have me go away from Newcomb?"

"In your true colors at last, Lucille Rabley."

The expression burst from Hartfield almost impulsively. Then he drew himself up and replied: "It is worth nothing to me. Stay and do your worst."

"Ha, ha, ha! Quite dramatic, upon my word!" She tapped her fan upon her open palm in token of applause. "You haven't forgotten all you learned in your theater going days yet, it appears. But I wonder if you realize what the worst really is, sir."

She opened the fan and glanced over it at him with a menace in her look.

"I don't care what it is," he replied. "It can hurt me no deeper than the consciousness that I had bargained with you for a cowardly exemption."

"Then there is nothing in your past life of which you, the Rev. John Hartfield, are ashamed?"

"Plenty, but not to such an extent that I would be willing to bribe you to silence."

"Then you would go home and sleep just as serenely tonight if you knew I had taken a fancy to Newcomb and had decided to settle down here for a while? Would you, my dear Jack? Of course I would always call you Jack. It would seem strange to do otherwise. And I would attend your church regularly; you can't think how anxious I am to hear you preach. And it would not

take me long to become acquainted with the people. And I could tell them such interesting stories of the early life of their pastor. Oh, it would be a delightful summer diversion for me. I declare I am quite reconciled to the loss of whatever sum you might have given me."

Hartfield stood like a statue listening to all this. He knew what it meant. In anticipation he heard about his ears the din of indignation that would be raised. But he must face it; there was nothing else for him to do. To barter with a woman like this one would degrade him to the level from which it had taken him all these years to rise.

But Grace! She would be involved too. He must think of her as well as of himself. She would be brought face to face with this woman, probably. But this did not alter right and wrong. If one bargain were made it might only be the first of a never ending series.

Hartfield picked up his hat from the chair on which he had placed it on entering.

"I think we have finished all business that can be transacted between us," he said, turning toward the other.

"No, not quite all," she replied. "There is still another alternative I will give you, one which I suggested when you first came tonight. Take me to be your wife again and——"

But she saw it was useless to say more. A positive expression of loathing came into his face, and in the pause that ensued he said "Good night," opened the door quickly and went out.

Some of the loungers on the front porch were just starting for home when he passed them. One of them, a young man whom he had now and then noticed at church, stepped up to him and said half hesitatingly, "I'm goin' your way, parson, an' if you don't mind I'd like to walk along with you."

It required Hartfield's entire stock of self control to get out a simple "Certainly." He knew he must keep up, must not allow the inward

fire to show itself on the exterior. In this was his only salvation.

His companion began to talk about New York, asking whether the minister would recommend a young man to go there to get a start in life.

"It depends on the fellow's character," Hartfield replied. "If he feels he can resist the temptations that are certain to assail him in a great city, he has certainly a wider prospect for rising, if he can secure an opening, than if he remained in the country."

While he was speaking thus, he was wondering at his own self command, wondering, too, how long it would be before the man at his side would hear what all the town would think of this minister who was now giving him advice. When they parted at the corner of Elm Street the other put out his hand and said: "I won't forget this talk, Mr. Hartfield. I never had much to do with churches or ministers till you came here. I ain't any too good now, but somehow you don't seem like the others. You don't make religion a womanish thing. I'm comin' to hear you more'n I have done."

When he had gone, Hartfield wished they could have remained in company longer. He dreaded confronting the problem of the future. He recalled what that woman had said about how his sleep would be disturbed that night.

"But I have done right," he argued now. "There is nothing to regret that I did not regret before—except her coming here—and that was an exigency for which I should have been prepared. But Grace must be told in the morning. She must not hear it first from other sources."

He slept better that night than he had expected to, but Catherine was concerned about the smallness of the breakfast he ate.

"Love can't be good for a man," she told herself, as she watched him walk down the path to the gate about nine o'clock.

He met Grace just as she was leaving the cottage to go to market.

"Come back into the house," he

said. "I have something I must tell your mother and yourself at once."

"I knew you were worried last night, John. I saw it in your face."

"Can you not guess what it is, my dear?"

They had reached the sitting room and Grace had called her mother. In a few words Hartfield told them what had occurred, feeling as though he were inflicting a knife wound as he did so. But they bore it bravely and each approved the stand he had taken.

Then they sat there and talked it over as though it were some material calamity which was sure to burst upon them at some specified time and from which there was no escape.

"Don't fear for me, John," said Grace. "I can bear it—for your sake. It may not be for long. The storm may spend itself in the first outburst."

But that was the fuller horror of the thing. There was only one certainty about it, that it was bound to come. But when the blow would fall or how, not one of them could tell.

IX.

LET us go back to the Imperial Hotel on that Wednesday evening. When Mr. Midwin returned to his seat on the porch, after showing Hartfield to Mrs. Westerman's room, one of the loungers remarked, as he shifted his body to an easier position, "You don't often have a call from the minister, do you, Midwin?"

"Well, he's been here to see me once," answered the landlord. "I ain't much of a hand to go to church. But Lavinia, she likes him, though she was brought up a Moravian. There ain't any church of that sect in this town, so she got to goin' to hear Hartfield an' takin' me with her."

"Your wife's away now, ain't she, Ike?" remarked another of the men.

"Yes, gone to see her folks."

"Then the minister must have called to see somebody you've got

stayin' in the house," added the first speaker quickly.

"So he did; a Mrs. Westerman from New York. She sent for him to come."

"She ain't sick, is she, and wantin' spiritual consolation?" observed Seth Milford.

"I guess she's pretty healthy," laughed the landlord in reply. Then, in one of those whispers which everybody is expected to listen to, he put his hand at one side of his mouth and added: "She drank a pint bottle of claret for her dinner."

"She did! Ha, ha, and then sent for the minister."

There was a general laugh, and then Mr. Milford volunteered to relate a story of an experience of his in the war which speaking of claret reminded him of. Just why it should, except that claret was the color of blood, not one of those present quite understood. But then Seth Milford was ready with a story on the slightest provocation, and the talk was effectually switched off from the minister and his affairs till the sudden sound of a woman's voice, raised to shrill tones, came floating down from the floor above.

"They seem to be havin' high words up there, Midwin," remarked Alec Rodney. "Is that the lady Hartfield's calling on?"

"It must be," responded the landlord. "That's where her room is."

Then they heard the window put down.

"Kind o' queer, don't you think?" commented Seth Milford, looking around from one to the other of his companions, ready to enlarge upon this new topic at the first sign of encouragement from any quarter.

"What sort of a woman is she, Midwin?" inquired Mr. Rodney. "Young?"

"Well, I should call her so, and a stunner in dress, if to fix herself up like a man makes a thing stunning. 'Tis kind o' queer, come to think, a person like her should send for the minister."

"Maybe she's some kin to him," suggested Andrew Macy, the young

man who afterwards walked away with Hartfield.

"No, that can't be," rejoined Milford. "She'd go straight to his house if she was. An' you say she drank a bottle of champagne for her dinner, Midwin?"

"Claret, Seth, a pint bottle of claret."

"Well, 'twas wine any way, that's scandalous enough for a lone woman to be drinking. An' they tell me the minister's engaged?"

"Yes, to the Kingsbury girl."

"Queer, very queer." Seth Milford shook his head slowly from side to side with the air of a sage.

"Oh, I guess it's all right." The landlord was not anxious to have any sort of scandal associated with his house. But tongues had been set wagging and the next day it was whispered from one to the other in the town that a loud looking woman was staying at the Imperial Hotel, that the minister had called on her after prayer meeting, that the two had drunk a bottle of wine between them and had then quarreled in most unseemly fashion.

This was the report Mrs. Deacon Porter heard when she went to market Thursday morning, and which she gave to her husband at the dinner table.

"Lies, Emmeline, every one of them, lies!" he declared, bringing his fist heavily down on the cloth. "The gossips have been after that poor man ever since he's been here. You told 'em you didn't believe a word of it, didn't you?"

"I told 'em I didn't see how it could be, but there's Delia Mullins I saw at meeting last night, don't you remember her tellin' us how she'd seen an over dressed woman get into the Imperial 'bus down at the station?"

"Well, what if she'd seen fifty women get into fifty 'buses, does that make it out that the minister went to see 'em all and got drunk?"

"Fie, fie, Richard, nobody says that about him."

"They might as well, they might as well, Emmeline. Now mind,

don't you circulate that report a house further. I'm going to investigate it myself."

"How? Don't do anything rash, Richard."

"Rash? Nothing can be rasher than to let scandals like this about our minister go on worming their way like a serpent through the town."

"But what can you do?"

"I can start another story sayin' there isn't a word of truth in the whole business, can't I?"

Mrs. Porter smiled sadly.

"Yes, Richard, you can start it, but it won't go twenty rods. Besides, you've got to have some proof."

"Proof? I don't see as these other parties were particular about that. But I can get all the proof I want fast enough. I'm goin' down to the parsonage now to ask Hartfield himself about the whole matter."

"Oh, Richard, you'd better not do that! You might embarrass the poor man."

"Embarrass him? Look here, Emmeline, I half believe you think there's some truth in this story. Bein' with that Tagford woman so much in the sewin' circle has de-praved you."

"Well, well, I may be wrong in thinkin' Mr. Hartfield won't like your comin'. Perhaps you'd better go after all. Your own mind will be relieved, any way."

So when he was through his dinner, the deacon put on his hat and marched off through the hot sun to the parsonage. Catharine told him he would find Hartfield down in the orchard, where he sometimes walked when he was thinking out his sermons. Thither the deacon betook himself, deciding that the errand upon which he had come was of sufficient importance to justify this interruption of sermon manufacture.

"I just want to bother you for one minute, parson," he said, as they shook hands. "No, no," he added as the other proposed that they go up to the house, where the deacon could be entertained more comfortably. "I can say what I want to say here as well as anywhere."

But now that he was face to face with the minister, the latter's eyes looking at him searchingly, Mr. Porter found the task he had set himself not such a simple one as he had expected.

"I told Mrs. P. I was comin' straight to you about it," he began, rubbing and rubbing away at an apple he had picked up. "An' I don't want you to think, Mr. Hartfield, I do this because I believe the story myself. I don't. It's only that I want your own words to help me nail it as the black falsehood it's sure to be."

"Yes, I understand perfectly, Deacon Porter."

Hartfield wondered if his voice sounded as dry as it felt. With all the determination he could muster he kept his eyes fixed on the speaker, who now went on:

"I don't know whether you've heard what they're sayin' or not, but it's right that you should, though maybe there's some would think it queer for me to tell you."

The deacon paused here, paused for so long that Hartfield felt impelled to say:

"What is it they are telling about me?"

The deacon had evidently made up his mind to make a bold plunge and have it over with.

"Why, they say you went around to the Imperial Hotel last night after meetin' to see some woman that's come there, an' that you an' she drank a lot of wine together an' then got to quarrelin'. I said at once there wasn't a word of truth in it. How do you suppose the story ever got on its legs, Mr. Hartfield?"

"Probably because I did go to make a call at the hotel last night."

The minister made this reply in a steady voice, but it cost him an effort not to flinch under the startled look that appeared on the deacon's face.

"You was there then?" exclaimed the old man. "Well, I suppose that's what gave ground for the story," he added after an instant. "But of course it was just a call in the line of

your duty. You didn't drink any wine?"

"No, I didn't drink any wine."

Hartfield forced himself to smile as he made this response.

"I suppose this woman was took sick at the hotel and sent for you?" the deacon went on.

"No, she wasn't ill, but she sent for me. She was—some one I had known before I came here."

"Oh yes, a friend of yours. Perfectly natural that you should go to see her. That just shows how they make up these stories out of nothing at all. Of course there wasn't any high words between you? You'll excuse me askin' this, parson, but you see I've undertaken to clear this thing up. You parted the best of friends?"

"I can't say yes to that, Deacon Porter."

Hartfield put out his arm and laid his hand against the apple tree under which they were standing. His fingers seemed to be making an effort to encircle the trunk. The deacon did not try to conceal the amazement this answer caused him. He dropped the apple he had been holding and exclaimed:

"Then you did have some words?"

"I wouldn't describe it in just that way. The lady and I failed to agree on a certain matter, that was all."

Deacon Porter began to look excessively uncomfortable. He shifted from one foot to the other, and finally stooped over to pick up the apple he had dropped. When he had straightened up again, he remarked:

"And this lady you say is a friend of yours?"

"I said she was some one whom I used to know."

"Well, Mr. Hartfield, I won't keep you any longer. I'm much obliged for what you have told me. Good afternoon."

The deacon turned away and began threading his course among the trees back to the kitchen garden and so out to the path that skirted the house and led to the front gate. Hartfield stood and watched him till he disappeared from view.

"He forgot to shake hands," he mused. "He acted almost as if I had struck him. I wonder if I should have told him all. But they will know soon enough at this rate; they will all know."

The deacon meanwhile was walking back home as if in a daze.

"He went there to see this woman," he was saying to himself, "and they quarreled. An' he won't say she was a friend of his, but just somebody he used to know."

When he reached his own gate he observed carefully the front of the house to note if his wife was at any of the windows. He did not feel that he could go to her just yet with his report. He wanted more time to think it over. But there was a letter in the dining room he wanted to post on his way to the store. He went in quietly to get it from the mantelpiece.

"Well, Richard, did you see the minister?"

Mrs. Porter suddenly opened the other door and came in from the kitchen. The deacon started.

"Yes, I saw him, Emmeline," he replied. "Nothin' you want me to bring you up from down street, to-night, is there?"

He had slipped the letter in his coat pocket and turned to go out again.

"No, I'm going down myself when it gets cooler. But what did Mr. Hartfield say?"

Mrs. Porter was putting the silver back on the sideboard, but she placed each article down carefully that she might not lose anything of her husband's answer. The deacon took off his glasses, wiped them, and then, while he blew gently on each eyepiece, and then held it up against the light preparatory to giving it another polish, sat down on a chair next the door.

"Emmeline," he said slowly, "Mr. Hartfield was at the hotel last night and did have some words with that woman."

"He told you that himself, Richard?"

"Yes, he told me himself. But

there wasn't any wine drinking. That part wasn't true."

"And the woman? Who was she?"

Mrs. Porter sank into a chair on the other side of the room.

"Some one he used to know. That's all he told me."

"Well, it may be all right, Richard. You know often things come up that you can't explain to other folks. And a minister has as much a right to have his private affairs as the rest of us."

"No, he ain't, Emmeline, not just like the rest of us in a case o' this kind. He's a man set up for our example, an' I don't mind sayin' to you—mind, to you only, Emmeline"—the deacon lowered his voice impressively—"that I was terribly cast down when Mr. Hartfield didn't deny that there had been words between him an' that woman."

"But there might have been a good reason for his quarrelin', Richard." The positions of this husband and wife were reversed; it was now the woman who was standing up for the pastor.

"Then why didn't he give it to me, Emmeline, then why didn't he give it to me?"

The deacon rose as he spoke and without another word left the house.

X.

MISS TAGFORD was all aglow with excitement. The report about Hartfield's call at the hotel had reached her ears and she felt at once that the anonymous letter had borne its fruit. But she dared not say much; she only went about more than usual and picked up gossip wherever she could get it. Then she made it in her way to pass the Imperial Hotel every time she went down the street. But not once did she obtain a glimpse of the woman she hoped to see.

On Sunday, however, she had her great day. The service had begun and they had reached the second hymn when Sexton Briggs came up the aisle and showed a woman into a seat two pews in front of the spinster.

The latter obtained only a side glimpse of her face, but this was sufficient to tell her that it was the woman she had seen at Lake George.

Miss Tagford glanced quickly up at the minister, but his face showed no change. His sermon that morning was one of the strongest he had ever preached. The woman who had come in late kept her eyes fixed on him steadily. She was sitting with the Brinks, and when the congregation was dismissed she turned to Mrs. Brink and thanked her for the use of the pew. Miss Tagford, inventing an excuse to speak to the elder, hurried forward in time to hear this.

"I hope you enjoyed the service," rejoined Mrs. Brink, giving one hand to Miss Tagford as she spoke.

"Oh, I did very much," said Mrs. Westerman effusively. "You see I used to know Mr. Hartfield and so I was very anxious to hear him preach."

"You used to know Mr. Hartfield!" exclaimed Mrs. Brink, who had not for a moment connected the woman before her with the one about whom the reports were circulated. "Then of course you must want to speak to him. He will be so glad to see you. There, he is coming this way with my husband now."

Miss Tagford could scarcely contain herself for the excitement that possessed her. Exactly what she expected to take place she really could not have told, but she knew she was greatly disappointed when Mr. Hartfield suddenly left Elder Brink and went over to the other side of the church to join Miss Kingsbury and her mother. Two or three of the ladies came up at this moment to talk with Mrs. Brink, and they all began to move down the aisle toward the door. And Miss Tagford contrived it that she should be next to the stranger.

"Do you live in Newcomb?" she began.

"Oh, no, I'm just staying here for a few days at the hotel."

"You were at Lake George, weren't you?" went on Miss Tagford, with the little air of importance she al-

ways assumed when mentioning her summer trip. "I think I saw you there when I was visiting my cousin."

Mrs. Westerman turned a quick look on her.

"I do not remember you," she said. "Yes, I was there."

She spoke in an indifferent tone and was glancing behind Miss Tagford's back across the church toward the other aisle, down which Hartfield was passing with the Kingsburys. Suddenly she turned to her companion again and asked:

"Is that the young lady to whom Mr. Hartfield is engaged?"

"Yes, that's Miss Kingsbury," responded Miss Tagford eagerly.

"How long have they been engaged?" was the next question.

"About a month. I expect they'll be married before long."

"Has she got money?"

"Oh no, but he's rich, I guess. You ought to know about that, though. I thought I heard you telling Mis' Brink that you used to be acquainted with Mr. Hartfield."

"Yes, I used to be acquainted with him. And he had money too. His family were rich."

"His family? We don't know anything about them. He never told us much. He ain't been here long."

By this time they had reached the vestibule, which presented a very sociable scene, with much hand shaking and a general exchange of "Good mornings." Mrs. Robbins came up behind Miss Tagford and pulled her by the sleeve. In the instant that the spinster turned to see who wanted her, Mrs. Westerman made her way out through the crowd, and raising her conspicuous black and white parasol, strolled slowly off in the direction of the hotel.

"There she is; that's the woman he went to see at the Imperial," was whispered about, and for an instant or two a silence fell on the vestibule.

Then the talk was resumed, but in a lowered tone. Mr. Hartfield was passing out with the Kingsburys. He bowed and spoke in his pleasant way to those about him, but there was a difference in their manner of

greeting him. He could not but perceive that.

Mrs. Robbins meanwhile was eagerly whispering with Miss Tagford.

"Was that the woman? A bold looking creature, I must say. Do you really think that letter brought her here?"

"Of course it did. She used to know the minister real well. She told me so."

"What do you suppose there is between them?"

"I can't quite make out yet. But he didn't seem to want to speak to her just now in church."

"Well, I think a committee ought to be appointed to wait on the minister and make him explain. It's scandalous to have things going on this way."

"What way?" Delia Mullins came up at this minute and wanted to know.

"Why, the mystery there is about Mr. Hartfield an' that woman who's staying at the hotel," Miss Tagford made haste to answer. "'Tain't possible you ain't heard about it, Delia?"

"Oh, I've heard some whispering, but I haven't placed any dependence on it."

"You haven't? Why, what can you be thinking of, Delia Mullins? Do you mean to say you believe it's right for a man that's a minister and an engaged one at that to go to a hotel late at night and drink wine and quarrel with a strange woman?"

"I don't believe he did it," returned Miss Mullins firmly.

"Of course he did it," persisted Mrs. Robbins. "The whole town knows about it. Go to the hotel and ask Mr. Midwin. He'll tell you."

"Are you talking about the minister?" said Mrs. Mason, joining herself to the group. "I must tell you what I saw Wednesday morning."

"What you saw, Mis' Mason?" Miss Tagford broke in almost breathlessly. "What was it? Anythin' to do with that woman?"

"I should say it was," Mrs. Mason smiled grimly as she spoke. "I was waiting in the carryall in front of

the post office when he got a letter, an' I'm sure it was from her by the way he looked."

"A letter from her!" exclaimed the three listeners in chorus.

"Yes, and you ought to have seen his face when he got it. I don't feel 's if I could sit under his preaching any more till the mystery's cleared up. But there's Timothy waiting with the wagon. I must be going."

Miss Tagford walked off with the Robbinses. Mr. Robbins was a taciturn man, but he had heard the gossip about the minister's call at the hotel, and now, when he found out that Miss Tagford had walked down the aisle with the woman who was staying there, he asked for some particulars about her.

"Is she any relation of Hartfield's?" he inquired.

"That's what we don't know," responded his wife, adding: "I think you, George, as a member of the board of trustees, ought to see that something is done about the matter. What does Deacon Porter say?"

Mr. Robbins and Mr. Porter were in business together.

"Why, I never asked him about it. I never thought to do it. I'll speak to him tomorrow."

The next evening as soon as her husband reached home, "Well, George, did you speak to Deacon Porter about the minister?" Mrs. Robbins asked.

"Yes, the first thing this morning."

"Well, and what does he say?"

"He thinks we'd better appoint a committee to wait on Hartfield and ask him to explain things."

"There, what did I tell you? The very thing I suggested myself. Well, who's going to do it? You know somebody's got to make the first move in a thing of this kind."

"The deacon's going to do it himself. It seems he went to see Hartfield as soon as he heard the reports, and he wasn't quite satisfied with what he found out. The minister denied the wine drinking, but he admitted he went to the hotel and had some words with the woman."

"Well, I hope the committee'll find out who she is and all about her," said Mrs. Robbins. "When are they going to call on him?"

"Tomorrow night."

"But he'll be at the Kingsburys'. He's there every evening when there isn't any meeting."

"But the deacon is going to send him word that we are coming. It's miserable business, the whole of it. I wish there was some other way out of it."

"There isn't. This thing has got to be cleared up for the credit of the church. Only Saturday Mrs. Pen-terby said to me she'd heard of some strange goings on of our minister. But I should think that Kingsbury girl would feel the worst about it. Remember, George, you are to tell me every word that is said at that meeting tomorrow night."

Mr. Robbins did not promise to do this, and when he set out for the parsonage the following evening his wife impressed the matter on his mind again.

"I wish you could go in my place, Clara," he said.

"I wish I could," she retorted promptly.

But the committee which assembled at Deacon Porter's house, and from there adjourned in a body to the parsonage, was composed only of the more prominent male members of the congregation. There were Elder Brink, Mr. Colgate, Mr. Ranger, Mr. Robbins and the deacon.

They looked as solemn as though starting for a funeral, all except Mr. Colgate, who had a grim expression about his lips, as if the mission on which he was bound was not entirely uncongenial to his taste.

"You're sure he'll be there, deacon?" he remarked as they walked down Main Street.

"I sent him word yesterday afternoon that we were coming."

"Yes, I know, but did you intimate to him the nature of our business?"

"I think he can't do anything but understand that. I said we were

coming to inquire into a certain matter."

"Precisely, and therefore he might think it a good time to be out. I think it would have been better if we could have contrived to surprise him in some way."

"I have no fear but we'll find him, Mr. Colgate," and at this moment they reached the parsonage.

Catherine showed them into the seldom lighted parlor. Mr. Hartfield appeared just as they were taking seats. He gave each one a cordial welcome, but he was somewhat paler than usual.

For a few minutes they talked on indifferent topics, but rather lamely and with a frequent tendency to pauses. One of these was broken by Elder Brink, who was sitting next the minister.

"Mr. Hartfield," he began, speaking so softly that Mr. Colgate edged his chair along the floor a few feet nearer, "I don't know whether you sense the reason we've all come here tonight, but I'm inclined to think you do. You must have heard some of the talk in town about you and—and the woman who came last week to stay at Mr. Midwin's hotel. 'Tain't a pleasant subject to speak about, but because people are speakin' about it an' because we want to stop 'em doing it, we've come here tonight to ask you a few questions."

The old man's tones were very tender, and the eyes with which he looked at the minister were kindly ones. Hartfield glanced around the circle, noted the eager bending forward of each head to catch his reply, and then said: "What have you heard about me and the woman at the hotel? I should like to have you state the particulars before I undertake to reply to them. I know about the wine drinking and the quarrel. Is there anything else you have heard?"

Once more he gazed from one to another composing the group around him. For an instant no one spoke, then Mr. Ranger, looking very uncomfortable, cleared his throat and said:

"I have heard something besides that."

Everybody turned and looked at him. Whatever he had heard it was plain he had not told it to the other members of the committee.

"Well, what was it, Ranger? Speak out; you know that's what we are here for."

This from Mr. Colgate, who was evidently on the *qui vive* of expectancy. Hartfield said nothing. His eyes were fixed steadily on the Sunday school superintendent.

"I don't know as I ought to tell this," went on Mr. Ranger, "because I didn't get it direct. I heard it from a man who was in my office to-day, and he got it from Seth Milford, who says Mr. Midwin told him."

Once more Mr. Ranger paused. Mr. Colgate shuffled his feet on the floor impatiently and was about to speak when Elder Brink remarked: "Well, Hiram, tell us what it was. Remember you are saying nothing behind the minister's back. He is right here to tell us if it ain't so."

"Well, then, I heard that that woman said she was Mr. Hartfield's wife."

All eyes were immediately removed from the superintendent's face and fastened on the minister's. His were not dropped, but the fingers of one hand that rested on his knee were twitching slightly; very small beads of perspiration were gathering on his forehead. Elder Brink turned slowly toward him.

"Mr. Hartfield," he said, "you've heard what Mr. Ranger tells us."

"Yes, Mr. Brink, I have heard. You expect me to deny it, I suppose. I am not that woman's husband now."

It is not so easy to describe a sensation. The air appears to be surcharged with a quality which defies capture and analysis. So it was now in the parsonage parlor. The members of the committee looked at one another helplessly, as it seemed, and without speaking. Even those of them who expected the worst were amazed. Elder Brink, although he was evidently more deeply touched

than any of them, was the first to recover himself.

"What do you mean, Mr. Hartfield," he asked, "by your not bein' that woman's husband now? She ain't died since this morning, has she?"

"Not that I have heard of," answered the minister. "I have not been her husband since ten years ago when we were divorced."

"Divorced!" Deacon Porter and Mr. Colgate uttered the word in a breath.

"And you are about to marry again, Mr. Hartfield?" Elder Brink spoke sternly for him.

"Yes, I am about to marry again."

"Does—does Miss Kingsbury know about this?" asked Deacon Porter.

"She does," replied Hartfield.

He was surprised at his own calmness, but in his heart there was a feeling of relief that the worst was over.

"But do you believe in the Scriptural sanction for your course, Mr. Hartfield?" Mr. Colgate inquired.

"If you like," answered the minister, "I will tell you the whole story. Indeed, I think it is due to myself that I do tell it to you."

"Yes, Mr. Hartfield," said the elder. "I think you had better tell us everything."

The group settled themselves in fresh positions. Hartfield rose, passed into the dining room adjoining, poured himself out a glass of water from the pitcher on the sideboard, moistened his lips with it, and then returned to his seat.

"I was the only child," he began, speaking in a low, but very distinct tone. "My mother died when I was only five years old. My father then concentrated all his hopes on his son. He was very successful in his business, and money being plentiful, I had only to ask, to have all my desires gratified. As I grew to manhood the length of my purse strings drew to me as my companions those who had not the best influence over me. It was not long before my pace became as rapid as theirs. I started to go to

college at Columbia, but my father, deeming the influence of metropolitan life not the best for me, removed me to Harvard. I was fond of study, although I still kept up some of my excesses, and having a strong constitution, managed to keep pretty well up in my class, in spite of my late hours.

"It was in my second year that I met Lucille Rabley one night in Boston. She exerted over me a fascination which I could not shake off. Indeed, I did not try to do so. In those days everything was done on impulse. Besides, I was not accustomed to thinking that anything I wanted could be denied me. After a very short acquaintance we were secretly married, only two of my fellow students knowing of the affair. I did not want to leave college before my graduation, so I stayed on till the end of the term. Somehow the matter came to my father's ears. He was very angry, and after the talk he had with me I realized what I had done. Already I had begun to suspect that the woman had made a dupe of me, anxious only for the money I would bring her. As soon as commencement was over my father sent me off to Texas, where he had a large ranch. Meantime the woman made overtures regarding a divorce, which my father managed for me, paying over to her a sum of money, the exact amount of which I never ascertained. She at once married another man, with whom my father learned that she was already on terms of intimacy that justified a divorce."

Hartfield paused for an instant. The men about him were gazing at him with a kind of a dazed expression on their faces, seeming scarcely to breathe. He drew a deep breath himself and went on:

"I was only twenty two, but I felt as if I had lived twice that many years. I loathed myself for what I had been, yet knew no way out. For three years I was a cowboy. The wild, outdoor life built me up in health, but I was still restless in mind, a man without a purpose.

Then came a letter from my mother's only brother, a minister, proposing that I go to Europe with him. After some consideration I decided to accept, and together we rambled all over the Continent and visited the Holy Land. Constant companionship with a man like my uncle gradually wrought a change in me, a change which resulted in my eventually studying for the ministry and becoming your pastor.

"That woman Lucille Rabley I never saw from the day I parted from her in Boston till Wednesday night, when I went to call upon her at the hotel in response to a note she sent me. How she learned I was in Newcomb I do not know. Why she came here I will now tell you."

There was a stir of expectancy among the members of the committee. Mr. Colgate was leaning far forward, his mouth and eyes wide open. Mr. Hartfield continued:

"She thinks that because I have become a minister I shall be willing to bribe her to silence regarding my past. She discovered her mistake. That is why the report got out that we quarreled at the hotel. Need I add that she is nothing to me now? There is my story, gentlemen."

During this narration of the minister's the expressions on the faces of his hearers was a study. Nothing but sadness was to be seen in the countenance of Elder Brink. Deep seated horror was depicted on the features of Deacon Porter. Mr. Robbins looked incredulous, Hiram Ranger perplexed and Mr. Colgate a trifle triumphant. The latter was the first to break the silence that fell on the room when Mr. Hartfield paused.

"I guess you've forgotten, Mr. Hartfield," he said, "that you're an ordained minister."

Hartfield turned a steady look on Newcomb's leading merchant, but made no reply. Mr. Colgate, feeling that this silence on the part of the enemy was a shame, rather than a glory to himself, the champion of the church, continued:

"What do you suppose will be said

in town about your being a divorced man? What sort of effect do you suppose it will have on the welfare of the church?"

"It's mighty serious business, parson, mighty serious," put in Deacon Porter, shaking his head solemnly from side to side.

"Do you think, gentlemen," replied Hartfield, "that my work here has been hindered because I did not continue to live with that woman I married when a college boy? Do you think I ought to have stayed out of the ministry because I was a divorced man?"

"You oughtn't to have come to Newcomb without letting us know about it," said Mr. Colgate.

"But suppose we leave that out of the question, Mr. Hartfield," interposed Mr. Ranger, "do you think it right for a divorced man to marry again while his first wife is still living?"

"Under certain circumstances I do think so," answered the minister, "or I would not contemplate it."

"It ain't right, parson," here broke in the deacon. "It ain't right, divorce or no divorce. 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother,' says the good book, 'and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh.' There's no gettin' around that, Mr. Brink, is there?"

For reply the elder reverently closed his eyes for an instant and repeated: "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Colgate, springing to his feet and beginning to walk up and down the floor. "What do you want more than that, parson? There is Scripture on it."

"Along toward the latter part of Matthew," interjected Elder Brink.

"Yes, sir, chapter and verse we can give you, parson," went on the merchant, coming to a halt in front of the minister. "How are you going to get over that?"

"Does it seem as if God had joined me in marriage with this

woman?" As the minister made this reply he looked not at Mr. Colgate but at Mr. Brink. He spoke very softly, too, in a tone he sometimes used with great effectiveness in his sermons. "I was but little more than a boy; I thought nothing of the future; did not realize the responsibility I was taking upon myself. And she? She was cool and calculating, triumphing in the fact that she had entrapped a young fool whose money would support her. To be sure, it was a clergyman who performed the ceremony, but he knew nothing of either of us. I sometimes think he was more to blame than I. He was an old man, and must have thought the union a strange one. Yet he never asked questions except such as we were well prepared to answer. He seemed to think that the fact that we had witnesses was sufficient. And such marriages are taking place in our country every day."

"Seems to me, Mr. Hartfield," broke in Mr. Colgate, who had now resumed his seat and was wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "seems to me you're wandering from the subject."

"Pardon me. I was merely endeavoring to point out that, to my mind, that marriage was not really sanctioned by the divine blessing."

"You are certain it was a regular minister who married you, are you, Mr. Hartfield?" inquired Mr. Robins.

"Yes. I knew him by reputation well."

"You don't seem to properly feel the wickedness of the thing you are about to do, parson." The deacon came out with this in a burst, as if he had been endeavoring to keep in, but could stand it no longer. "No matter if you were divorced fifty times over, you hain't got any right to marry again so long as that first wife is a livin'."

"Then you think, Deacon Porter," replied the minister, "that I ought to have remained the husband of a woman like Lucille Rabley? Or that having been separated from

her, and having conceived a regard for another, pure as the stars in heaven, I should stifle this because I was once bound to one who could only degrade me?"

"But that one was your own free choice, parson," replied the deacon, leaning forward and putting his finger tips together to rock them gently back and forth. "'As ye sow, ye shall reap.'"

"And the whirlwind, parson," broke in Mr. Colgate. "You will reap the whirlwind. Think what a scandal this second marriage will bring on the church, not here only, but all over the country. Yes, sir, all over the country." In his increasing excitement Mr. Colgate brought his clinched fist heavily down upon his knee. "The newspapers will carry it to the ends of the earth. 'Another minister gone wrong' will be the flaring headline. And right here in Newcomb, too. Have you thought of all this, Mr. Hartfield? Have you thought of the example you will set to the young men of your congregation?"

"Yes, Mr. Hartfield," interposed the Sunday school superintendent, "it would shock people dreadfully. It would be bad enough if you weren't a minister."

"Mr. Ranger," replied Hartfield, "suppose you put yourself in my place for an instant. Take it that you made a foolish marriage, as I did, when you were very young; were legally separated from the woman as I have been; then after many years, you met another woman who loved you and whom you loved. Which do you think would be the proper course for you to pursue: to keep that love locked up in your breast, knowing it was there and allowing the suppression of it to embitter all your after life as well as that of another; or to go to that other, tell her all the circumstances and allow her to decide, and then abide by her decision?"

"It would be hard, parson, I admit, to do the first," replied Mr. Ranger, "but it would be opening a dangerous gate to do the other."

"It would break into the sanctity of our homes," added the deacon. "What's marriage good for if it ain't to make a man stick to the one wife?"

"It would split the church, parson, if you were to do this thing," exclaimed Mr. Colgate. "Or no, it wouldn't," he added, quickly correcting himself, "there wouldn't be enough people left in it to split."

Elder Brink rose and looked around for his hat.

"We've done our duty, Mr. Hartfield," he said, "an' it's gettin' late. There ain't no need for me to say I'd given all I got in this world that this thing shouldn't have come up. I've stood by you from the first, parson. I liked you when I first saw you, but I can't stand by you in this. My wife, she can't stand by you, and she set great store by you, I tell you. My prayer is and hers will be, too, that you'll see things in a different light by morning."

"One moment, Mr. Brink."

Hartfield had risen, too, but he now waved the others back to their seats. "Do I understand that you wish me to tell the lady to whom I am engaged that I cannot marry her?"

"You oughtn't to marry her," retorted Mr. Colgate. "How you get out of it is no concern of ours."

Hartfield's eyes flashed, but he kept his voice to its even tones as he went on:

"Do you think I shall be a worse man, Mr. Brink, for marrying again? Will my usefulness as your pastor be impaired? Suppose this woman, this Lucille Rabley, had not come here, do you imagine that my second marriage would have scandalized you by its results on my life?"

"If we didn't know anythin' about your having a first wife of course we couldn't find fault," replied Mr. Brink.

"Precisely. Then do you think that because the fact of my divorce chances to be made public I ought to be cowardly enough to go back on my word?"

"But you oughtn't to have given that word," said the deacon. "You

hadn't no right to say anything to Miss Kingsbury about marryin' till you was sure this Rabley woman was dead."

A frown creased the minister's brow for an instant as Miss Kingsbury's name was mentioned.

"That, Deacon Porter," he said, "is a matter for my private determination. I am quite willing to be criticised in my official capacity as your pastor. What I do as a private citizen is a matter between me and my conscience. When a man becomes a clergyman he certainly does not give up the right to judge for himself. I have long since come to a decision in this matter. To alter that decision now, because certain facts have come to light, would, it strikes me, be contemptible. I hope I have made myself understood."

"You couldn't have told us any plainer to mind our own business," blustered Mr. Colgate. "But we'll see, sir, we'll see."

He started toward the door and the rest followed him. But Elder Brink lingered an instant to put his hand on Hartfield's shoulder and look into his face with a slow, silent shake of the head. Then he, too, went out and the next instant the door had shut the minister in alone.

XI.

IF the news of Mr. Hartfield's engagement had flown through the town with the speed of electricity, the tidings of his divorce spread with a celerity that defies comparison. Miss Tagford made all haste to call on her friend, Mrs. Robbins.

"I declare," the spinster remarked, after they had talked it over, "I feel 'most like one o' the great reformers."

"Hush!" cautioned Mrs. Robbins, "I shan't breathe easy till that woman leaves the town."

"I hear tell they're goin' to make her go. A committee was made up an' went to see Mr. Midwin about it. But I must get home an' write to Emma. If it hadn't been for her askin' me up to see her all this might never have come out."

At this same time Hartfield was at the Kingburys'.

"John," said Grace, "do you know I sometimes feel as if I was glad this thing has come out now. We need never feel that there is anything hid now. And, John?"

Grace paused. The color surged up into her cheeks.

"Yes, Grace, what is it?"

"I have been thinking," she went on, speaking very slowly, "that perhaps if we were not to wait till next month—if we were to be married here, in Newcomb, it would keep anybody from saying that we would have it done somewhere where they didn't know."

"My dear, the very wish that was in my own heart. Mr. Kenwood will marry us, I am sure."

Paul Kenwood was the Baptist minister. He was a few years older than Hartfield, and had been his firm friend from the first moment of their acquaintance. Already since the recent disclosures, he had called at the parsonage and now Hartfield had no hesitation in going to him with his request.

"Yes, I will marry you, Hartfield," he said. "As I told you the other day, you seem to me to be acting in this matter from a strong personal conviction of right and wrong."

The ceremony took place in Mrs. Kingsbury's parlor on the Monday night following the visit of the committee to the parsonage. There were present only the contracting parties, Mr. Kenwood, Mrs. Kingsbury and a nephew of hers, Ralph Chester, who had come on from Pittsburgh. But no effort was made to keep the matter a secret, and when it became known a perfect storm of indignation swept through the town. Poor Mr. Kenwood was caught in the full fury of the blast. His church sent a committee to wait on him with a request for his resignation, and thus it came about that that autumn Newcomb lost two of her clergymen. But Hartfield saw that Kenwood did not suffer because of a service to him. His wedding fee was a check of such generous size that it

quite amazed the poor pastor, who had been scarcely able to make both ends meet on his meager salary. He did not want to take it, but Hartfield insisted and promised moreover to keep his friend in sight for the future.

The last service at which the deposed Presbyterian clergyman was to preside was the Wednesday night meeting following the marriage. He came to the lecture room accompanied by his wife. The place was crowded, and a breathless silence reigned after the final hymn had been sung, and when Mr. Hartfield stepped to the very edge of the platform, resting his hand on the table by his side.

"For the last time," he began, "I now address you, my people, as your pastor. My resignation, requested by your committee, has been handed in, to take effect after tonight. That I part from you with regret I need not say. The work here has been very near my heart, the workers have been dear to me. In the dark clouds that overhang this separation there is this ray of light: I am not to go because you are dissatisfied with my work. And now it only remains for me to say farewell, and to add that wherever I may be I shall always remember gratefully the good will, the kindly fellowship, the helpful co-operation I received from so many of you during this, my first pastorate."

There were many wet eyes among the auditors at the close of this brief address; and after the benediction had been pronounced several made their way forward to shake hands silently with the man whose course as a minister they could not countenance. Among them were Mrs. Brink, Mrs. Porter, Delia Mullins, and Gil Mason.

"I don't know what we boys will do without you, Mr. Hartfield," he said. "You have done more for us than any—"

"Gilbert," his mother called to him at that instant, "I am waiting for you."

With a hasty good by the boy

turned away. Hartfield joined his wife and left the place forever.

In the brilliant May sunshine an aged couple stood in front of a large church situated in one of the leading cities of the West. They were gazing at the notices of services affixed to the stone work.

"John Hartfield, Pastor," read out the old man.

"It must be the same one, Myra," he added, turning to his wife. "John, and a minister and all."

"Let's go in a minute, Seth," she said. "See, the church doors are open."

They turned to the entrance and reached it just as a young woman did so, coming from the other direction.

"Is the church kept open all the time?" asked the old man, as the three went in together.

"Oh yes," the stranger replied. "It has been ever since Mr. Hartfield came. He says he wants the people to feel that they can always have a quiet place to go for meditation."

"Has he a large congregation?" inquired the old woman. They were lingering in the vestibule before going inside.

"Yes, very large, and we all like him so much. He does more good, the newspapers say, than any pastor in the city. You see there are all kinds in the church, plenty of rich people and lots of poor ones. I'm one of the poor ones," added the speaker with a smile, "but I feel that Mr. Hartfield thinks just as much of me as he does of the rest. We're

only afraid we can't keep him. There's a church down in Chicago wants him badly."

The young woman opened the inner door as she spoke the last words and in silence the three entered the great auditorium. There were two or three people sitting in the pews, some with their heads bent forward in the attitude of prayer, others looking steadfastly at the large stained glass window above the pulpit, representing the return of the prodigal. Mr. and Mrs. Brink sat down near the rear and gazed at this with the sunshine bringing out in strong colors all the details of the picture. Then they noticed the reverent demeanor of those about them, who had turned in here for a few minutes to think quietly about themselves. And there was no sound in all the place, only the twittering of some nest building robins that came in through an open window and the hushed murmur of the city's traffic, which only made the stillness inside the more impressive.

Finally the old people rose and walked slowly out.

"I don't know, Myra," remarked the old man, when they reached the street, "I don't know about it, but I sometimes think we were too hard on him; that we hadn't ought to have sent him away."

"It's all a mystery, Seth," returned his wife in a low tone, the sanctity of the place they had left seeming to be still upon her, "it's all a mystery. An' you know there's that verse 'Judge not.'"

And then the two walked on silently for a while.

MR. CALLAGHAN'S IMPROVIDENCE.

By Elliott E. Shaw.

MR. CALLAGHAN crossed the Bowery daintily. His shoes were polished and his tall hat bore unmistakable evidence of careful brushing. It was a trifle out of date so far as style was concerned, and there was a tell tale dent or two in it. However, it would pass muster in the dark very well, and that was all that Mr. Callaghan wished of it. His clothes were equally genteel and equally shabby. But they too would pass muster in the dark, and Mr. Callaghan had formed the habit in early youth of avoiding light as much as possible.

As Mr. Callaghan stepped upon the opposite curb a thin, sharp faced youth slouched out from the shadow of a corner and walked around him in mock admiration.

"Ah, Rabbit," said Mr. Callaghan with dignity, "good evening."

"Hully Gee," responded the other.

"Your admiration is but proper, Rabbit," continued Mr. Callaghan. "So proper that you should follow my example, and as quickly as possible if not more so."

"What do you mean?" asked the Rabbit.

"I mean that you are to skip over to your brown stone front as quickly as those nimble legs of yours will carry you and have your valet array you in your purple and fine linen. If your collar hasn't come back from the laundry yet, I suppose" (sighingly) "we'll have to get along without the fine linen, but put on your purple at any hazard."

"What's up?" asked the Rabbit with awakening interest.

"Tonight, Rabbit," said Mr. Callaghan, "I shall introduce you to society. In a word we are going to the opera. Skip—skedaddle—get out, and meet me at the corner of

Seventh Avenue and Forty Second Street at eleven o'clock to the minute."

"Shall I bring anything with me?" asked the Rabbit.

"Only your fingers—please don't forget them," answered Mr. Callaghan, whereupon he turned upon his heel and sauntered up the Bowery.

On Mr. Callaghan's journeys along that celebrated thoroughfare of the metropolis men got out of his way, while all the girls gazed longingly and admiringly at him. He was a Bowery prince—a chevalier—a knight of the night. The Bowery was his principality—in fact the police had warned him a number of times that he was to confine himself rigidly to that portion of the town. So when Mr. Callaghan reached the end of his ramble he abandoned his noble bearing and made his way up town in so modest a manner that not even a policeman noticed him.

Perhaps no one values absolute promptness in an appointment so much as the light fingered gentry who pawn our jewels for us—if they get the chance. It was not surprising, therefore, that the Rabbit should round one corner of the Hotel Metropole as Mr. Callaghan slunk around the other.

"How do you expect to do it?" said the Rabbit in an undertone. "The whole place is watched by the police, and there are half a dozen detectives in front of the door."

"We will avoid their companionship as much as possible, Rabbit," answered Mr. Callaghan. "Of course I hardly expect you to be absolutely at your ease on this your first introduction to society, but I will explain my plan. I have learned in my travels that an opera usually ends up—they call it the

finale, I believe—with a good deal of noise——”

“Noise?” repeated the Rabbit inquiringly.

“Yes—they call it music. In the German opera it is mostly drums and shouts, in the Italian it is mostly flutes and screams. I forgot to inquire at the club whether it's German or Italian opera that I have taken you to hear, Rabbit, but in all probability we can find out in the morning if you are anxious to know. At any rate, German or Italian, it will end up with lots of noise, more noise than at any other time. That noise is our cue. After that is over our society acquaintances will come out. A lot of fellows will commence yelling out numbers for carriages, every one will be more or less excited, they will all be jammed in together, the police and the detectives will begin watching for us and we will sneak around among the carriages, get into the crowd, and show our feeling regard for society by feeling in their pockets. Ever and anon we will carry off a card case or a lace handkerchief as a souvenir of the occasion. I have even been known to gather in a pocket book or two in my time. Perhaps you comprehend my intentions without any further explanation, Rabbit.”

“Correct,” answered the Rabbit laconically.

They had not long to wait, and the Rabbit noted the correctness of Mr. Callaghan's description of the exit of society with admiration. He sighed to think that his parents had not given him the advantages that Mr. Callaghan had enjoyed.

“I think,” whispered Mr. Callaghan, “that we'd better remain as near together as possible. If the police get one of us we can start up a row and probably get away while the young ladies are fainting.”

Then he led the way first into the street, squirming among the handsome carriages and finally into the light hearted but struggling crowd itself. Here and there they found no difficulty in plying their trade, and one could have told by the ex-

pression of innocent joy on the face of Mr. Callaghan that the papers for several days would contain advertisements for the return of many little things “with no questions asked.”

They were walking along together, and very near the entrance, when Mr. Callaghan stopped with a half smothered exclamation, and leaning toward the Rabbit whispered in his ear, “Great guns! Look at that girl, Rabbit— isn't she an angel—a queen—a princess—a—Rabbit, if it were not for my undying love for Molly I would adore that girl. Rabbit, I'm going to have her handkerchief or something from her if I have to do time for it.”

“Which girl?” asked the Rabbit gloomily, for he did not at all approve of the impetuosity that was known to be Mr. Callaghan's only failing.

“That divine creature standing in the doorway, with the white opera cloak, and a scintillating diamond, Rabbit, at her cream white throat.”

“Come off!” said the Rabbit disgustedly.

“The one, I mean, that is escorted by that handsome fellow who looks so pale—looks a trifle like me. Ten to one she has just rejected him. Ah, Molly, if it were not for you I might be rejected by that fair being myself! Rabbit, you do what I tell you now, or you never go into society with me again. As she comes down to the carriage you take the left side. I'll get behind and on the right, which will be the more difficult, as the pale fellow will be on the right. Here she comes—here goes—she's a Vanderbilt or an Astor or somebody great, I'll bet a million dollars!”

Mr. Callaghan's undertaking was both difficult and dangerous. He had to work his way against the surging crowd, slip in behind, catch up, and get his hand into the pocket of an opera cloak “from the right and rear,” as a military man would say. It would all have to be done in the glare of the electric light and under the very eyes of the police. Mr. Callaghan was a genius, how-

ever, and he had the courage born of a long list of successes. He edged his way up, and slipped his delicate left hand cautiously between the girl and her escort.

A singular thing occurred just then. He was close behind her. He could catch the odor of the faint perfume on her gown. He noticed that she blushed very violently all at once and looked at the ground, just as his own Molly did the first time he kissed her. Then Mr. Callaghan was conscious that she held something out timidly in her gloved right hand, bending her wrist just a little. Mr. Callaghan looked and saw something glitter. He reached for the glittering object, intending to snatch it from her, when to his intense astonishment, just as his hand touched hers, she placed the object carefully in his palm.

He looked at her just for an instant. She was still looking down and away from the pale fellow, and blushing even more violently. Mr. Callaghan did not stop to ask any questions. He got out of the crowd as fast as he could, well aware that he held in his hand a solitaire ring.

Mr. Callaghan and the Rabbit met but a few blocks away. Mr. Callaghan was flushed with success but pensive. The Rabbit was hilarious with success and not at all pensive.

"Cally," said the Rabbit, "we're rich for a month."

"What did you get from that girl?" asked Mr. Callaghan in a rather preoccupied manner.

"Aw, nothing from her that was worth anything—nothing but a little note. What did you get?"

"This," said Mr. Callaghan, holding up to the light a solitaire ring.

"Great guns, what a big one," said the astonished Rabbit. The exclamation attracted Mr. Callaghan's attention not only to the size of the diamond but also to the size of the ring itself. It was made for the hand of no girl—certainly not for the delicate little hand of the pretty girl in the opera cloak from whom he had stolen it.

"Let me see that letter," he said abruptly. The Rabbit handed it to him. It was a note written in a man's strong handwriting, and read as follows:

"NELL:

"I hand you this in your box because I cannot wait any longer. Two years ago tonight I asked you to marry me. Your parents have never consented in all that time, and they never will. You love me, I know. Do you love me enough to marry without their consent? If you do, keep the smaller of these two rings and hand me back the larger. They are identically alike, save in size. I will come around at the close and take you to your carriage. You can give it to me then. If you do not love me enough to do this, however, throw both the rings into the street. I shall know what you mean and I will start for Europe to-morrow, to come back never.

"JACK."

Mr. Callaghan was silent.

"Well," said the Rabbit, "we've made a pretty good haul tonight, haven't we?"

"Yes, and we've broken a man's heart," said Mr. Callaghan.

"What's that?" asked the Rabbit, unconcerned.

"That girl was giving this ring to the fellow with the pale face. It was to tell him that she was willing to marry him, whether the old folks agreed to it or not, just as Molly is going to marry me. Now he's going off to Europe with a broken heart, just the way I'd have done if Molly hadn't consented—only I suppose I'd have gone to Chicago."

"Well, what's that to us?" asked the Rabbit.

"About two hundred dollars, that's all, Rabbit."

"What do you mean?"

"If I can find the man—the fellow with the pale face—I'm going to give the ring back to him and tell him what luck he's in, see?"

"Cally," said the Rabbit, impressively, "I tell you your improvidence will bring you to the poor house some day."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Callaghan.

"You'd understand it if you'd ever been in love. You don't know what it is at all."

"I don't want to if it's going to make a fool of me the way it has

with you," answered the Rabbit, disgusted.

Very early the next morning Mr. Callaghan stood at the door of a certain jewelry establishment that is known around the world. He was just beginning to get sleepy, for it was about his usual bedtime. He had spent the night figuring out what would be the best thing to do with that ring. He had concluded to try the great jewelry establishments. The rings had probably been made at the same time and by the same people, and possibly they might be able to tell him who had ordered them.

He had an awful fear that he would be too late, even if he found out who the pale faced fellow was. He actually feared that some policeman might arrest him before he could accomplish his undertaking. None did, however, and Callaghan's proverbial good luck, to say nothing of his good judgment, did not desert him. He had picked out the right establishment, and ten minutes after it had opened its doors Mr. Callaghan was racing up Fifth Avenue in a cab. The driver stopped at a fashionable apartment house that Mr. Callaghan had had his eyes on professionally for some months, and Mr. Callaghan, jumping out, ran up the stairs to the third floor. He had no time to take the elevator—it was too slow. Out of breath, and with a lump in his throat from the fear of being too late after all, he pounded on the door in no gentle manner. A voice told him to "come in." He did so; in fact he rushed in, took one look at the sole occupant of the room, flung his hat into the air, shouted "Bully for me," recovered himself and struck a Callaghan attitude.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the pale faced man in amazement.

"An invitation to your wedding," said Mr. Callaghan.

The pale faced fellow looked up from the steamer trunk he was packing and mildly inquired if Mr. Callaghan was crazy. Callaghan held

the ring aloft, as he had seen the actors do with similar things in the Bowery theaters, and said, "Behold your ring!"

"You can have it," said the pale faced fellow gruffly; "and if you go back where you found it you will find another just like it. Now leave me alone."

"Oh, no, I can't find another just like it, but I know where the other one is," answered Mr. Callaghan.

"Will you be polite enough to get out of this room or shall I put you out?" said the pale faced man.

"Neither," said Mr. Callaghan, not even getting angry at the intimation that the other was able to put him out. "The fact is, my dear fellow, I did not find this ring, and if I wanted to find the other I would seek it on the delicate hand of a very beautiful young lady whom I met last night at the opera."

"How did you get that ring?" asked the other, his pale face becoming suddenly flushed.

"Stole it," said Mr. Callaghan promptly; "stole it as she was trying to hand it to you. The fact is, she thought my hand was yours. I have rather a fine looking hand myself, I've been told."

"What?" asked the other in astonishment.

"It's a fact," said Mr. Callaghan. "I stole it just as I said I did. Wanted something to remember her by, she looked so pretty. Don't blame you for loving her, not a bit. I'm in love myself, and fancy a pretty girl a great deal. Luckily for you my side partner nabbed your note out of her pocket at the same time. Wouldn't spoil your happiness for anything in the world. Hustled around and found out who you were and where you lived. Here I am, Mr. Callaghan, at your service, and here's your ring."

The pale faced man comprehended at last. He jumped up and grasped Callaghan by the hand and shook it until both their arms ached.

"Callaghan," he said, "you are an angel."

"They don't think so down at the

Central Station," replied Mr. Callaghan modestly.

"Never mind what they think there—tell me what you want for this. You can have anything."

"I told you what I wanted when I

came in—an invitation to the wedding. Oh, I won't attend, I promise. I just want an invitation to keep for my children so that they'll know what kind of society their father used to move in, see?"

POET OR KING?

HE had dreamed of fame and of glory,
As he leaned o'er the dusty page
Of old world song and story,
And legends mellowed by age.

He had dreamed, with a boy's fierce yearning,
Of a far, sure coming day,
When, his life work's guerdon earning,
He should be crowned with bay.

He had heard in his brain the rushing
And murmuring of songs;
He had vowed, his young cheek flushing,
The righting of many wrongs.

With his pen he would set men sighing,
Aspiring, laboring, —
And the world without was crying
"All hail, our lord the king!"

As a king he would reign among them,
The lord of head and of heart,
When his verse had stirred and stung them
With its might of noble art.

He could bear to await the hour
In dreaming and picturing, —
But the people rose in their power
And made him a crowned king.

Then, saddest of all the story,
By the strong years swept along,
He learned to esteem his glory
More fair than his crown of song,

Nor longed in the end to forego it,—
Alas, the sorry thing!
For he should have been a poet,
And they only made him a king!

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

LITERARY CHAT.

THE literary taste of the age is usually set down as an insatiable longing for some new thing. The life time of a book's popularity, we have often been told, is growing shorter and shorter, and readers are quicker and quicker to forget old favorites and forsake them for later successes. And yet here is "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—which was first published forty years ago, and has ever since the war been regarded as an "old book" and out of date—reprinted with advance orders of something like 150,000 copies. Such a tremendous sale completely overshadows that of the most popular new novel of the year, and shows conclusively that a good book, like a good joke, need not be put on the shelf simply because it is old.

* * *

In discussing the favorable reception accorded to "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"—a play that has no dramatic interest and no strength of construction—the New York *Herald* advances the statement that "a play which as a book has had a successful 'run' in a popular magazine has no very great need of merit to help it on the way to success. This is a magazine ruled, not to say magazine ridden, country. It was easy to see that in the audiences which recently thronged Palmer's Theater two out of every three family groups, and family groups were plentiful, had left at home on the library table the brown or yellow covered periodicals whose monthly advent is such an event in so many American households. The enormous clientèle of any of these periodicals is sufficient to float any theatrical rendering of any part of their contents, from the index to the patent food advertisements, for a season."

This is certainly a notable tribute, from what is perhaps the foremost of American daily newspapers, to the present day ascendancy of the magazine as a power in the literary world.

* * *

PERHAPS the most original prospectus of an auction sale was that issued by Hogarth when the great caricaturist decided, in 1745, to raise needed funds by disposing of his stock of unsold paintings. The announced conditions of the sale, according to Austin Dobson's "William Hogarth," recently published by Dodd, Mead & Co., were as follows:

"1. That every bidder shall have an entire leaf in the book of sale, on which will be entered his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for which picture.

"2. That on the last day of sale a clock (striking every five minutes) shall be placed in the room; and when it hath struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale book will be deemed as sold; the second picture when the clock hath struck the next five minutes after twelve; and so on successively until the whole nineteen pictures are sold.

"3. That none advance less than gold at each bidding.

"4. No person to bid on the last day, except those whose names were before entered in the book.—As Mr. Hogarth's room is but small, he begs the favor that no persons, except those whose names are entered in the book, will come to view his Paintings on the last day of sale."

The result of this peculiar auction was the sale of nineteen paintings for a little more than four hundred pounds. As they included the originals of the two famous series, the "Rake's Progress" and the "Harlot's Progress," the price was small even for those days when art connoisseurs were a decidedly limited class.

* * *

ACCORDING to the recently published "Recollections" of Vernon Heath, the celebrated Mrs. Malaprop was outdone in her especial line by Mrs. Hudson, the wife of an Englishman who in the early days of railroads rose to sudden affluence through his connection with construction enterprises. On one occasion, this lady had issued cards for a reception "to meet the Duke of Wellington." At a late hour his Grace arrived, and was welcomed by his hostess with the strange greeting, "Oh, Duke! you are so late, and I have been so anxious; for tonight, you know, you are my prima donna."

Again, while visiting the celebrated gallery at Lord Ellesmere's town house, and inspecting the matchless art treasures there collected, Mrs. Hudson was much struck by a bust of Marcus Aurelius.

Addressing the housekeeper, she inquired, "And who may this be?"

"That is Marcus Aurelius, ma'am," was the reply.

"Oh, indeed!" she observed; "father of the present Marquis, I presume."

In the same volume we read of another lady to whom a friend suggested that she should commission Mr. Heath to paint her portrait. The reply was decisive and unanswerable: "Oh, no! My husband has promised to take me to Rome to be painted by the old masters."

JEROME K. JEROME as an editor is having quite as hard a time as any he has had in his life, which is saying a good deal. Probably no modern author of the same popularity ever had to fight so hard for his laurels. During the years of his literary apprenticeship he attempted to imitate Dickens, whom he almost worshiped. His work was very bad, however—so bad that he was the laughing stock of the London Bohemians with whom he was associated. After a time he gave up imitation and tried to form a style of his own. Then he began to succeed, but for a long time after he knew the poverty that falls to the lot of most writers.

His recently published volume of "Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator" once more proves that Mr. Edward Whymper is not only the greatest of mountain climbers, but also a clever writer and good engraver on wood. The volume is illustrated with cuts engraved by himself, from sketches he made during the expedition in which he succeeded in conquering the giant summit of Chimborazo, more than twenty thousand feet high.

The best remembered of Mr. Whymper's daring achievements will always be his ascent of the Matterhorn, the Alp whose needle-like peak was believed to be unscalable by man. For five years he tried again and again to prove that it could be climbed, but always in vain until in 1865 he led the ascent memorable not only for its victory over a summit that had hitherto defied all attempts, but also for the terrible tragedy that followed. His party, seven in number, had just commenced the descent when the rope with which they were tied together broke, and three Englishmen and one of the Swiss guides were dashed over a precipice thousands of feet deep, leaving Whymper and the two remaining guides clinging to the icy rocks.

THE *Critic* gives the following witticism upon a cockney book seller who was as deficient in his literary knowledge as in his appreciation of the aspirate:

A customer in a London store asked for a copy of "Omar Khayyam." "Sir," replied

the shopkeeper after a little hesitation, "we have got his 'Iliad' and his 'Odyssey,' but not his 'Khayyam.'"

An interesting question which has been mooted of late is that of the transiency or permanence of the novel. The novel, as we understand the term, has existed for hardly two hundred years. It was only in the middle of the last century that Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett established it as a recognized literary form. Will it have its birth, its development, and its decadence, or has it become as fixed and permanent as, for instance, the tragedy or the epic?

Edmond de Goncourt is reported to have thus expressed his opinion on the question:

"I myself believe, and that in spite of the ever increasing sale of popular works of fiction, that novels will soon be things of the past. I feel sure that some other medium for expressing the emotions will be finally discovered, and those who invent or find out what this medium ought to be will be the literary masters of the twentieth century."

The *Critic* suggests that perhaps the phonograph will succeed the type printed volume; or it may be that Mr. Edison will be the discoverer of some other new "medium for expressing the emotions." In the meantime the publishers will be deluged with manuscripts, and if there is going to be any falling off in the supply of novels, it will not be till some time after the new method has been invented and found to answer its purpose.

THE output of novels in England continues to average nearly a thousand annually. Few will consider Andrew Lang too severe a critic in his expressed opinion that of this immense number "perhaps ten are really excellent. The novelists mainly regret that they are noticed in batches of six or eight, while essays and histories often get a separate review. But novelists, who, by the way, do not always grumble in grammar, should remember that they are very numerous. Each week does not produce eight histories, or even eight volumes of essays, but eight novels is but half the weekly average. Were I an editor, methinks I would give the good novels a separate article, and even, perhaps, extend the privilege of an exclusive pillory to the very bad novels by very well known hands. Whether this would make the well known but erring hands happier, is another question."

THE *Book Buyer* voices the complaint of a matter of fact reader of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," who loudly complains of the tragic fate to which Thomas Hardy consigns his heroine. "I read a story," he argues, "for

the pleasure it gives me. There is enough suffering in real life. It is all around us—a part of our daily experience. I go to a novel to escape from it—to get into a cheerful atmosphere that will drive away a fit of the blues that may be impending. When, then, I read a book like 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' or 'David Grieve,' I feel as if I had been defrauded. Novelists have no business to write such books."

Of course the novelist of the modern school finds in this very complaint the argument with which he would combat it. If life is full of sorrow and suffering, he reasons, then fiction, whose mission is faithfully to depict life, should don a somber coloring. And his conclusion is inevitable if his premise be granted. But is fiction's mission solely to depict actual life? We must leave the question to be fought between the realists, who maintain that art should merely reflect nature, and the idealists, who would charge it with a purpose to please or to instruct.

The leaders of the contemporary school of fiction certainly incline toward the former view; but it is safe to say that the mass of readers are not with them. The average man certainly prefers, when he takes up a novel, to find one that portrays the beautiful, the noble, the heroic side of human nature rather than the trivial and the ugly. He desires to leave the foggy atmosphere of daily life for one vitalized by the electricity of high motives and brave deeds. He likes to see virtue finally triumphant and vice deservedly punished, in spite of the notion that such nonsense died with Dickens and Thackeray. And this is why the somewhat unsophisticated manliness of writers like Haggard and Stevenson has been such a powerful factor in their popularity.

It is stated that a French inventor has attached a tiny incandescent lamp to an ordinary pencil, for use by reporters and others having to take notes at night. The battery is carried in the pocket, the wires passing down the sleeve.

Possibly the author of this "luminous pencil" will next place on the market a "graphic pen," warranted self acting.

PITTSBURG, not hitherto regarded as a literary center—her critics have said that her volumes are chiefly volumes of smoke—is soon to have one of the finest and most complete public libraries in the country, through the liberality of a few of her leading citizens. The project was originated by Andrew Carnegie, who offered a million dollars to build the library on condition that a site should be furnished and that the city should contribute

\$40,000 annually for the maintenance of the institution. His proposal was accepted. A gift from Mrs. Schenley, who owns a great tract of land in Pittsburgh, provided the site, and the municipal government agreed to do its part.

To the library will be annexed a museum and art gallery, which Mr. Carnegie has endowed with another million dollars, and a conservatory to be erected by his partner, Henry Phipps. In devoting a share of their millions to the needs of the city where those millions have been made, these gentlemen have set an example worthy of imitation.

MARY WASHINGTON, the mother of the immortal George, had a family bible which is still in existence. Its present possessor, Mrs. Lewis Washington of Charleston, West Virginia, recently sent it to Mount Vernon to be placed on exhibition. The *Washington Post* says that the book is wonderfully preserved for its age, except that the first five or six pages have been torn out and placed in the cornerstone of the Mary Washington Monument, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. The first entry is of the marriage of Augustine Washington and Mary Ball, in 1731; and the next is of the birth of George Washington, Feb. 11, 1732 (old style). The book has a cover of homespun cloth stitched upon it by its original owner.

The book agent is not generally regarded, at the present day, as a benefactor of his race. Nevertheless it would appear that his vocation is one that has been chosen by many great men in the early days of their advance to fame. The *Publisher's Weekly* gives the following instances:

Napoleon Bonaparte, when a poor lieutenant, took the agency for a work entitled "L'Histoire de la Révolution." In the foyer of the palace of the Louvre can be seen today the great emperor's canvassing outfit with a long list of subscribers he secured.

George Washington, when young, canvassed around Alexandria, Virginia, and sold over two hundred copies of a work entitled "Bydell's American Savage."

Mark Twain was a book agent.

Longfellow sold books by subscription.

Jay Gould, when starting in life, was a canvasser.

Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by handling "De Tocqueville's America," in Merrimack County, New Hampshire.

General U. S. Grant canvassed for "Irving's Columbus."

Rutherford B. Hayes canvassed for "Baxter's Saint's Rest."

James G. Blaine began life as a canvasser for a "Life of Henry Clay."

Bismarck, when at Heidelberg, spent a vacation canvassing for one of Blumenbach's handbooks.

* * *
GEORGE W. CABLE was born in New Orleans, October 12, 1844. One of his parents was from stern New England, the other from Virginia. Though born and reared in the extreme South, and though he served two years in the Confederate army, yet he now resides in Massachusetts and is what is termed by many "a reconstructed Southerner." Mr. Cable's leap into fame was one of the most surprising in the history of American literature. A period of but a few months separated a life of unsuccessful struggling from the independence and comparative wealth that have been won by his quaintly tuned pen.

* * *
LAMB's paradox that Shakspeare's plays are less calculated for performance on the stage than those of any other dramatist whatever, Mr. Mowbray Morris maintains, in a recent magazine article, is nothing but the sober truth. "Hamlet" and the Modern Stage, he claims, are particularly ill suited to one another. Mr. Tree's performances in London are perhaps as good as we moderns can expect to see; yet no one can gain from them an adequate idea of the play. In fact, as Matthew Arnold said, "Hamlet" is a psychological problem, which, when shorn of its psychology, as it is in the acting versions, becomes nothing but a puzzle. All this is true of Hamlet, if it is of any of the plays; but we can hardly agree with Lamb or with Mr. Morris.

* * *
A GREAT man, we all know, is never a hero to his valet de chambre. Sometimes, alas, he is not a hero to his wife. The Countess Tolstoi is quoted as being a severe critic of her husband's social theories. "All of his disciples," she is said to have declared, "are small, pale, sickly and homely—all as like one another as a pair of boots. I think they drift into idiocy by following the count's teachings."

It should be added, however, in justice to the countess's wifely virtue, that she has dutifully followed her husband in his abnegation of many of the privileges of rank and wealth, and in the strange experiments into which his socialistic ideas have led him—a devotion that is only the more touching because it proceeds from no motive of conviction like that of Count Tolstoi.

* * *
MISS BRADDON, as Mrs. Maxwell still styles herself on her title pages, is an exceptional woman in several ways, and in none more exceptional than in the fact that she has no hesi-

tancy about admitting her age. On the contrary, she is rather proud of her fifty three years and fifty three novels, although she is reluctant to talk about her books, dismissing inquiries with the assertion that she "can't tell how they are written."

* * *
MARGARET DELAND, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is thus described by the San Francisco *Library and Studio*: "Mrs. Deland is a great favorite in Boston. She is the owner of one of the largest mastiffs in the city, who accompanies his mistress on all her walks and rambles. Her home is a cozy house in one of the oldest but most pleasant streets in the city, where a glimpse of the blue waters of the Charles river may be obtained from a bay window over the front door. The hall leads into a charming study, where great logs burn and crackle, making the little den ever so attractive. Mrs. Deland is very artistic as well as poetic, the carvings and decorations of the fireplace having been executed by her own hands."

* * *
CHRONICLERS of literary personalities continue to hear from the picturesque Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in his romantic Pacific retreat. One of the most recent reports is that he has abandoned fiction, and is at work upon a history of Samoa; another, that he has given up literature altogether and taken up politics, and that we may some day see him become King Robert Louis the First of Upolu and Apia. We are beginning to suspect that Mr. Stevenson is not entirely ignorant of the noble art of advertising.

* * *
FROM the literary column of a Western weekly we extract the two following items, which appear therein a short distance apart:

William Waldorf Astor is in London making a book descriptive of social life in the fifteenth century.

William Waldorf Astor is writing a book on society in the sixteenth century.

It would seem that either our contemporary's editor occasionally nods, or that the ex Minister to Italy is engaged in a somewhat confusing duplication of literary tasks.

* * *
OF the word "massacre"—a favorite with newspapers—a correspondent of the *Writer* points out a common misuse. He quotes from a recent review the phrase "the massacre of Dr. Whitman, the missionary," and adds: "It is not probable that Dr. Whitman massacred Indians, to whom he was a missionary, neither is it possible that Indians massacred him, for he was only one man, who could, at most, be assassinated or murdered. Webster makes massacre 'promiscuous slaughter of many,' and stigmatizes its use with reference to a single victim as a 'gross error.'"

THE STAGE.

THE close of the regular season is close at hand. There are plenty of evidences of this fact in New York, the nation's capital so far as things theatrical are concerned. Daly has gone, and at Palmer's the house is about to be given over to its annual summer occupancy by comic opera. This year it is to be the "Digby Bell Opera Company," the second metamorphosis of nomenclature which the forces brought together by Colonel McCaull have undergone.

"Jupiter" is the opening attraction. We presume that Mr. Henry Askin, the manager—since his success of last season he has evidently thought it no longer dignified to write himself "Harry"—we presume that Mr. Askin hopes that "Jupiter" will be the closing attraction as well as the opening one. According to the pace set by operas of this sort of late years, nothing under a hundred nights' run can be regarded as a success.

"JUPITER" succeeds "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," which, to the amazement of nearly every one who has seen it, has managed to keep its place on the boards to good sized houses for something like six weeks. Not that its auditors come away with the conviction that they have passed a stupid evening. They have been entertained and may perhaps have applauded once or twice, but then it has been in a way so entirely untheatrical that they think it cannot be possible there are many others who could be thus discriminatingly appreciative. For "Colonel Carter" is not, properly speaking, a play at all. It is a series of episodes transplanted bodily from a book to the stage. So thin is the theatric veil that you can see the story through it all the time; not only that, but you can also see the dramatic props, with the odor of unseasoned wood still upon them, which the adapter has placed beneath some of the weaker parts of a very gauzy fabric.

But there are some delicious moments in the piece, moments when you forget that there is no plot, nothing to look forward to; when you lose sight of the fact that the leading lady has received a proposal in the first act and that there is no let or hindrance to her future happiness. The character drawing of the *Colonel* and *Chad* is a work of art in

the hands of E. M. Holland and Charles L. Harris. It is meet indeed that in their behalf another canon of theatrical lore should be disregarded at the close of the piece, when instead of having all the *dramatis personae* come upon the scene merely for the sake of being there at the last curtain (and incidentally inspiring half the audience to fish under seats for coats and hats) the reverse order prevails. One by one the other personages make their exit until only the old colonel and his faithful colored man are left. Nothing more effective in its line do we call to mind except Mr. Jerome's artistic ending to "The Maister of Woodbarrow."

BUT the present season bids fair to be a remarkable one for the overturning of traditions. "Situations, my boy! Be sure to fill your play with strong dramatic situations." Thus runs the advice of the veteran to the aspiring playwright. What must such a one say to the record of the past month or two? Here is "Colonel Carter" doing good business in so large a house as Palmer's, "Merry Gotham," with no particular story to tell, filling the Lyceum since the middle of March, and "The Foresters," which assuredly does not try the nerves of the spectator with any highly wrought climaxes, one of the greatest successes of the winter.

THE Actors' Fund Fair, to be held in the Madison Square Garden May 2 to 7, is simply booming. And the women on the committee have been among the most important persons in the making of the boom. It is certainly going to be a great occasion for the profession. Already there is published a paper devoted solely to the interests of the Fair, and Stanford White is thinking up his quaintest devices for making the great auditorium "a garden of delight."

DR. TALMAGE, by the way, recently sent a check to the Actors' Fund, which gave Mr. A. M. Palmer opportunity to make the following remarks, the occasion being the opening of the new Columbia Theater in Brooklyn, when "Alabama" was performed:

"What clergyman thirty years ago would have it in his heart to do this, or what one, if he had it in his heart, would have deemed it

prudent to do it? Speaking as one who deeply loves his profession, and who hopes ardently for its advancement, I cannot help saying that this gravitation toward the theater of the better people and their leaders seems to me to mean a purer and a better stage. Let us hope that it means also, in the not distant future, a stage more closely devoted to those higher and nobler works of dramatic art which are the peculiar property of the English speaking actor, as well as to contemporaneous works of pure and lofty character coming from American pens, such as that which we are about to present to you."

No one has worked harder for the success of the Fair than has Miss Georgie Cayvan of the Lyceum company. "The brainiest woman on the stage," a writer in the Boston *Courier* credits Franklin Sargent with calling her. This same writer, in discussing the Delsartian method for actors, gives among others the following views of Miss Cayvan on the subject:

"Then you consider the Delsarte method beneficial?"

"Most certainly. It is of the greatest value if properly grasped. I made the mistake when I first went on the stage of thinking I could produce my emotions in the play just as I had been taught them. When I studied out my lines and marked out what attitude or gesture I should put in each place I became studied and mechanical in those parts. I soon found that by letting the action alone and giving my whole attention to the idea, a spontaneous action would come, which would be both natural and in accord with the Delsartian principles."

"Then you would advise a person ambitious to go on the stage to make a preparatory study?"

"By all means. The more the better. The Delsarte technique will do almost everything for an actor, but he must remember that it is not something to be put on, but something to be taken in. It must become absorbed into his very nature. Then he has no technique to remember, he has merely to respond to emotion impelled by his educated dramatic instinct. I never think of my arms or of my action in any way. I try to live and be the part, and my members take care of themselves."

"Are you so absorbed in your character as to forget you are acting?"

"No, not that. I study to keep my mind always in repose, no matter how passionate the action."

To return to the Actors' Fair, it has not all been plain sailing for the promoters of

that enterprise. There is quite a considerable element of the profession opposed to this method of raising money for the Fund. They claim, it seems, that the actor will lose in the end by bringing himself so close to the public as he must in this matter of a fair. But the immediate end to be attained, the founding of a home for helpless actors and those dependent upon them, certainly seems a laudable one, surely worthy of the sacrifice of so sentimental a tradition as the one just cited.

THE annual advent of the Barnum circus recalls the fact that the ring has been superimposed upon the stage to a very large extent during the present season. "The Country Circus" had a score of over one hundred performances at the Academy; Nellie McHenry has twice visited the metropolis with her "Night at the Circus"; Francis Wilson's "Lion Tamer" still continues its decidedly circusy career at the Broadway; and in Boston Neil Burgess has transformed "Vim" in certain respects and "made it into a sequel to the 'County Fair' in three acts and a circus tent!" Verily "all the world's a stage," and the stage is fast becoming a circus ring. But we suppose that turn about is only fair play, for here is the Barnum show with its three stages.

INDEED so firm a hold does the circus appear to have taken on the minds of the amusement loving public, that some wealthy New York gentlemen are forming themselves into a syndicate for the erection of a magnificent fireproof building to contain the finest circus in the world. These men are, for the most part, the same who are backing the Metropolitan Opera House, and the idea seems to be to make the thing fashionable, just as the opera is fashionable and as the circus on the Champs Elysées in Paris is fashionable. On Saturday night the men all go in their dress suits, and after the performance the audience wanders out through the stables, which are lighted by crystal chandeliers and are kept scrupulously clean.

PERCY FITZGERALD, that indefatigable English *litterateur*, has found time amid the great variety of other work he turns out, to write a little book entitled "The Art of Acting." His distinction between the effect obtained by the sound of the voice and the expression of the face gives the player food for serious thought and is worth quoting for the edification of the public generally.

"Now, if the average actor has a fixed principle, it is that there is but one effective method of expressing himself—and that is by tongue or speech. This is his end-all and

be-all. Should he wish to be angry or excited, he raises his voice; to be hateful or jealous, he lowers it; and so on. But there is a means of expression far more potent, far more swift, direct and instantaneous, and which in a flash will express what it would take minutes to utter—*The Face*. Facial expression is wonderful for all it conveys, and for the immense force with which it conveys it. We have only to think of its multiplied resources—the power of the eye and the eyebrows, the mouth, the nostrils. In foreign theaters facial expression is a regular part of stage education, and there is a regular system. It is so delicate an instrument that it conveys the expression in advance as it were. In real life we all speak with our faces, and read each other's faces in anticipation. In conversation half of the work is done by the face; we read each other's faces; we anticipate the coming utterance. It is, in fact, the shorthand of talk. It should be borne in mind that facial expression is the expression of things that cannot be spoken—it is a new language, where language fails. The contention of great passions can be efficiently expressed only by the face; you may, of course, describe them in words, but that does not exhibit them."

In this connection Agnes Booth's famous moment of silence in "Jim the Penman" is recalled. Every one who has seen her masterly delineation of emotion in that supreme crisis of the play must admit that the most eloquent language could not hope to produce one quarter the effect of this facial revelation.

LAST month we quoted from a Philadelphia paper an item concerning New York as a theater going town; here is a paragraph clipped from the Boston *Herald*, showing the play going proclivities of the people of the nation at large:

"Few people have any idea of the extent of the theatrical business in this country, of the capital invested in it, of the number of theaters and the amount of money required to conduct them. Some insight into the business is given in a statement emanating from Charles Frohman, who expects to have seventeen companies "on the road" next season. These companies, he says, will require the services of over 400 people, 300 of whom have already been engaged. They will also require the aid of 40 business representatives, 1 auditor and 3 accountants. He has under contract every prominent American dramatist, with possibly one single exception, besides many of the foreign authors. He is at present paying royalties to sixteen differ-

ent authors in America, France, and England, and the gross amount paid them averages weekly \$12,000. What must be the amount of money paid by the American people for their theatrical amusements if these are the expenses of one manager?"

THE New York managers made marked observance of Good Friday this year. Daly's, the Lyceum, Palmer's, Proctor's, the Garden and the Casino were closed on that night; in fact the latter was dark both Friday and Saturday, while the Garden Theater did not open its doors until Saturday night on Holy Week. This custom of Good Friday closing seems to be prevalent only in the metropolis. Last year the Madison Square was in the foregoing list, but then it was under the control of Mr. Palmer. It still continues to present Mr. Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown," now in its sixth month and to be rated as the winning card of the season. We may add it, by the way, to our list of plays which, without very much plot, have drawn a good deal of money to the box offices.

HOWEVER much purveyors of gossip concerning stage favorites may count on their readers being surprised by certain anecdotes of the fads and fashions of Thespians, the public has by this time grown so accustomed to hearing paradoxical statements of actors' private habits, that there will not be a ripple of surprise occasioned by the announcement that Francis Wilson's hobby is of a bookish nature. "A leisure hour with him means an hour in a book store, and the older the books the more his delight. He is a connoisseur in old editions, and already he has a comfortable amount invested in first and rare prints. His closest friends are among authors and literary people, and nothing interests him more than a lively literary talk. Wilson does not lay claim to a particle of literary ability for himself, but few men of the stage are more welcome in a literary group than he is for his knowledge of books, his familiarity with authors, and his excellent judgment and appreciation of good writing and a well bound volume. He will fondle a beautifully bound book as he would a child. 'Do you know,' he said once, 'I just like to rub my cheek against a nice book. There's something positively soft and tender in it to me.'"

Miss Lillian Russell, with "La Cigale" goes on her triumphant way rejoicing. In Chicago, where no orders were booked ahead, messenger boys slept in the lobby of the theater all night so as to be early at the box office in the morning just as if it was Patti or the old days of the Dickens readings.

Speaking of Chicago, Den Thompson has been there with his "Old Homestead," which this season is of a perambulating character, and the dazzling spectacle "Sindbad," which it is rumored we are to have at the Madison Square Garden next summer, has just finished a run.

* * *

In Boston the Kendals have been giving their farewell performances, and the newest addition to their repertoire, "Katherine Kavanagh," seems not to have pleased the Hub's critics any more than it pleased those of Gotham. Of "The Cadi," the *Courier's* "Man Who Laughs" has this significant remark to make:

"It is hard to believe that a play of whatever degree of merit by a writer enjoying and in part deserving the vogue and popularity of Bill Nye could fail to elicit in the course of three acts a single universal laugh such as the meanest of farce comedies at some time or other of its tedious course is sure to win."

"The Cadi" is a plotless play that has not had the happy experience of "The Forsters."

* * *

MR. CRANE has struck another success in "The American Minister." At this rate we predict that he will soon begin to feel that it will not be necessary for him to go upon the road. Then presto, we shall have still another man with a determination to own a theater in the metropolis.

The list of new playhouses for New York is at present growing at the rate of two a month. It is now given out that the site of the Hotel Royal is to be occupied by a theater bearing the same name. Rumor has it that the house has been leased for twenty one years to G. W. Lederer, at present basking in the success of "Incog," and the opening attraction has even been mentioned—Thomas Q. Seabrooke in "The Isle of Champagne."

The other theater, not to be built for a season or two yet, is to bear the name of Augustus Pitou, the enterprising author-manager. We fear, alas, that we are never again to have so euphonious a cognomen in theatrical annals as was Wallack.

* * *

SPEAKING of Wallack, it seems a pity that we cannot see his "Rosedale" oftener played. Despite its antiquity it ought to draw as good houses as some of the melodramas that we import from England nowadays. At the Boston Museum they are talking of reviving this play

during the coming season with Joseph, Hawthorn as leading man.

Boston, by the way, is still inclined to blush over its reception of the opera this season. Mechanic's Hall was packed when Patti sang, but we all understand the reason for that. We will not be ungracious enough to call the famous *diva* a freak, but it is undeniably true that people without an atom of musical appreciation in their souls will pay large prices to go and hear her simply because she is—Patti. At the other performances of the Abbey Opera Company, given with the same casts as in New York, the audiences were comparatively small, and this with the highest priced seats at three dollars as against five in the metropolis.

* * *

ONE of the weekly papers goes to the pains of collecting a list of adjectives from the Sunday issue of a daily, used in extolling the attractive qualities possessed by certain plays then on the boards. "A grotesque, gyrating, eccentric comedy!" "The great cachiunnatic cyclone strikes the town!" "Delirious audiences!" These are a few of the specimens given. The comment of the collector is: Do you ever really believe what these advertisements tell you? Why any one at all experienced in theatrical matters, even if only as a theater goer, should believe them, is a mystery. Call to mind the sort of plays and theaters with which the high flown terms of eulogy are associated and you will find nine times out of ten that they are of the second rate. "Good wine needs no bush," and, as was said in these pages last month, the best advertisement a play can have is its audiences.

"Then do you believe theaters should not advertise at all?" some one asks.

Certainly, let them advertise, and use as many press notices and pictured scenes from the play as they please. But nowadays, as a rule, this piling of Pelion on Ossa in the way of home coined adjectives usually defeats the very purpose the management had in view. At this moment we recall a play which has only recently ceased its metropolitan career—a good play too, but one which the public were rather chary of patronizing, although it was forced to a run. "Roar," "scream" and "gigantic" were among the terms employed to call attention to its merits, and the result points to the fact that suspicions must have undoubtedly been aroused thereby.

ETCHINGS.

VICTOR HUGO IN ENGLAND.

WHEN Victor Hugo, the sturdy republican, fled before the successful usurpation of the third Napoleon, he found a safe retreat under the British flag—which by one of the curious reverses of history afterwards sheltered his imperial foe. But though domiciled for twenty years on the island of Guernsey, Hugo was always a Parisian at heart. He was never fully reconciled to British manners and customs. One rainy afternoon he indicted the following whimsical quatrain as a summary of his impressions of the Englishman's life and thought:

"Pour chasser le spleen
J'entrai dans une inn
Ou j'ai bu du gin—
God save the Queen!"

TWO HANDS.

LAST night I held her hand in mine—
Her hand so slender and divine,
Endowed with all the graces.
But now another hand I hold—
A hand well worth its weight in gold,
Just think of it—four aces!

ART AND IGNORANCE.

It is curiously illustrative of the recent development of art education in America to recall the fact that only twenty years ago, when Hiram Powers's famous statue the "Greek Slave" was exhibited in New York and other cities, its scantiness of drapery excited almost a sensation. When it was in Cincinnati a delegation whose members are described as "distinguished clergymen" was sent to make a formal inspection of it, and to decide whether it should be "countenanced by religious people."

It was a long established custom at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia that the galleries should be open one day in the week to ladies only, in order that the modest dames of the Quaker City might view its paintings and statuary without the embarrassing presence of the male sex. The Academy's collection, it may be noted, is a particularly decorous one, almost its only pronounced nude being John Vanderlyn's "Ariadne in Naxos," which was not added to it until 1878.

The late S. S. Conant, in an article written in 1876, related that not many years before

that time a well educated country lady, visiting Boston for the first time in her life, was shocked to find a pretty and modest looking young woman seated at the ticket table in the statue gallery of the Athenaeum. The young woman was engaged in sewing work. "She ought to employ her time in making aprons for these horrid, shameful statues," remarked the indignant visitor as she left the room.

A CLUB WINDOW MONOLOGUE.

ALAS, my boy! That there should be
So much false femininity!
The modern girl—what passes for
Her—'s mostly from the dry goods store.

The dusky iris' languorous shade
Is due to belladonna's aid;
The swelling corsage, proud and full,
Is—whisper—largely cotton wool.

The little rosebud mouths we know
With lips a curve like Cupid's bow,
Opening betray, behind them hung,
A very active little tongue.

Let them alone, my boy—as I—
Jove—see that blond girl going by?—
Looked up! You didn't? Well—I must go—
late now—important date—quite forgot it;
ta-ta, my boy, see you tonight.

A PERSONAL ARGUMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT in Washington is responsible for the following story:

Some days ago two citizens of Washington met near the Capitol, and the conversation chanced to fall upon the subject of restoratives for the hair. One of them declared that a certain preparation was an effective remedy for the deciduous tendency of the head's capillary adornment. The other asserted that baldness is incurable by any known means.

At this point Senators Sawyer of Wisconsin and Jones of Nevada passed the scene of the discussion, and as they did so they happened to raise their hats to an acquaintance. The champion of the incurable theory made prompt use of the incident.

"There," he said triumphantly, "do you suppose that if there was a remedy for baldness Jones and Sawyer, who have more money

than they can count, would carry such shining pates as those around with them?"

The argument was certainly a novel and effective one, and the believer in hair restorers abandoned the field.

TO PHYLLIS.

DEAR, I fain would place you
As a shepherd maid,
Seated with a slender crook,
Beneath the oak tree's shade.

And the while I played you
Sweet tunes on my lute,
Nestled 'mid the flowers,
You would listen, mute.

Still that's hardly wisest;
You would be most fair
As an olden shepherdess—
In fact anywhere.

But imagine *me*, love,
In that dress of old;
A more distressing object
Could you well behold?

SHERMAN AND GRANT IN 1862.

SURELY the fickleness of fame was never better illustrated than by the fact—which may easily be verified from published records—that Generals Grant and Sherman, recognized a couple of years later as the great heroes of the war for the defense of the Union, were in 1862 within measurable distance of being driven from the army in disgrace—in undeserved disgrace, be it added. After the campaign before Washington in the summer of 1861 Sherman was sent to Louisville, where he found himself, with little more than a handful of men, threatened by all the Western forces of the Confederacy. Asked how many men were needed in that quarter, he declared that it would take sixty thousand to hold Kentucky and two hundred thousand to finish the war in the West. He was one of the very few men who at that time appreciated the magnitude of the task that confronted the government. His estimate, though justified by subsequent events, was regarded as so utterly extravagant that he was removed from the command and subordinated to Halleck, while a report that "Sherman was crazy" flew all over the country and found general credence.

A few months later Grant suffered still more seriously from his lack of a personal understanding with Halleck. In his memoirs he states that shortly after his operations against Forts Henry and Donelson he was for a time "practically under arrest," charged with neglect of orders; and when he

was restored to command, and the battle of Shiloh had been won mainly by his splendid aggressive energy, the Union army in the West was reorganized by Halleck, and Grant was substantially left out, being named "second in command" with no definite authority. Sherman himself relates that when the army had reached Corinth he happened to hear that Grant had applied for thirty days' leave of absence. He sought Grant and inquired the reason. His comrade replied, "Sherman, you know. You know that I am in the way here. I have stood it as long as I can, and can endure it no longer." Sherman dissuaded him, and a few days later received a note saying that Grant had changed his mind. To this he sent the following characteristic reply:

"MAJOR GENERAL GRANT,

"MY DEAR SIR: I have just received your note and am rejoiced at your conclusion to remain; for you could not be quiet at home for a week when armies were moving, and rest could not relieve your mind of the gnawing sensation that injustice had been done to you."

Had it not been for Sherman's friendly advice, the army might have lost its greatest soldier. Vicksburg, possibly, might never have been taken, and Lee might never have surrendered at Appomattox.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

THE poet swears that his love is complete

In a falsetto voice—she forsakes him.

Old Moneybags throws himself down at her feet

With a false set o' teeth—and she takes him.

IT'S AMERICAN, YOU KNOW.

HERE is an extract from a letter just received from a prominent member of the Four Hundred now in London by one of the remaining three hundred and ninety nine on this side of the "pond." It is published by kind permission of the recipient:

"I suppose you remember young Stuyvesant Hickenlooper, who came over here to go into a banking house after we were all compelled to reluctantly but firmly drop him on account of his father's failure. Well, a year passed, the bank failed, and Sty floated around 'on his uppers,' as some of our best young men would express it, looking in vain for employment. In fact, he became so far reduced that he finally joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as a genuine Wyoming cowboy, and in time became a very clever broncho rider indeed. Sty was, like all Americans, simply dumfounded by the way the English swells made 'blooming idiots' of themselves over B. B., and when the show had broken up

an idea suddenly struck him like an express train on a down grade.

"He hunted up his favorite broncho, which had been sold to a costermonger, and was astonishing the natives by bucking vegetables over St. Paul's every time his owner tried to drive him, and easily bought him for a 'very few' puns." Then he fixed up the Wild West costume in great shape. The fashionable world was out of London, but he heard there was going to be a meet of the Cholmondeley-Chickworth Hounds at Mumbletepeg-under-the-Hill, so he took his horse down into the country by rail. The next morning the red coated squires and country noblemen were surprised to behold a fine looking young chap, in a red shirt instead of coat, his boots covered with a pair of wide trimmed Mexican trousers, with enormous spurs, sombrero, high peaked saddle, and all, and who ambled around the field on 'a cross between a greyhound and a rabbit, don't cher know? He was at once given out to be an eccentric American, and soon absorbed the excited attention of the ladies, among whom were the Duchess of Diffenderfer and the Honorable Miss Erosene Spuds. Just as the men had reluctantly come to the conclusion that there was no fault to be found with 'that Yankee person's riding,' a fox was found, and the whole field went streaming across the turnip fields like a flock of turkeys after a devil's darning needle.

"The chase led across Little Fruffington Meadows as far as Rock-on-the-Rye. Then it turned to the right at Great Guffington-near-the-Shag, the riders flying the brook at Chuckleton le Willows, and slowing up over the plowed land at Secondhand Close after a fifteen mile run and a regular breather across Swylogger Rise. By this time the field was strung out like the tail of a comet, the fox being the comet, or still more resembling a Fourth of July rocket in the old country (in England all Americans speak of the United States as the 'old country'). All the English fliers were completely blown by that time, but Sty knew that his Colorado broncho was good for a hundred from sun up to sun down, and would 'get there' before any Derby winner, if the course was only long enough; and soon he came loping along to the front without turning a hair.

"As they swung into Flyblowne Reach, Sty saw to his great delight that there was no one up with the hounds except the Duchess of Diffenderfer and the huntsman, and both looking like 'quitters.' The huntsman sent his panting horse at a stiff bit of hedge on the further side of Cowcumber Coppice, and disappeared, horse and all, into an eighty foot well on its off side. Taking the leap side by side with the Duchess, Sty cut a neat slice out of Coyote with his car wheel spurs, jumped clear over the pack with his lariat circling around his head, lassoed the fox, and, hauling him in, gracefully offered the struggling captive, brush and all, to the Duchess, who burst into tears of admiration.

"Need I hint the sequel? In less than a week that 'extraordinary American' was married to the completely infatuated heiress—who is as rich as a pork pie—by the Very Reverend G. Murchinson Codwellin Bobber-son Browne, at St. Cymbeline of Cyprus, Gabbington-in-the-Fields, Hanway-on-the-Skids, Slapham, Kent."

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Nor love you as I did before

We married? (This beefsteak, my dear,
Is badly scorched.) I love you more.
(Your biscuits did not bake, I fear.)

You cannot cook as mother did?

I know it, sweet, and wish you could.
But talents, very oft, are hid—
(This coffee has a taste of wood.)

When you have passed away from earth—

O, do not speak of that, I beg!
Will I then praise your modest worth?
(Why can't I sometimes have an egg?)

You try to please me all you can?

I'm very sure you do, my sweet,
I am a reasonable man.
(Pray, was this omelet made to eat?)

My love will last until I die,

(My, this oatmeal!) No matter, Leah,
But then I wish that you would try
To have it boiled a *little*, dear.

Think more of eating than of you?

Now that, indeed, you cannot prove;
But this, instead, is strictly true,
A man must eat to live and love.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

TO OUR READERS.

If you like this magazine—and we naturally assume that you do or you would not be readers of it—shall we not hope that you will now and again speak of it to your friends, who would perhaps find it a magazine to their taste? Little courtesies of this sort on the part of our readers are invaluable—they do for us what no advertising can accomplish. The best friends of a publication are its readers.

CONTEMPORARY MORALITY.

THE tendency to extol the past and depreciate the present seems to have manifested itself in all ages of mankind. The phrase "laudator temporis acti"—an exalter of time past—has crystallized as one of the commonplaces of literature. It would not be difficult to forge a chain of quotations from ancient, mediæval, and modern authors, whose burden would be the reiterated complaint that the particular generation of the writer was in morals and manners the worst the world had ever known. The charge indeed disproves itself by repetition, for nobody seriously entertains the notion that the human race has been going down hill ever since its first beginning.

But while this ever recurring theory of social degradation is a palpable delusion, it is surely the case that there are periods of moral declension in certain directions. The mighty, the resistless tide of man's development is, we believe, flowing onward and upward, but it rises in waves between whose crests there are hollows of depression.

Different ages have their different besetting sins; various human developments have their especial dangerous growths. Recent events certainly suggest the reflection that the worst feature of contemporary American society is its increasing tendency to make light of the marriage vow.

American society is a young and some-

what exuberant institution. Speaking in a general and impersonal way, its acquisition of wealth has been sudden. It has retired from the counting room so recently that it hardly knows how to employ its spare time. The country life, the ancient mansion and estate, the fox hunt, the grouse moor, to which the European magnate devotes much of his time, have not been developed on this side of the ocean. The English nobleman considers it his duty to take an interest—usually a condescending and patronizing interest—in politics; the American millionaire as a rule sedulously avoids public life. Nor can the latter center his attention upon the harmless mummery of a court. American society finds it hard to keep itself busy, and we all know Dr. Watts's lines about his Satanic majesty's readiness to find convenient mischief for idle hands.

An outspoken philosopher who has large opportunities of observation recently gave it as his candid opinion that the great danger that threatens our social fabric is the infidelity of the married women of what are sometimes designated as "the upper class." That is certainly a sufficiently unpleasant statement. The subject is not an agreeable one to handle. There are occasions, however, when the probe of society's collective conscience should consider truth rather than the amenities. Plain speaking is sometimes necessary. To quote from a recent sermon on a similar topic, "garbage must be carried in a garbage cart." And there are facts that compel us to admit that there is at least a partial justification for the opinion given above. The deplorable incidents that have come to light within a few weeks past are too numerous to be regarded as mere stray and casual outcroppings of the debased element that can never be wholly eliminated from human character. Among the very limited number of families and individuals who compose the "good society" of the me-

tropolis too many have been smirched by the breath of scandal.

The sensational newspapers have been reveling in a series of descriptions of contemporary society as an institution where licentious young fops and flighty married women meet to idle and flirt, and where outraged husbands now resort to pistols—or threats of pistols—and now accept pensions as the price of silence. Marriage *à la mode*, as they draw it, is a slightly refined version of Hogarth's terrible series of cartoons. Arranged in many cases for family or financial reasons, it is merely fashionable that weddings should be followed by illicit intrigue, or by a South Dakota divorce that veils propensity beneath a thin veneer of pretended legality.

Such a description is of course an overdrawn one, but unfortunately some of its darkest touches have the truth of a transcription from actual life. It errs chiefly in the omission of the bright side of the picture. There are still those in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Virtue is still the standard, vice the too common exception. The majority—the great majority of the wives of today are “ever true as wives of yore,” in all classes of society. It would be an evil day for America and the world if it were not so.

To discuss the marital infidelity of women and pass over that of men would indeed be an unfairness. It would, however, be an unfairness highly characteristic of the contemporary moral code, which considers it as scarcely sinful for men to break their marriage vows. And herein lies the root of the whole matter. Civilized society cannot successfully maintain separate standards of morality for the two sexes. If men abrogate the seventh commandment for themselves, women's respect for it cannot but be lessened.

If there are any who consider that this statement of male morality needs proof, we suggest that they should consider facts patent to any observer with average powers of perception. It is impossible to give the exact numbers of that unfortunate class that earns the bread of shame from the immorality of the other sex. But we believe it is generally conceded by those familiar with the situation that in the city of New York, which may be taken as a sample instance, its numbers are such as to indicate that an

almost alarmingly large proportion of the adult males of the metropolis contribute to its support.

As a remedy for the decline of womanly virtue, some social reformer who is not afraid of great and difficult undertakings should inaugurate a movement for the introduction of chastity among males.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE CENSUS.

SOME curiosities of the census are to be found in a recent bulletin issued by Mr. Porter's bureau, dealing with the population of New England. One of its series of statistics shows the distribution of sexes, and sheds light upon the history of that well known institution, the Massachusetts spinster. All the world knows that in New England, and especially in the Bay State, the male sex is in a considerable numerical minority, with the inevitable result that there are not enough husbands to go around. This state of affairs appears to be of comparatively recent development. In 1850 the excess of New England's females over its males was but twelve thousand. In 1880 it had increased to ninety three thousand. During the last decade the disparity has shown a gratifying tendency to diminish, Mr. Porter's enumerators having discovered just 73,235 of the beings whom flippancy editors are sometimes rude enough to call “superfluous women.” Almost seven eighths of the number were daughters of Massachusetts, thirteen thousand of them being found in the city of Boston. Of the other States, Maine and Vermont show slightly more men than women; New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island more women than men.

Another set of Mr. Porter's tables shows the remarkable increase of foreign immigration into New England. To take an extreme instance, of Fall River's 74,398 inhabitants 37,734—more than half—are foreign born, while 24,186 were born in the United States of foreign parentage. Only 12,308 are native whites, born of native parentage. Other cities of Massachusetts and Rhode Island show an almost equally large foreign element. Holyoke, for example, has but 6,000 native whites of native parentage, out of a population of 35,637; Woonsocket, 3,959 out of 20,830; Lawrence, 8,832 out of 44,654; Lowell, 21,084 out of 77,696. Boston itself has only 135,740 out

of 448,477; and the numbers would no doubt be smaller yet if natives whose parents' birthplace was unknown had not been reckoned as of native parentage.

The presence of a large foreign born population in any section of the country is an unmistakable sign of that section's prosperity. Immigration is naturally attracted to the point where it finds the most favorable field of industrial opportunity. Mr. Porter's figures merely show the surprising extent of a development whose progress has often been remarked—the occupation of the manufacturing towns of New England by foreigners, mainly of Canadian or Irish origin. "In Massachusetts and Rhode Island," to quote from the census bulletin, "hardly two fifths of the population are of purely native stock." The descendants of the Puritans have sent such armies of their sons to the Western States, that at home they are today greatly outnumbered by immigrants from Europe and the British provinces.

THE VOTE OF NEW YORK STATE.

SINCE New York elected a Democratic Governor last November by a plurality of almost forty eight thousand votes, following upon five successive Democratic victories at the State elections of previous years, it has been asserted by many members of the successful party that the Empire State no longer belongs to the doubtful column, but should be reckoned as a commonwealth whose preponderating sentiment is Democratic. And there is probably a general impression that there is a certain amount of justice in the claim. On the other hand there are some who maintain the view, at first glance somewhat paradoxical, that on "a full vote and a fair count" New York is still a Republican State.

In view of the approaching political contest, it may be of interest to shed a few rays of historical light upon the question. In the last thirteen Presidential campaigns—it is hardly worth while to go further back—the Democrats have won in New York five times, their opponents eight times. The State has always been a close one. Before the war it was evenly balanced between the Whigs and the Demo-

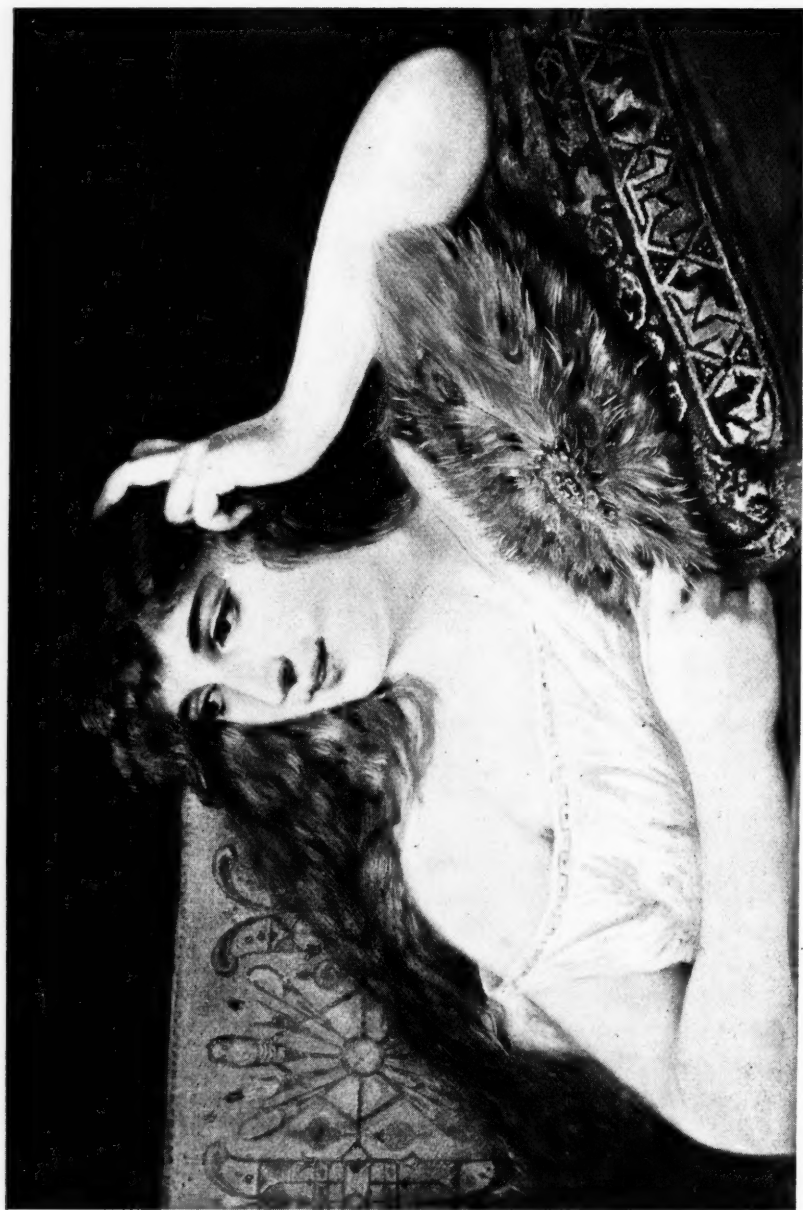
crats. President Harrison's grandfather, nominated by the former, carried it by 10,192 votes in the famous Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign of 1840. Four years later the Democrats turned the tables, electing Polk over Henry Clay by 5,106—a success due mainly to the diversion of fifteen thousand Whig votes to the Abolition candidate. In 1852, with Franklin Pierce, they won again, by a plurality of 27,201 and a majority of 1,782. In 1848 and 1856 there were triangular fights that gave no criterion of the strength of the regular parties.

The great issues of war time brought the Republican party to the front as the successor of the Whigs. Lincoln carried New York by fifty thousand in 1860. In 1864 his plurality was only 6,749, and in 1868 the Democrats, led by Horatio Seymour, were replaced in their old ascendancy with the even majority of exactly ten thousand over Grant's vote. As these were the days of the Tweed ring's control in New York the figures of 1868 are open to a certain amount of suspicion.

In 1872 Grant, seeking reelection, reversed his previous defeat by the substantial plurality of 53,480. The political pendulum swung back again in 1876, the plurality for the Democratic ticket, headed by Tilden, being 32,742. The seesaw was continued at the three subsequent elections. Garfield's plurality in 1880 was 21,033; Cleveland, in 1884, won by the perilous margin of 1,047; Harrison, in 1888, defeated Cleveland by 13,009—also an insignificant percentage of the total vote.

The evident moral of these figures is that New York is in Presidential elections neither a Democratic nor a Republican State, but a doubtful and debatable factor. The drift of the last few State elections has been in favor of the Democrats. But it must be remembered that almost all their successes have been partly due to the abstraction of Republican votes to the Prohibition candidates; and that the Republican strength lies mainly in the rural districts, whose voters are apt to neglect the troublesome task of voting in years when the excitement of a Presidential election is absent.

New York is the doubtful and deciding State in the Presidential problem.



"SATISFACTION."
From the painting by Joseph Coomans.